

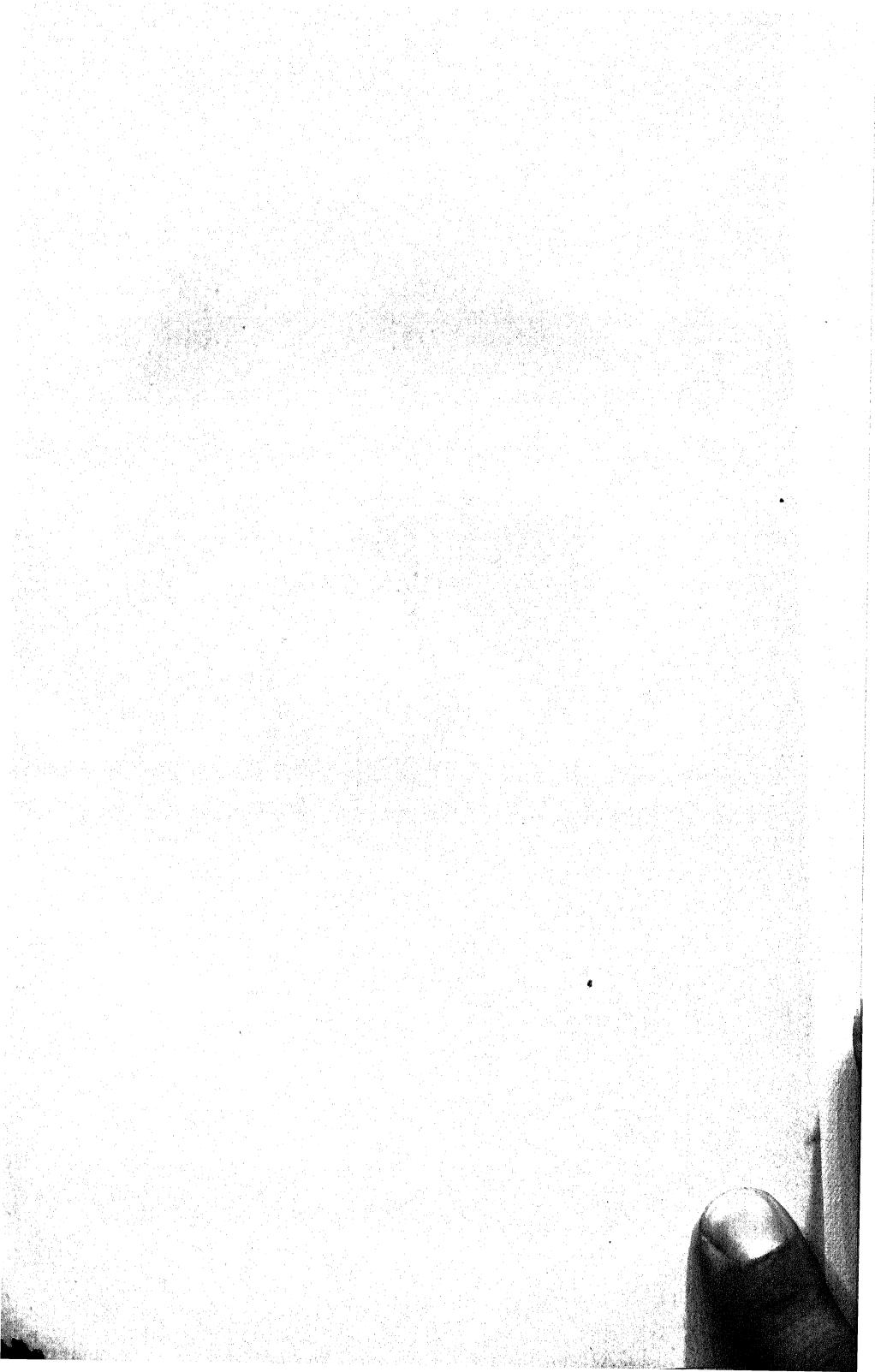
LIBRARY EDITION

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS
IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOL. X.

HIS LIFE AND TIMES





Mrs. Thrale

The Works of

Oliver Goldsmith

Library Edition



Harper and Brothers
New York and London

Library Edition

THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

BY JOHN FORSTER

ILLUSTRATED

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. II.



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

1900

BOOK THE THIRD

AUTHORSHIP BY CHOICE

1759 to 1767

(Continued)

CHAPTER II

DAVID GARRICK

1759

ON the 29th of November the *Bee's* brief life closed, with its eighth number; and in the following month its editor, Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, was sought out both by that distinguished author Dr. Smollett, and by Mr. John Newbery, the bookseller, of St. Paul's Churchyard. But as he had meanwhile made earnest application to Mr. David Garrick for his interest in an election at the Society of Arts, it will be best to describe at once the circumstances involved in that application, and its result on the poor author's subsequent intercourse with the rich manager and proprietor of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

Goldsmith was passionately fond of the theatre. In prosperous days it will ring with his humor and cheerfulness; in these struggling times it was the help and refuge of his loneliness. We have seen him steal out of his garret to hear Columba sing; and if she fell short of the good old music he had learned to love at Lissoy, the other admiration he was taught there, of happy human faces, at the theatre was always in his reach. If there is truth in what was said by Sir Richard Steele, that being happy, and seeing others happy, for two hours, is a duration of bliss not at all to be slighted by so short-lived creature as man, it is certain that he who despises the theatre adds short-sightedness to short life.¹ If he is a rich man, he will be richer for hearing there

¹ "At all other assemblies," says Johnson, characteristically (in the *Idler*), "he that comes to receive delight, will be expected to give it; but in the

of what account the poor may be; if he is a poor man, he will not be poorer for the knowledge that those above him have their human sympathies. Sir Thomas Overbury held a somewhat strong opinion as to this; thinking the play-house more necessary in a well-governed commonwealth than the school, because men were better taught by example than by precept: and, however light the disregard it has fallen into now, it might really seem to be a question not altogether unimportant, whether a high and healthy entertainment, the nature of which, conservative of all kindly relations between man and man, is to encourage, refine, and diffuse humanity, might not claim a kind and degree of support which in England has always been withheld from it.¹

This remark occurs to me here, because many disappointments in connection with it will occur hereafter; and already even Garrick's fame and strength had been shaken by his difficult relations with men of letters. "I am as much an admirer of Mr. Garrick," said Mr. Ralph, in his *Case of Authors by Profession*, published in 1758, "and his excellencies, as I ought to be; and I envy him no part of his good fortune. But then, though I am free to acknowledge he was made for the stage, I cannot be brought to think the stage was made only for him; or that the fate of every dramatic writer ought either to be at his mercy, or that of any other manager whatever; and the single consideration that there is no alternative but to fly from him, in case of any neglect or contempt, to Mr. Rich, is enough to deter any man in his senses from embarking a second time on such a hopeless voyage." Manifestly, however, this was neither the fault of Rich nor of Garrick, but of the system which left both to shift as they could, and made self-protection the primary law. "The manager," continues Mr. Ralph, admitting the whole question at issue in his complaints,

theatre nothing is necessary to the amusement of two hours but to sit down and be willing to be pleased."

¹ Alas! the three-and-twenty years that have passed, with their changes, since this was written, have sufficed entirely to alter, from what they then were, the position and the claims of the theatres. [1870.]

"whether player or harlequin, must be the sole pivot on which the whole machine is both to move and rest; there is no drawback on the profit of the night in old plays; and any access of reputation to a dead author carries no impertinent claims and invidious distinctions along with it. When the play-house is named," he added, bitterly, "I make it a point to pull off my hat, and think myself obliged to the lowest implement belonging to it. I am ready to make my best acknowledgments to a harlequin who has continence enough to look upon an author in the green-room, of what consideration soever, without laughing at him." Other pamphlets followed in the cry; and Ned Purdon drew up a number of anonymous suggestions as to "how Mr. Garrick ought to behave."¹

It was the employment of this tone that introduced needlessly elements of bitterness, for the charge was a simple one, and might have been stated simply. No doubt Garrick, in common with every manager-actor before or since his time, was fairly exposed to it. I have turned to the play-bills of the season directly preceding the appearance of Mr. Ralph's pamphlet,² and find, amid revivals of

¹ For which he was afterwards obliged to apologize to the people abused, and to promise the public, by advertisement, never again to offend in the like manner.—*Monthly Review*, xxi. 368.

² An unpublished letter is before me, written by this same Mr. Ralph to Garrick, the year before his pamphlet, containing a brief summary of his private wrongs, and furnishing so complete an illustration of Garrick's case, as well as of that of his opponents, that I am glad to have the opportunity of printing it. The weakness as well as strength of both may be observed in it. The manager's mistake was to encourage hopes up to the point when it no longer seemed unreasonable to the expectant to claim a sort of property in their realization. The author's mistake was to suppose that any such encouragement could involve the right to force a play upon a theatre irrespective not only of the manager's convenience, but of his final right of judgment and rejection. Let it be observed, too, that Garrick has evidently obliged Mr. Ralph with money, and that the offence which causes the rupture does not appear to have been anything more grave than the suggestion that Mr. Ralph should wait one season more. "Sir," he writes, dating his letter the 17th September, 1757, "so long ago as the year 1743, I had reason to be convinced that the stage was enchanted ground to me, which I might see, but was never to take hold of, and I

Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* and Shirley's comedy of *The Gamester*, and Shakespeare's *Tempest* as an opera and *Taming of the Shrew* as a farce, but one original production: *Lilliput*, played by children. It is not imma-

then resolved to turn my back on the delusion for good and all. This resolution I adhered to invariably for ten years in succession, and you were the only man that could have induced me to break it, which you did by putting me on altering some old comedy under promise that it should be performed when done. In this service I employed time enough to convince me that to compose was as easy as to cobble. I then turned my hand from old to new things, hoping to be instrumental at least in preserving a secret which seemed to be on the point of being lost to the country; but on this I was again unlucky, for having submitted to be judged in part by producing three acts only out of five, my plan was condemned without mercy, and I acquiesced in the sentence almost without a murmur. I then became humble enough to think of stooping to a farce, which it is true I was promised room for, by Mr. Lacy in your name; but on second thoughts chose to avoid the imprudence of risking the little character I had in a way which could add so little to it, and again applied myself to the construction of another comedy, on a plan acknowledged by yourself to be new and striking, which, having licked into something like shape, I took care to tender before your doors were opened, believing in such case no danger of a disappointment could be against me in point of time. But by some strange fatality, I was never, it seems, to make a right judgment with regard to the theatre. Your letter of the 10th gave me to understand this belief of mine was ill-grounded, and your other letter of Wednesday, the 14th, is full of resentment that a man of the wrong side of fifty should find out another year of waiting was too large a tax on a short term for any man of common sense to pay, which was the amount of mine to you, expressed in the most complaisant terms in my power to use; and if some little impatience had been visible at bottom, allow me to ask you, Sir, whether it would not have been nobler in you to have imputed it to the peevishness incident to all mankind under disappointments and difficulties, and whether in your happy situation you could not very well have afforded to do so. For the rest, Sir, you must be convinced that I cannot be so absurd as to put my time into the scale against yours or even your very harlequin's. I was, in fact, desirous to avoid a farther *éclaircissement* which I foresaw would administer no consolation to me; and as to the favors you have done me, and the trouble you have bestowed upon me, nothing that has happened, or can happen, shall ever put me on diminishing their value, or explaining away the duties of acknowledgment incumbent on me for them. Being still, with truth and sincerity, Sir, Your most obliged, humble Servant, J. RALPH." It is characteristic of Mr. Ralph that even in this last appeal for a friendly settlement before open war (for so I apprehend the letter should be taken),

terial to the question, however, to recount the highest tragic claimants thus affronted by Shakespeare, Fletcher, Shirley, and *Lilliput*. They were Whitehead, Crisp, Francis, Franklin, Glover, Brown, Mallet, Murphy, and Dodsley—for denying whose higher attractiveness to the Shakespeares and Fletchers, nay, for preferring even the comic to that tragic *Lilliput*,¹ the public seems a better object of attack than the manager. When, some years afterwards, Horace Walpole joined the cry, this had sarcastic admission. “Garrick is treating the town as it deserves,” he said, “*and likes to be treated*: with scenes, fireworks, and his own writing. A good new play I never expect to see more; nor have seen since the *Provoked Husband*, which came out when I was at school.”² Was it Garrick’s crime, without good new plays, to make the venture of good old ones?

In truth, looking fairly at his theatrical management, with the light his published *Correspondence* has thrown upon it, it was a great improvement, in all generous and liberal points, on those which preceded it. Booth treated writers of Anne much more scurvily than the writers of George the Second were treated by Garrick. “Booth often declared,” says his biographer, “in public company, that he and his partners lost money by new plays; and that, if he were not obliged to it, he would seldom give his consent to perform one of them.” Garrick transposed and altered often; but he never forced upon the unhappy author of a

he cannot suppress his jeer about the harlequins. For further very pleasant illustration of the subject of this chapter, see Mr. Percy Fitzgerald’s *Life of Garrick*, i. 367-389 (1870).

¹ Most happily did Goldsmith himself, a few months later, ridicule these tragedies as “good, instructive, moral sermons enough,” which a theatre-goer might turn to much profit. “There,” he says, “I learn several great truths: as, that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment always attends the villain; that love is the fond soother of the human breast; that we should not resist heaven’s will, for in resisting heaven’s will, heaven’s will is resisted: with several other sentiments equally new, delicate, and striking.” “*Barbarossa* I have read,” says Gray, “but I did not cry; at a modern tragedy, it is sufficient not to laugh.”—*Works*, iii. 127.

² *Collected Letters*, v. 388.

tragedy a change in the religion of his hero, nor told a dramatist of good esteem that he had better have turned to an honest and laborious calling, nor complacently have prided himself on *choaking singing birds* when his stern negative had silenced a young aspirant. Those were the achievements of manager Cibber. Garrick was at all times fonder than needful of his own importance, it is true; but society has no right to consent to even the nominal depression, in the so-called social scale, of a man whose calling exacts no common accomplishments, and then resent the self-exaggeration unwholesomely begotten on its own injustice. When Junius took offence at the player whom dukes and duchesses tolerated at their table it was not a matter to waste wit upon, or sarcasm, or scathing eloquence: he simply told the "*Vagabond*" to stick to his pantomimes. Even men of education were known to have pursued Garrick, when on country visits to noblemen of his acquaintance, with dirty, clumsily folded notes, passed amid the ill-concealed laughter of servants to the great man's guest, with the address of "*Mr. David Garrick, Player.*" It asked for a strength which Garrick did not possess, to disregard this vulgar folly; it wounded him where he was known to be weak; it tempted him to those self-assertions which imply the failure of self-reliance; it poisoned his perfect faith in all who were not solely governed by his will; and it blinded him to the ridicule with which even dependents listened to his public distress on the mornings of crowded rehearsals, that to decline some ambassador's proffered courtesies made him wretched, but prior promises to countess dowagers must be kept.

A satisfaction of this kind was afforded to Mr. Ralph, when, in the season ('57-'58) of this the appearance of his pamphlet, the outraged manager, laughing heartily at all authors' complaints and attacks, and tearing up their rebellious pamphlets with as elaborate carelessness as he would the card of a duke, lord, judge, or bishop, to strike awe and admiration into bystanders, did yet, most laboriously and most clumsily, *bring out* Dr. Smollett, in a piece altogether

unworthy of his genius.¹ The concession was appropriately followed by production of the *Agis* of Mr. Home; not without reason, by *Douglas*-loving Gray, cried over for its exclusively modern Greek, and compared to "an antique statue painted white and red, frizzed and dressed in a *négligée* made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker."² Then, failure and laughter repaying this pains and warmth, the cold fit came violently back; and in the season of '58 and '59 the wrongs of Robert Dodsley and Arthur Murphy, the bereaved *Cleone* and deserted *Orphan of China*, were the talk of the town. The topic seemed to force itself on one who was delivering in a protest against the wrongs of men of letters; and with the *Enquiry into Polite Learning* appeared these remarks, in a chapter devoted to the stage:³

"Our poet's performance must undergo a process truly chemical before it is presented to the public. It must be tried in the manager's fire, strained through a licenser, and suffer from repeated corrections till it may be a mere *caput mortuum* when it arrives before the public. It may be said that we have a sufficient number of plays upon our theatres already, and therefore there is no need of new ones. But are they sufficiently good? And is the credit of our age nothing? Must our present times pass away unnoticed by posterity? If these are matters of indifference, it then signifies nothing whether we are to be entertained with the actor or the poet, with fine sentiments or painted canvas; or whether the dancer or the carpenter be constituted master of ceremonies. How is it at present? Old pieces are revived, and scarcely any new ones admitted. The actor is ever in our eye, the poet seldom permitted to appear; and the stage, instead of serving the people, is made subservient to the interests of avarice. Getting a play on even in three or four years is a privilege reserved only for the happy few

¹ *The Reprisals, or the Tars of Old England*, written and acted to animate the people against the French; a poor comedy, or rather farce, but containing some capital sailor-talk and inimitable touches of caricature.

² Murphy's *Garrick*, i. 317. See also Gray's *Works*, iii. 161, 188, etc.

³ Chap. xii.

who have the arts of courting the Manager as well as the Muse, who have adulation to please his vanity, powerful patrons to support their merit, or money to indemnify disappointment. Our Saxon ancestors had but one name for a wit and a witch. I will not dispute the propriety of uniting those characters then; but the man who, under the present discouragements, ventures to write for the stage, whatever claim he may have to the appellation of a wit, at least has no right to be called a conjurer."

It is impossible to think Goldsmith wholly justified in this, and there are passages of sneering and silly objection to Shakespeare in immediate connection with it which very painfully reveal the temper in which it was written; but it is yet unquestionable that the feeling pervading equally the extract and Mr. Ralph's pamphlet was now becoming general with the literary class, and tended greatly to embitter the successes of Garrick's later life. In connection with it, at the same time, a regret will always arise, remembering the differences of a Goldsmith and a Ralph, that the lively, irritable actor should have been indiscriminate in the resentments it provoked, and unable, in any instance, to conceive a better actuating motive than the envy his prosperity had excited. Thomas Davies tells us that when, somewhere about the time of his connection with the *Bee*, Goldsmith sought to obtain, what a struggling man of letters was thought to have some claim to, the vacant secretaryship of the Society of Arts, Garrick made answer to a personal application for his vote that "Mr. Goldsmith having taken pains to deprive himself of his assistance by an unprovoked attack upon his management of the theatre in his *Present State of Learning*, it was impossible he could lay claim to any recommendation from him."¹ Davies adds that "Goldsmith, instead of making an apology for his conduct, either from misinformation or misconception, bluntly replied: 'In truth he had spoken his mind, and believed what he said was very right.' The manager dismissed him with civility."

¹ Davies's *Life of Garrick*, ii. 149.

The manager might with wisdom have done more. The blunt reply, in a generous man's interpretation, should at least have blunted the fancied wrong. It is painful to think that neither of these famous men, whose cheerful gayeties of heart were natural bonds for a mutual sympathy and strong alliance, should throughout life have wholly lost the sense of this first unlucky meeting. As Goldsmith himself removed from the second edition of the *Polite Learning* much that had given Garrick most offence, and in the ordinary copies it is now no longer found, it may more freely be admitted that the grounds of offence were not altogether imaginary. Indeed, besides what I have quoted, there were incidental expressions yet more likely to breed resentment in a sensitive, quick nature. "I am not at present writing for a party," said Goldsmith, "but above theatrical connections in every sense of the expression. I have no particular spleen against the fellow who sweeps the stage with the besom, or the hero who brushes it with his train. It were a matter of indifference to me whether our heroines are in keeping, or our candle-snuffers burn their fingers, did not such make a great part of public care and polite conversation. Our actors assume all that state off the stage which they do on it; and, to use an expression borrowed from the green-room, every one is *up* in his part. I am sorry to say it, they seem to forget their real characters."¹ With sorrow is it also to be said that here the writer was manifestly wrong. Mr. Ralph's "implements" and "harlequins" were not more tasteful and considerate than this jeering tone.

There is no intellectual art so peculiarly circumstanced as that of the actor. If, in the hurried glare which surrounds him, each vanity and foible that he has comes forth in strong

¹ The same feeling and spirit are perceptible in letter lxxxv. of the *Citizen of the World*. "How will your surprise, my Fum, increase when told that though the law holds them as vagabonds, many of them earn more than a thousand a year! You are amazed! There is cause for amazement. A vagabond with a thousand a year is, indeed, a curiosity in nature; a wonder far surpassing the flying-fish, petrified crab, or travelling lobster."

relief, it is hard to grudge him the better incidents to that brilliant lot for which he pays so dearly. His triumphs had need be bright and dazzling, for their fires are spent as soon as kindled; his enjoyments intense, for of all mental influences they whither soonest. He may plant in infinite hearts the seeds of goodness, ideal beauty, and practical virtue; but with their fruits his name will not be remembered, or remembered only as a name. And surely, if he devotes a genius that might command success in any profession to one whose rewards, if they come at all, must be immediate as the pleasure and instruction it diffuses, it is a short-sighted temper that would eclipse the pleasure and deny the rewards.

The point of view at this time taken by Goldsmith was, in fact, obscured by his own unlucky fortunes; but the injustice he shrunk from committing in the case of the prosperous painter, Mr. Reynolds, he should not thus carelessly have inflicted on the prosperous actor, Mr. Garrick. If to neither artist might be conceded the claim of creative genius, at least the one might have claimed to be a painter of portraits, even as the other was. Uneasy relations, indeed, which only exist between author and actor, have had a manifest tendency at all times unfairly to disparage the actor's intellectual claims and to set any of the inferior arts above them. Nevertheless, the odds might be made more even. The deepest and rarest beauties of poetry are those which the actor cannot grasp; but, in the actor's startling triumphs, whether of movement, gesture, look, or tone, the author has no great share. Thus, were accounts fairly struck with the literary class, a Garrick might honestly be left between the gentle and grand superiority of a Shakespeare on the one hand, who from the heights of his immeasurable genius smiles down help and fellowship upon him; and the eternal petulance and pretensions of an Arthur Murphy on the other, who, from the round of a ladder to which of himself he never could have mounted, looks down with ludicrous contempt on what Mr. Ralph would call the "implements" of his elevation.

Let me here add that since this portion of my book was first written I have become the possessor of unprinted letters which not only place Garrick in a more favorable light than his biographers generally have shown him in, but suggest a tenderness of consideration for what was defective in his character, even greater than I have ventured to claim for him. In the actual path of life he crossed Goldsmith so often that perhaps the reader will not think it a censurable digression if in some few additional pages I give him tidings he has not before seen of a man so famous, and whose gay, bright, glancing little figure reappears with such frequent and pleasant cheerfulness in every social picture of the time.

David Garrick was, as all of us know, the son of a recruiting captain whose family originally was French (the name was *Garrique*), and from whom he appears to have inherited his little figure, his expressive eye, his happy buoyancy of spirit, and restless vivacity of motion. His biographers describe him acting Sergeant Kite at a private play when he was eleven years old; and the first of these letters I possess, written to his father when he was fifteen, marks exactly that bent of his tastes in describing "a very pretty woman, only she squints a little, as Captain Brazen says in the *Recruiting Officer*." His father was then stationed at Gibraltar, having taken the place of an officer who had occasion to return, and whose full pay Captain Garrick's increasing family made it desirable that he should exchange for his own half-pay, even at the sacrifice of a lengthened exile from his home at Lichfield. What Johnson said of his old friend, the year after his death, stands out on the very face of this correspondence. "Garrick, sir, was a very good man, the cheerfulness man of his age. He began the world with a great hunger for money. The son of a half-pay officer, he was bred in a family whose study was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence-half-penny do. But when he had got money he was very liberal."¹

¹ *Boswell*, vii. 262.

In no querulous or complaining spirit, the boy's letters yet show us, from year to year, the straitened circumstances of that otherwise happy home. Their "accoutrements," as, in the necessity of describing the family wardrobe to his father, he prefers dramatically to express himself, are shabby. Another year, his mother's health is not strong, and wine has to be purchased for her. Another, and he is himself showing off quite grand at a fine house in the neighborhood, on the strength of two half-crowns which Mr. Walmsley has given him to bestow on the servants. Then, sisters Lenny and Jenny (Magdalen and Jane) want small sums to buy lace for their head-dresses, or how otherwise distinguish them from the vulgar madams? And at length he has to inform his dear papa that he is himself turned quite philosopher; but yet, to show that he is not vain of it, he protests that he would gladly "get shut" of the philosopher's characteristic—to wit, a ragged pair of breeches (especially as he has lately had a pair of silver breeches buckles presented to him); wherefore, if the gallant captain would cure his son of philosophic contemplation, the only way will be to send some handsome thing for a waistcoat and breeches as aforesaid. "They tell me velvet is very cheap at Gibraltar. Amen, and so be it!"

One fancies the smile and tear together starting to the father's face as he reads little David's letters; and if, over that last, the tear lingered a little, its successor of a fortnight's later date brought happier thoughts again. Here the young letter-writer broke off into talk about art and painters, saying suddenly that there existed one piece of Le Grout's (a miniature-painter of that day) which he valued above all the pieces of Zeuxis or Apelles; and it gave him more pleasure, he would affirm, to have one glance at that than to look a whole day at the finest picture in the world; nay, it had this effect upon him, that whenever he looked upon it he fancied himself at Gibraltar, saw the Spaniards, and sometimes mounted garrison. The portrait was then in his hand, he added, yet he could not satisfactorily describe it. "It is the figure of a gentleman, and I

suppose military by his dress; I think Le Grout told me his name was one Captain Peter Garrick; perhaps as you are in the army you may know him; he is pretty jolly, and I believe not very tall." Is not the letter a bit of comedy in itself, a piece of character and feeling such as Farquhar might have written?

Meanwhile there has been talk of the University for the young letter-writer, which again and again recedes under pressure of wants more craving, but still is not wholly given up, when, on the good Gilbert Walmsley's suggestion, he avails himself of an advertisement in the *Gentleman's Magazine*,¹ forever memorable to all students of our English tongue, which informs him that "At Edial, near Litchfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by Samuel Johnson." Here he remains but a very few months; which suffice, nevertheless, to break up the teacher's establishment, to dissipate the scholar's hopes either of army-chaplaincy or country-rectory, and to bring up both to London in search of other fortune. They separate on arriving there, in what altered circumstances to meet again!

Another interval of some five years has seen little David a student of Lincoln's Inn, a lounger about the theatres, a mourner within the same year for the deaths of his father and mother, and, on the receipt of a legacy of a thousand pounds from an uncle who had been in the wine trade in Lisbon, a partner with his elder brother Peter as wine merchant of London and Lichfield. Peter, born six years before David, was an honest, worthy man, who, according to Boswell, strongly resembled David in countenance, though of more sedate and placid manners, and of whom Johnson believed that if he had cultivated all the arts of gayety as much as David he might have been as brisk and lively;² but in reality of very formal cut, anything but brisk or lively, not in the least a cultivator of gayety; on the contrary, methodical and precise in the extreme, and always

¹ For June and July, 1736.

² *Boswell*, vi. 95.

objecting to his brother's hankering for the stage, even from those youthful days when the sprightly lad of fourteen underwent sharp lectures from his grave senior of twenty, on the impropriety of getting up theatrical squibs or writing comic verses against the ladies of Lichfield. Davies, Murphy, Galt, and Boaden—all tell us that their altercations became at last so frequent that in 1740, by the intercession of mutual friends, their partnership was dissolved; but this I can now show to be a mistake. They were partners to the close of that year, though Peter even then had heard painful rumors of the younger member of the firm being frequently seen in company with an actor and play-house manager, Mr. Giffard, of Goodman's Fields. They were in partnership in the summer of the following year, when Peter, on coming to London, found his brother subject to unaccountable fits of depression, abstraction, and lowness of spirits; warned him against play-actors and play-managers (notwithstanding advantages gained to the firm by Mr. Giffard having recommended it to supply the Bedford coffee-house, "one of the best in London"); and, happily for himself, did not know that his associate in a respectable business had already, impelled by a secret passion he dared not openly divulge, gone privately to Ipswich with that very manager Giffard, and under the name of Lyddal had played in "Oronoko" and the "Orphan," and had performed Sir Harry Wildair and our old friend Captain Brazen. They were partners still, as that year went on, though the business had fallen very low, and Foote always remembered Davy, as he said in his malicious way, living in Durham Yard with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant. They continued even to be partners, when at last, on the evening of the 19th October, 1741, the curtain rose on the performance of "Richard the Third" in the theatre at Goodman's Fields.

The tragic stage was then sunk very low. Betterton had been dead more than thirty years, Booth had quitted the profession fourteen years before, Wilks was no longer one of its ornaments, and even the traditions of that brilliant

time now chiefly lived with Cibber. When that veteran tried his hand at tragedy, he is careful to tell us what pains he took to ground himself on some great actor of the days of his youth, to the minutest copy of look, gesture, gait, speech, and "every motion of him"; nor does it appear that at this time any higher impression of the tragic art prevailed. In comedy, genius might yet be seen; it was something more than tradition that shone in Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Woffington;¹ Cibber still occasionally (and to good audiences) played one of his comic parts;² Quin's Falstaff and Fondlewife were not yet passed away, and originality, by those who had a taste for it in no very tasteful form, might be enjoyed in Harper, Neale, Hippisley, Ben Johnson, Woodward, and Macklin. But the lovers were now bellowed forth by Ryan, Bridgewater and Walker stormed in the tyrants, and the heroes belonged exclusively to Milward and Delane, except when Quin, turning from what he could to what he could not do, mouthed forth Othello, Richard, or Lear. In such a night of tragedy, it was with the sudden effulgence as of new-risen day that Garrick burst upon the scene. It is not for one who can speak but from report of others to pretend to describe the effect upon those who actually witnessed it. But let me borrow the description of a sixth-form scholar of Westminster School, who saw Garrick's acting at the age most impressible to all such emotions, and saw it side by side with the style of acting it displaced; who remembered it as vividly to the close as at the opening of life; and who recalled it in language which seems to vouch for the truth and exactness of its record.

The scene is Covent Garden, for the time is nearly five years advanced from the first night at Goodman's Fields;

¹ Horace Walpole (who, however, was seldom a just, and never an indulgent critic of theatres) was thus writing to Mann three days (22d October, 1741) after Garrick's first appearance at Goodman's Fields. "I have been two or three times at the play, very unwillingly; for nothing was ever so bad as the actors, except the company. There is much vogue in a Mrs. Woffington; a bad actress, but she has life."—*Coll. Lett.* i. 84.

² "Old Cibber plays to-night, and all the world will be there."—Walpole to Mann, December 3, 1741. *Coll. Lett.* i. 98.

and the play, which is Rowe's "Fair Penitent," is to be played by Quin and Ryan in Horatio and Altamont, by Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and Garrick, in Calista, Lavinia, and Lothario. The curtain rises, and Quin presents himself. His dress is a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous, full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes. He goes through the scene with very little variation of cadence. In a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action which has more of the senate than the stage in it, he rolls out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference that seems to disdain the plaudits bestowed on him. Then enters Mrs. Cibber, and in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sings, or rather recitatives, Rowe's lines; but her voice so extremely wants contrast that though it does not wound the ear it wearies it; when she has once recited two or three speeches, the manner of every succeeding one is known; and the hearer listens as to a long old legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is chanted to the same tune, eternally chiming without variation or relief. Mrs. Pritchard follows; and something of the habit of nature, caught from comedy, enters the scene with her. She has more change of tone, more variety both of action and expression; and the comparison is decidedly in her favor. "But when," continues Richard Cumberland, for it is he whom I quote, "after a long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio—Heavens! what a transition! It seemed as if a whole century had been stepped over in the passage of a single scene; old things were done away, and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms of a tasteless age, too long superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation."¹

Such was the actor whose Richard first blazed forth on

¹ *Memoirs*, i. 80-81.

the night of the 19th October, 1741, to the sudden amazement of all whom sympathy or chance had brought to Goodman's Fields, and the abiding delight of the few who had the taste or powers of appreciation of this Westminster scholar. But if any such were present, they have made no sign for us, and the glories of that night are passed away. What survives of it, and alone I can exhibit, are the fears that dashed the triumph; the misgivings inseparable from the calling on which little David had entered; the sense as of a shameful forfeiture of station, which had lowered the son of a marching-captain into a mean stage-player; and the trembling deference and deprecation with which tidings had to be conveyed to the sedate and respectable Lichfield wine-merchant that his younger brother had taken that fatal step in life, which at no distant day was to associate him with whatever the land contained illustrious by birth or genius, to open to him such instant means of giving innocent pleasure to great masses of his fellow-creatures as any other human being has perhaps never enjoyed, to load himself with wealth, to lift above necessity all who were related to him, and to make the name they bore a pleasant and long-remembered word all over England.

One of the audience on that 19th of October was a staid, elderly gentleman of Lichfield, one Mr. Swynfen; and the letter which he wrote on the following day to "Mr. Peter Garwick" lies now before me, with post-mark corresponding to its date of the 20th of October, 1741. Many there are, this good old citizen does not question, who, because their fathers were called gentlemen, or themselves the first so called, will think it a disgrace and a scandal that the child of an old friend should endeavor to get an honest livelihood, and is not content to live in a scanty manner all his life because his father was a gentleman. But Mr. Swynfen thinks he knows "Mr. Garwick" well enough to be convinced that he has not the same sentiments; and he knows better of his friend's judgment than to suppose him partaking of the prejudices of other country friends of theirs, who have been most used to theatrical performances in town-halls, etc., by

strollers, and will be apt to imagine the highest pitch a man can arrive at on the stage is about that exalted degree of heroism which they two, in old days at Lichfield, used to laugh and cry at in "the Herberts and the Hallams"; but, as he does not doubt but that Mr. Peter will soon hear "my good friend David Garwick performed last night at Goodman's Fields theatre," for fear he should hear any false or malicious account that may perhaps be disagreeable to him, "I will give you the truth," says the old gentleman, plunging into it, "which much pleased me. *I was there*, and was witness to a most general applause He gain'd in the character of Richard the Third; for I believe their was not one in the House that was not in Raptures, and I heard several Men of Judgment declare it their Opinion that nobody ever excelled Him in that Part; and that they were surprised, with so peculiar a Genius, how it was possible for Him to keep off the Stage so long." It is to be hoped that Mr. Peter was able to read thus far with reasonable patience; but, if he had opened his old friend's letter first (as David, who no doubt suggested it, seems to have reckoned on his doing), one may imagine the nervous haste with which he now took up another letter that had travelled to him by the same post, superscribed in the well-known hand of brother David himself.

It began by telling "Dear Peter" that he had received his shirt safe, and was now to tell him what he supposes he may already have heard; but before he lets him into the affair, it was proper to premise some things that the writer may appear less culpable in his brother's opinion than he might otherwise do. He has made an exact estimate of his stock of wine, and what money he has out at interest; and finds that since he has been a wine-merchant he has run out near four hundred pounds; and, trade not increasing, he became very sensible some way must be thought of to redeem it. Then out ventures a weakness never before confessed. "My mind (as you must know) has been always inclined to y^e Stage, nay so strongly so that all my Illness and lowness of Spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you

my thoughts when here. Finding at last both my Inclination and Interest requir'd some new way of Life, I have chose y^e most agreeable to myself, and though I know you will be much displeas'd at me, yet I hope when you shall find that I may have y^e genius of an Actor without y^e vices you will think less severe of me, and not be ashame'd to own me for a Brother." After this appeal to the fraternal sympathies he falls back on business again. He is willing to agree to anything Peter shall propose about the wine. He will take a thorough survey of the vaults, and making what Peter has at Lichfield part of the stock, will either send him his share or settle it any other way he shall propose. Then, at last, out comes the awful fact which can no longer be withheld; and then, as suddenly on the heels of it, as if ashamed of the brief show of courage he had made, the wine business again! "Last night I played Richard y^e Third to y^e Surprise of Every Body, and as I shall make very near £300 per annum by it, and as it is really what I doat upon, *I am resolv'd to pursue it*. I believe I shall have Bower's money, which when I have it shall go towards my part of the wine you have at Lichfield. Pray write me an answer immediately. I am, Dr Brother, yrs sincerely, D. GARRICK. I have a farce (y^e *Lying Valet*) coming out at Drury Lane."

Ah, poor David! a brother who has the charge of a respectable business, who is the eldest of a family, including two sisters, that have yet to hold up their heads among the gentlefolks at Lichfield, who has to bear the upbraidings of an uncle too prosperous in trade to have any toleration for those who do *not* prosper, and who has never himself done anything to discredit your father's memory and red coat, is not propitiated so easily. Peter's reply is now only to be inferred from the prompt rejoinder it wrung from David, bearing date the 27th October, and too plainly revealing to us all that both brother and sisters had suffered from the dreadful news. He begins by assuring his dear brother that the uneasiness he has received at his letter is inexpressible. However, it was a shock he expected, and had

guarded himself against as well as he could. Nay, the love he sincerely bore his brother Peter, together with the prevailing arguments he had made use of, would have been enough to overthrow his own strongest resolutions, did not necessity (a very pressing advocate) on his side convince him that he was not so much to blame as Peter seemed to think he was. As to their uncle upbraiding his brother with keeping their circumstances a secret, he was, indeed, surprised at it; for to be sure what he, David, had run out had been more owing to his own wilfulness than any great miscarriage in trade. But run out he had, and, let him live never so warily, must run out more; and, indeed, let Peter only reflect a little seriously, and he will hardly say that the trade they have could ever be sufficient to maintain himself and a servant handsomely. "As for the stage," he continues, gathering boldness again to speak of it, "I know in the General it deserves your Censure, but if you will consider how handsomely and how reputably some have liv'd, as Booth, Mills, Wilks, Cibber, etc., and admitted into, and admir'd by, y^e best Companies; and as my Genius that way (by y^e best Judges) is thought Wonderful, how can you be averse to my proceedings when not only my Inclinations, but my Friends who at first were surpris'd at my Intent, by seeing me on y^e stage are now well convinc'd 'twas impossible for me to keep of. As to Company, y^e Best in Town are desirous of mine, and I have received more Civilities and favours from such since my playing than I ever did in all my life before. Mr. Glover (*Leonidas* I mean)¹ has been

¹ Richard Glover was a merchant of that day, whose popular speaking, clever writing, and influence in the city, procured him a distinguished place in the Leicester House councils. On the Prince's death his affairs became embarrassed, his services were no longer required by the politicians with whom he had acted, and he suffered much from the neglect of those great folks. But he afterwards very sensibly retrieved his position by a successful speculation in the copper trade, and lived sufficiently long, not only to punish Mr. Pitt by writing him down in a book, but to be mistaken, with his small cocked hat, his accurately dressed wig, and his bag, for "the tall gentleman," the veritable author of *Junius*, who was seen throwing a letter into Woodfall's office in Ivy Lane. Horace Walpole, coupling him

every Night to see me, and sent for me and told me as well as Every Body he converses with, that he had not seen Acting for ten years before. In short, were I to tell you what they say about me, 'twould be too vain tho' I am now writing to a Brother."

Nor is it less clear that another feeling checks him, the fear that he has already said too much. However, he adds, so willing is he to be continued in his dear Peter's affections that were he certain of a less income with more reputation he would gladly take to it. He has not yet had his name in the bills, and has only played the part of Richard the Third, which brings crowded audiences every night, and Mr. Giffard returns the service he has done him very amply. However (as though again in dread that he may be showing too little regard to his objectors), let "dear Peter" send him a letter next post, and he'll give a full answer, not having time enough at present. He has not a debt of twenty shillings upon him; "so in that," he concludes, "be very easy. I am sorry my sisters are under such uneasinesses, and, as I really love both them and you, will ever make it my study to appear your affectionate Brother, D. Garrick."

The post brings back the letter asked for, but as far as ever from the tone desired. Peter still protests, urges, entreats, casts discredit on Giffard, and, while he washes his own hands of the consequences he sees impending, warns David against them with such persevering emphasis that but for each day's felt and palpable increase to the actor's unexampled success, it might have gone hard with him in this epistolary war. But how should he now turn back with the incentives that on the other side urged him on—plebeian Goodman's Fields lighted up with the splendor of Grosvenor Square and St. James's! grand people's coaches

with the London Lord Mayor in March, 1742, calls the pair "the greatest coxcomb, the greatest oaf, that ever met in blank verse or prose" (*Coll. Lett.* i. 151); but this was his invariable tone in speaking of any assailant of his father. He could not even forgive Colman for being the nephew of Sir Robert Walpole's rival Pulteney (Lord Bath), and is dreadfully impatient of the success of the *Jealous Wife*. (*Coll. Lett.* iv. 124).

jammed up in the narrow alleys between Temple Bar and Whitechapel! and, though he has not yet been three weeks on the stage, the very patriots from Whitehall, in the agony of their struggle with Walpole, flocking to that wretched little theatre in the lowest and most vulgar of the suburbs! Has not the Prince's confidant, Mr. Glover, been every night to see him? And, since he wrote last to Lichfield, even grave Mr. Lyttelton has been there, the Prince himself is daily expected, and he has been praised and encouraged by that fiery young orator Mr. Pitt, who, already reckoned the greatest actor in the House of Commons, has given eager welcome to an actor reported to be even greater than himself. "Sometimes, at Goodman's Fields," writes Gray to Chute, "there are a dozen dukes of a night."¹

Shall we wonder, then, that writing again on the 10th of November "to Mr. Garrick at Lichfield Staffordshire," little David, beginning with professions of extreme sorrow that his "Dear Brother" should still seem so utterly averse to what he was so greatly inclined to, and to what the best judges think he has the greatest genius for, should go on to say that the great, nay, incredible success and approbation he has met with from the greatest persons in England, had almost made him resolve (though he is sorry to say it, against dear Peter's entreaties) to pursue it, as he shall certainly make a fortune by it if health continues? He then talks of money affairs in the old strain; and as to Giffard, protests that £30 was all he had ever lent that manager in former days, which sum was paid long ago. He adds that at present he receives from Giffard (though this was a secret) six guineas a week, and was to have a clear benefit, and the benefit was to be very soon, and he had been offered £120 for it, and dear Peter cannot imagine what regard he meets with, and on the occasion of that benefit the pit and boxes are to be put together, and he shall have all his friends (who still continue so though his brother is not to be brought

¹ "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after: there are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes, and yet I am stiff in the opposition."—*Works*, ii. 185.

over), and if his brother will only come his lodgings shall cost him nothing. "Mr. Littleton, Mr. Pit, and Several other Members of Parliament were to see me play Chamont, in *y^e Orphan*, and Mr. Pit, who is reckon'd *y^e* greatest Orator in the House of Commons, said I was *y^e* best Actor *y^e* English Stage had produc'd, and he sent a Gentleman to me to let me know he and *y^e* other Gentlemen would be glad to see Me. The Prince has heard so great a Character of me that we are in daily expectations of his coming to see me." And so the gossiping, kindly, anxious letter ends, with another entreaty that Peter will let him know what he resolves upon, the writer assuring him once more of what the letter very amply exhibits, that it is his greatest desire to continue his "affectionate Brother, D. Garrick."

But not Pitt, nor Lyttelton, nor Glover, nor the Prince himself, can yet entirely break down the obdurate resolution of Peter, who proves well worthy of his name. There are *some* signs of relenting, nevertheless; as even the rock may yield at last to melting influences. He cannot, of course, save David the pain of feeling that he has inflicted irreparable hurt on the respected mercantile position of Mr. Peter Garrick, of Lichfield; but he brings himself to close his letter by saying that though he can never approve of the stage, yet he will always be David's affectionate brother. Well, for even such scant mercies the brother is thankful. In the first flush of a success that might well have spurned at every kind of control, the good-natured little fellow continues as eager to propitiate this formal, unsympathizing, intolerant old vender of claret and sherry as if he were himself still the hobbledehoy youth of fourteen looking up with timid deference to his revered superior of twenty. Every point of complaint, as if each were the first and not the dozenth time of urging, he meets with respectful argument or loving remonstrance; and, as to the alleged injury to him in his mercantile position, he has now to tell Peter that their uncle, he has it on good authority, will be reconciled to him, "for even the Merchants say 'tis an honour to him, not Otherwise. As to hurting you in *y^r* affairs," he

goes on (his letter bears date the 24th Nov^r), "it shall be my constant Endeavor to promote y^r welfare with my all. If you should want Money, and I have it, you shall command my whole, and I know I shall soon be more able by playing and writing to do you service than any other way."

Backed by which honest purposes, may he not again venture to tell his brother that he is very near *quite* resolved to be a player? as he has the best judgment of the best judges, who to a man are of opinion that he shall turn out (nay, they say that already he is) not only the best tragedian but comedian in England. "I would not," he prettily interposes here, "say so much to any body else; but as this may somewhat palliate my folly, you must excuse me. Mr. Littleton was wth Me last Night, and took me by y^e hand and said, he never saw such playing upon y^e English Stage before." And for other more practical proofs of his success, he tells Peter that he has had great offers from Fleetwood; that they have had finer business than either Drury Lane or Covent Garden; that Mr. Giffard himself had given him yesterday twenty guineas for a ticket; and (for a climax) that next week he designed buying £200 of his stock out of his profits of playing. So, as to the business between them, and the selling off of their joint stock in London, if his brother should want more money than his share comes to he will supply it. In conclusion, he admits that the trade is rather better than it was, but, his mind being quite turned another way, he desires to be released from it as soon as possible.

Now, that this was a highly practical, business-like letter, though written by a flighty stage-player, even the obstinately unbelieving Peter appears to have felt. It went, at any rate, straight to the heart of the partnership affairs between them; and, however reluctantly, he would seem to have made up his mind to accept it as the best of a bargain that must be any way a bad one. But one matter he should like to have cleared up. *Had his brother really been playing Harlequin, as reported, before he came out at Goodman's Fields?*

Here was a question to be addressed to a man whom the

great and noble were delighting to honor, who was charming the whole town both in comedy and tragedy—nay, who had just come out as an author, and whose farce of the “Lying Valet,” acted (not at Drury Lane, but) at Goodman’s Fields six days after the date of his last letter, was taking prodigiously, and was approved of by men of genius, and thought the most diverting farce that ever was performed. “I believe you’ll find it read pretty well,” he continues, addressing Peter with somewhat more courage than usual, and sending him a copy; “and in performance ‘tis a General Roar from beginning to end; and I have got as much Reputation in y^e Character of Sharp as in any other character I have perform’d, tho’ far different from y^e others.”

Far different, indeed! As different as Romeo from Sir John Brute, as Othello from Fondlewife, as Richard from Jack Smatter, as Shakespeare’s Lear from Colley Cibber’s Master Johnny, as eighty-four from fifteen.¹ Yet even such was the surprising versatility now displayed with consummate ease by this greatest of actors, who alone of all performers on record seems to have hit the consummation of the actor’s art in being able to drop altogether his own personality. “All the run is now after Garrick,” writes Walpole. “The Duke of Argyll says he is superior to Betterton.”² “We are all wrong if this is right,” said Quin, decisively. “I’ faith, Bracey,” said Cibber, taking snuff, and turning to his

¹ “For his benefit on the 18th of March,” says Mr. Boaden, “he amazed the town by repeating” (he had first played it on the preceding 22d of February) “after his performance of King Lear, his Master Johnny, a lad of fifteen, in the ‘Schoolboy.’ The farce was written by Colley Cibber, who was still living; and he might, and very probably did, see that wonderful junction of eighty-four and fifteen by the same actor.”—*Memoir*, vii.—viii. (*Gar. Cor.*). “The stage,” said the play-bills of the night, “will be formed into an amphitheatre, where servants will be allowed to keep places.”—*Account of the Stage*, iv. 24.

² The whole passage is too characteristic not to be given. “All the run is now after Garrick, a wine merchant, who is turned player, at Goodman’s Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says he is superior to Betterton.”—*Coll. Lett.* i. 189.

ancient partner in theatrical glory, Mrs. Bracegirdle, "the lad is clever!"

Justly was Garrick proud of that opinion; for only a year before the *Apology* had given proof of what a masterly critic Cibber was, and all the old man's prejudices and tastes went strongly counter to the admission thus wrung from him. That it *was* given, however, and in still stronger terms, may fairly be inferred from what Garrick goes on to say to his brother, in this letter dated the 22d December. "You perhaps would be glad to know what parts I have play'd. King Rich^d; Jack Smatter in 'Pamela'; Clody, 'Fop's Fortune'; Lothario, 'Fair Penitent'; Chamont, 'Orphan'; Ghost, 'Hamlet'; and shall soon be ready in Bays in y^e 'Rehearsal,' and in y^e part of Othello, Both which I believe will do Me and Giffard great service. I have had great success in all, and 'tis not yet determin'd whether I play Tragedy or Comedy best. Old Cibber has spoke with y^e Greatest Commendation of my Acting." Of course the reader has observed that the grave question as to Harlequin has not been answered. But it creeps into the letter before its close. "As to playing a Harlequin, 'tis quite false. Yates¹ last season was taken very ill, and was not able to begin y^e Entertainment; so I put on y^e Dress, and did two or three scenes for him, but Nobody knew it but him and Giffard. I know it has been said I play'd Harlequin at Covent Garden, but 'tis quite false." With which imperfect explanation Peter's ruffled dignity had to compose itself as best it might.

The anticipation of a triumph in Bayes proved thoroughly well founded. After his Bayes there was no disputing the predominance he had reached. To the roar of laughter and delight at its imitations, what still remained of the old school

¹ Then a brother-actor at Goodman's Fields, who afterwards married the celebrated actress, his second wife, for whom Goldsmith, as will hereafter be seen, had the highest admiration. The occasion was, no doubt, when Yates, in the preceding March, had to appear with Miss Hippisley, a Columbine, in a new pantomime called "*Harlequin Student; or, the Fall of Pantomime with the Restoration of the Drama*," the whole to conclude with a representation of Shakespeare's Monument as lately erected."—*Some Account of the English Stage* (Bath, 1832), iii. 641.

came tumbling down irrecoverably. "Heresy," growled Quin;¹ "Reformation," cried Garrick; and the smartness of the retort showed off his pretensions also as a man of wit. Noblemen had him to their houses; Pope came out of his retirement to see him play; the great Mr. Murray, leader of the King's Bench, forgot his briefs and his politics to entertain him at supper in Lincoln's Inn Feilds; ladies fell in love with him; he had to write to Lichfield to protest he was not going to be married; and if, in the last letter I shall quote from this remarkable collection, and which is dated within less than six months from the first I have quoted, he refers to some of these distinctions and compliments with a modest and manly pride, let us admit that some such set-off was needed to all the bitter mortifications his brother Peter had been heaping upon him, and that while he remains victor in the epistolary duel he sings no strained or excessive song of triumph. "The favor I meet with from y^e Greatest men," he writes to his brother on the 19th of April, "has made me far from repenting of my choice. I am very intimate with Mr. Glover, who will bring out a Tragedy next winter upon my acc^t. Twice I have sup'd wth y^e Great Mr. Murray, Counsell^r, and shall wth Mr. Pope, by his Introduction. I sup'd with y^e Mr. Littleton, y^e Prince's Favourite, last Thursday night, and that with y^e highest Civility and complaisance. He told me he never knew what Acting was till I appeared, and said I was only born to act w^t Shakespear writ. These things

¹ "Pooh ! pooh !" exclaimed that old stage despot. "This Garrick is a new religion. Whitfield was followed for a time, but they'll all come to church again." It was the Bayes which gave Quin mortal offence. Quin was not himself among the actors who were ridiculed, but he took to himself the laughter at others who were, in fact, *his* imitators and disciples. "Delane," says Murphy, "was at the head of his profession. He was tall and comely, had a clear and strong voice, but was a mere declaimer. Garrick began with him. He retired to the upper part of the stage, and drawing his left arm across his breast, rested his right elbow on it, raising a finger to his nose; and then came forward in a stately gait, nodding his head as he advanced, and in the exact tone of Delane, spoke," etc. — *Life*, i. 53. And see Davies, *Life*, i. 47-48.



daily occurring give me Great Pleasure. I din'd with L^d Hallifax and L^d Sandwich, two very ingenious Noblemen, yesterday, and am to dine at L^d Hallifax's next Sunday with L^d Chesterfield. I have the Pleasure of being very intimate, too, with Mr. Hawkins Browne of Burton.¹ In short, I believe nobody (as an Actor) was ever more caress'd, and my Character as a private Man makes 'em more desirous of my Company. (All this *entre nous*, as one Broth^r to another.) I am not fix'd for next year, but shall certainly be at y^e Other End of y^e Town. I am offered 500 guineas and a Clear Benefit, or part of y^e Management."

Here, then, I leave him, rapidly on his way to the other end of town, manager in expectancy already, the architect in six months of a fortune which went on increasing for thirty-six years, now as always the darling of the great,² and a taster by anticipation of the bitters as well as the sweets of the cup so plentifully filled for him. For those reproaches of his brother's had a sting to be remembered when his brother's outraged dignity had been long forgot-

¹ The author, among other things, of *A Pipe of Tobacco* (the original of the *Rejected Addresses, Odes and Addresses, etc.*), which Goldsmith praises deservedly in his *Beauties of English Poetry*, not on the ground that the parody is ridiculous, but that the imitation is excellent. "I am told," he remarks, "that he had no good original manner of his own, yet we see how well he succeeds when he turns an imitator."—i. 261. Johnson thought him the best "converser" he had ever met.—*Mrs. Piozzi*, 173. A good illustration of Goldsmith's remark is afforded by what Pope so sensibly says (*Spence's Anecdotes*, 157-158): "Browne is an excellent copyist; and those who take it ill of him are very much in the wrong. They are very strongly mannered, and perhaps could not write so well if they were not so; but still 'tis a fault that deserves the being pointed out."

² "I dined to-day at Garrick's," writes Horace Walpole to Bentley (August 15, 1775); there were the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu, the Spanish minister; two regents, of which one is Lord Chamberlain, the other Groom of the Stole; and the wife of a Secretary of State. This is *bien sur un assez bon ton* for a player! Don't you want to ask me how I like him? Do want, and I will tell you—I like *her* exceedingly; her behavior is all sense, and all sweetness too. I don't know how, he does not improve so fast upon me: there is a great deal of parts, and vivacity, and variety, but there is a great deal too of mimicry and burlesque."—*Coll. Lett.* iii. 139.

ten. The latter we have seen sensibly assuaged even in the letters quoted; and its conclusion and moral might be yet more pointedly drawn out of others of later date in the same collection, which show Mr. Peter Garrick solely indebted to the actor for retrieval of his shattered fortune, a successful suppliant for favors over and over again conferred on him, and finally indebted to no less a friend and patron of David's than the Duke of Devonshire for "the finger that lifted" himself "out of those cursed wine-vaults." But notwithstanding all this, very correctly did Peter's first shock of horror on learning that David had become a player reflect a feeling which others used throughout David's life to gall and to humiliate him; which, while it could not shut against him the favors of the great, for that reason more bitterly exposed him to the malice and insult of the little; which threw him into uneasy relations with men of his own social station; obscured too often his better nature; and remains for us the clue by which, if we would judge him favorably, we may unravel what appears least consistent in his character. I have had the less scruple in the giving at some length, therefore, even to the temporary interruption of my narrative, that critical passage of his life which till now has never been authentically told.

CHAPTER III

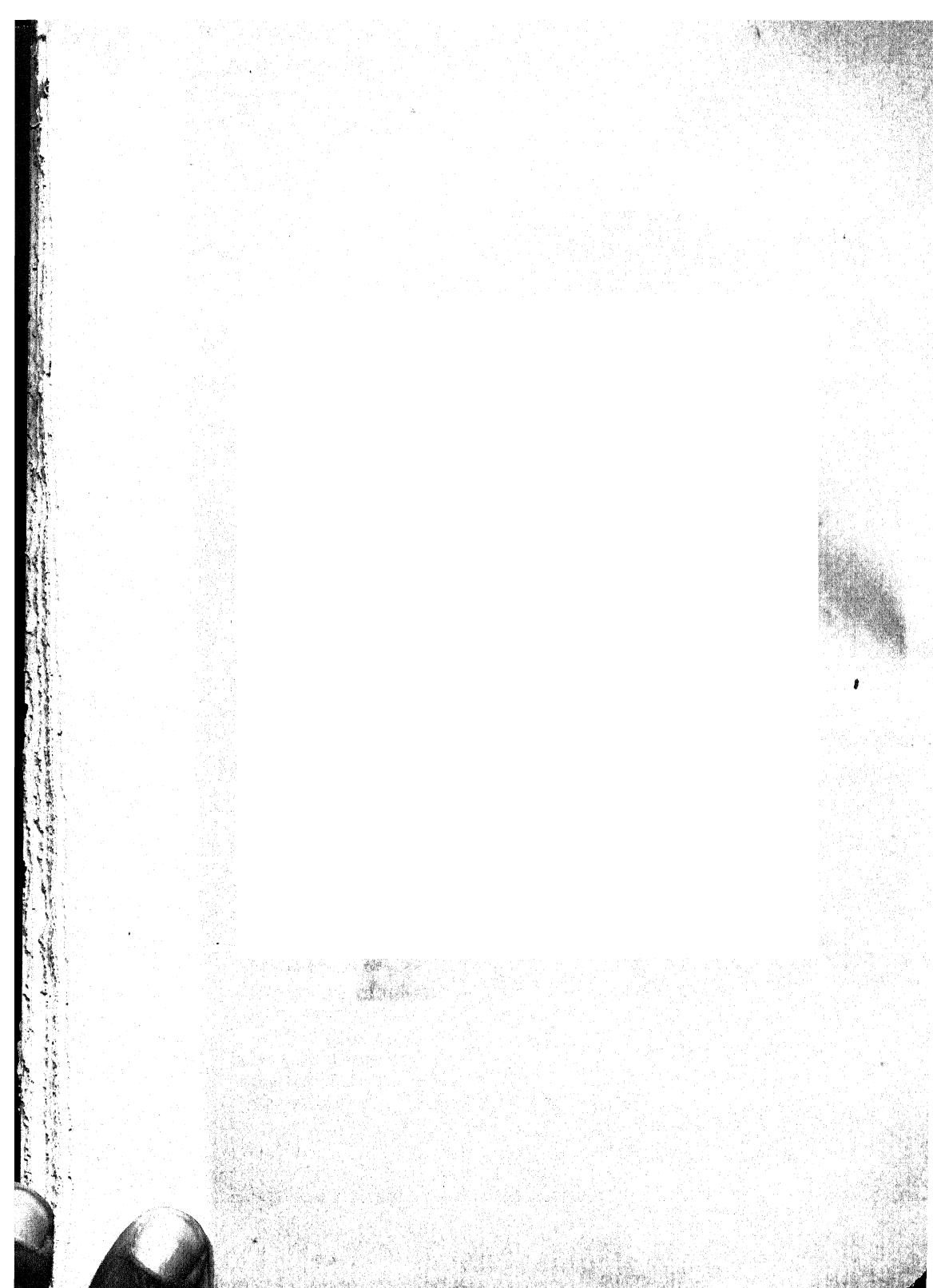
OVERTURES FROM SMOLLETT AND MR. NEWBERRY

1759-1760

BUT, at the door of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Smollett and Mr. Newbery have been waiting us all this while, and neither of them belonged to that leisurely class which can very well afford to wait. The Doctor was full of energy and movement always, as one of his own headlong heroes; and who remembers not the philanthropic bookseller in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the good-natured man with the red-pimpled face, who had no sooner alighted but he was in haste to be gone, "for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip." But not on Mr. Thomas Trip's affairs had the child-loving publisher¹ now ventured up Break-Neck Steps; and upon other than the old *Critical* business was the author of *Peregrine Pickle* a visitor in Green Arbor Court. Both had new and important schemes in hand, and with both it was an object to secure the alliance and services of Goldsmith. Smollett had at all times not a little of the Pickle in him, and Newbery much of the Mr. Trip; but there was a genial good-heartedness in both, which makes it natural and pleasant to have to single out these two men as the first active friends and patrons of the author of the unsuccessful *Bee*. Their offers were, of course, accepted; and it seems to imply some-

¹ "He called himself their friend," says Dr. Primrose, "but he was the friend of all mankind . . . he had published for me against the Deuterogomists of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces." And see Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, iii. 731-732.

Peg Woffington







thing, however slight, of a worldly advance in connection with them that, in the month which followed, the luckless *Bee* was issued in the independent form of a small half-crown volume by Mr. Wilkie, and Kenrick received instructions from Mr. Ralph Griffiths to treat it in the *Monthly Review* "with the greatest candor towards an unsuccessful Author."¹

The 1st of January, 1760, saw the first venture launched. It was published for sixpence, "embellished with curious copperplates," and entitled "*The British Magazine, or Monthly Repository for Gentlemen and Ladies*. By T. Smollett, M.D., and others." It was dedicated with much fervor to Mr. Pitt; and Mr. Pitt's interest (greatly to the spleen of Horace Walpole, who thinks the matter worthy of mention in his *Memoirs of George the Second*)² enabled Smollett to put it forth with a royal license, granted in consideration of the fact that Dr. Smollett had "represented to his Majesty that he has been at great labor and expense in writing original pieces himself, and engaging other gentlemen to write original pieces." The Doctor, in truth, had but lately left the "Bench," at the close of that three months' imprisonment for libel into which his spirited avowal of the authorship of a criticism on Admiral Knowles had betrayed him; and the king's patronage had probably been sought as a counterpoise to the king's prison. But the punishment had not been without its uses. In the nature of

¹ *Monthly Review*, xxii. 42, January, 1760. A specimen of the candor is worth quoting. "We do not mean" (after saying that experience had no doubt proved the justice of the author's anticipation of failure, as well as of his belief that nobody but himself would regret it) "to insinuate that his lucubrations are so void of merit as not to deserve the public attention. On the contrary, we must confess ourselves to have found no inconsiderable entertainment in their perusal. His style is not the worst, and his manner is agreeable enough, in our opinion, however it may have failed of exciting universal admiration. The truth is, most of his subjects are already sufficiently worn-out, and his observations frequently trite and common."

² iii. 259, 261. It follows an allusion to the abusive portrait of Lord Lyttelton in "Roderick Random," "a novel of which sort he published two or three."

Smollett, to the last, there were not a few of the heedless impulses of boyhood ; and from this three months' steady gaze on the sadder side of things he seems to have turned with tempered and gentler thoughts. In the first number of the *British Magazine* was the opening of the tale which contained his most feminine heroine (Aurelia Darnel), and the most amiable and gentlemanly of his heroes (Sir Launcelot Greaves); for, though Sir Launcelot is mad, wise thoughts have made him so ; and in the hope to "remedy evils which the law cannot reach, to detect fraud and treason, to abase insolence, to mortify pride, to discourage slander, to disgrace immodesty, and to stigmatize ingratitude," he stumbles through his old adventures. There is a pleasure in connecting this alliance of Smollett and Goldsmith with the first approach of our great humorist to that milder humanity and more genial wisdom which shed their mellow rays on Matthew Bramble.¹

Nor were the services engaged from Oliver unworthy of his friend's Sir Launcelot. Side by side with the kindly enthusiast appeared some of the most agreeable of the *Essays* which were afterwards republished with Goldsmith's name ; and many which were never connected with it until half a century after their writer's death. Here Mr. Rignarole fell into that "Boar's Head" reverie in Eastcheap since so many times dreamed over, and so full of kindly rebuke to indiscriminating praisers of the past. Here the shabby man in St. James's Park (Goldsmith, like Justice Woodcock, loved a vagabond) recounted his strolling adventures with a vivacity undisturbed by poverty ; and, with his Merry-Andrew, Bajazet, and Wild-air, laughed at Garrick in his glory. Here journey was made to the Fountain in whose waters sense and genius mingled, and by whose side the traveller found Johnson and Gray (a pity it did not prove so !) giving and receiving fame.² And

¹ "Hark ye, Clinker ! you are a most notorious offender ! You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want."—Matthew Bramble to the outcast parish lad.

² Another proof that Goldsmith had not yet surrendered his own judgment to Johnson's in the matter of Gray. The four papers enumerated

here, above all, the poor, hearty, wooden-legged beggar first charmed the world with a philosophy of content and cheerfulness which no misfortune could subdue. This was he who had lost his leg and the use of his hand, and had a wound in his breast which was troublesome, and was obliged to beg, but with these exceptions blessed his stars for knowing no reason to complain: some had lost both legs and an eye, but, thank Heaven, it was not so bad with him. This was he who remarked that people might say this and that of being in jail, but when he was found guilty of being poor, and was sent to Newgate, he found it as agreeable a place as ever he was in, in all his life;¹ who fought the French in six pitched battles, and verily believed that but for some good reason or other his captain would have given him promotion and made him a corporal; who was beaten cruelly by a boatswain, but the boatswain did it without considering what he was about; who slept on a bed of boards in a French prison, but with a warm blanket about him, because, as he remarked, he always loved to lie well; and to whom, when he came to sum up and balance his life's adventures, it occurred that had he had the good fortune to have lost his leg and the use of his hand on board a king's ship, and not a privateer, he should have had his six-pence a week for the rest of his days; but that was not his chance: one man was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle: "however, blessed be God, I enjoy good health." This was philosophy as wise as Candide's, at which Europe was then laughing heartily; and it is worthy of mention that from the countrymen of Voltaire this little essay should have first derived its fame. So

will be found in *Miscellaneous Works*, i. 179, 229, 195, and ii. 461; the last having been transferred to the *Citizen of the World*.

¹ "O liberty! liberty! liberty! that is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence; I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a press-gang."—ii. 465.

popular in France was the "humble optimist," as his translator called him, that he is not unlikely to have visited even the halls of *Les Délices*; to be read there, as everywhere, with mirth upon the face and tenderness at the heart; perhaps to reawaken recollections of the ungainly, wandering scholar.

Of upwards of twenty essays thus contributed to Smollet's magazine few were republished by Goldsmith; but from other causes, certainly, than lack of merit. One was a criticism of two rival singers, two Polly Peachums, then dividing Vauxhall, so pleasantly worded that neither could take offence; but of temporary interest chiefly. Another was a caution against violent courtships, from a true story in the family of his uncle Contarine—perhaps thought too private for reappearance in more permanent form. A third (not reproduced, it may be, lest the wooden-legged philosopher should lose in popularity by a companion less popular than himself) described, as a contrast to the happiness of the maimed and luckless soldier, the miseries of a healthy, half-pay officer from unexpected good fortune, unable to bear the transition from moderate to extravagant means, and rendered so insensible by unused indulgences that he had come to see Falstaff without a smile and the Orphan without emotion. A fourth was a little history of seduction, hasty, abrupt, and not very real; but in which the hero bore such a general though indistinct resemblance to the immortal family of the Primroses as to have fitly merged and been forgotten in their later glory.¹

The last of these detached essays which I shall mention for the present did not appear in the *British Magazine*, but

¹ The "History of Miss Stanton" is included in the edition of the *Miscellaneous Works* (i. 214) published with Mr. Prior's name, but in reality (as Mr. Murray's papers show) edited by Mr. Wright; this, with many other pieces not before collected, rendering the book by far the best of the collections that have yet appeared, though it is by no means carefully or accurately edited. The other three papers mentioned above are in i. 201, 205, 224; and for the "Wow-wow," see i. 322. Mr. Wright's has since been superseded by a much more careful edition, also published by Mr. Murray (1870).

much concerned it; and, though not reckoned worthy of preservation by its writer, is evidence not to be omitted of his hearty feeling to Smollett and his ready resource to serve a friend. It was, in plain words, a puff of the *British Magazine* and its projector; and a puff of as witty pretension as ever visited the ingenious brain of the yet unborn friend of Mr. Dangle. It purported to describe a Wow-wow; a kind of newspaper club of a country town, to which the writer amusingly described himself driven by his unavailing efforts to find anybody anywhere else. All were at the Wow-wow, from the apothecary to the drawer of the tavern; and there he found, inspired by pipes and newspapers, such a smoke and fire of political discussion, such a setting right of all the mistakes of the generals in the war, such a battle, conducted with chalk, upon the blunders of Finck and Daun, and such quidnunc explosions against the Dutch in Pondicherry, that infallibly the Wow-wow must have come to a war of its own "had not an Oxford Scholar, led there by curiosity, pulled a new magazine out of his pocket, in which he said there were some pieces extremely curious and that deserved their attention. He then read the *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* to the entire satisfaction of the audience, which being finished, he threw the pamphlet upon the table: 'That piece, gentlemen,' says he, 'is written in the very spirit and manner of Cervantes; there is great knowledge of human nature, and evident marks of the master in almost every sentence; and from the plan, the humor, and the execution, I can venture to say that it dropped from the pen of the ingenious Dr. —.' Every one was pleased with the performance, and I was particularly gratified in hearing all the sensible part of the company give orders for the *British Magazine*."

So said a not less ingenious Dr. —, in that newspaper venture of good Mr. Newbery's which started but twelve days after Smollett's, and in which also had been enlisted the services of the Green Arbor Court lodger. War is the time for newspapers; the inventive head which planned the *Universal Chronicle*, with the good taste that enlisted John-

son in its service, now made a bolder effort in the same direction; and the first number of the *Public Ledger* was published on the 12th of January, 1760. Nothing less than a daily newspaper had the busy publisher of children's books projected. But a daily newspaper was not an appalling speculation then. Not then, morning after morning, did it throw its eyes of Argus over all the world. No universal command was needed for it then over sources of foreign intelligence potent to dispose and to control the money transactions of rival hemispheres. There existed with it then no costly arts for making and marring fortunes; cultivated to a perfection as high as the pigeon's flight, as swift as the courier's horse, or as deep as the secret drawer of the diplomatist's bureau. In those days it was no more essential to a paper's existence that countless advertisements should be scattered broadcast through its columns than to a city's business that puffing-vans should perambulate its highways and armies of placard-bearing paupers seize upon its pavements. Neither as a perfect spy of the time nor as a full informer or lofty improver of the time did a daily journal yet put forth its claims; and neither to prompt or correct intelligence or to great political or philanthropic aims did it assume to devote itself. The triumphs or discomfitures of freedom were not yet its daily themes; and distant still were the days in which it was to ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm of great political passions, to grapple resistlessly with social abuses, or to take broad and philosophic views of the world's contemporaneous history—the history which is a-making from day to day.¹ It was content with humbler duties. It called itself a daily register of commerce and intelligence, and fell short of even so much modest pretension. The letter of a Probus or a Manlius sufficed for discussion of the war, and a modest rumor in some dozen lines for what had occupied Parliament during as many days. "We are unwilling," said the

¹ This rather high-flown passage was written at the time of a struggle to establish a new daily paper in London, which Mr. Dickens and myself took part in.

editor of the *Public Ledger* (Mr. Griffith Jones, who wrote children's books for Mr. Newbery)¹ in his first number, "to raise expectations which we may, perhaps, find ourselves unable to satisfy; and, therefore, have made no mention of criticism or literature, which yet we do not professedly exclude; nor shall we reject any political essays which are apparently calculated for the public good." Discreetly avoiding thus all undue expectation, there quietly came forth into the world, from Mr. Bristow's office, "next the great toy-shop in St. Paul's Churchyard," the first number of the *Public Ledger*. It was circulated gratis, with announcement that all future numbers would be sold for two-pence-halfpenny each.

The first four numbers were enlightened by Probus in politics and Sir Simeon Swift in literature; the one defending the war, the other commencing the "Ranger," and both very mildly justifying the modest editorial announcements. The fifth number was not so commonplace. It had a letter (vindicating with manly assertion the character and courage of the then horribly unpopular French, and humorously condemning the national English habit of abusing rival nations) which implied a larger spirit as it showed a livelier pen. The same hand again appeared in the next

¹ "It is not, perhaps, generally known that to Mr. Griffith Jones, and a brother of his, Mr. Giles Jones, in conjunction with Mr. John Newbery, the public are indebted for the origin of those numerous and popular little books for the amusement and instruction of children, the Lilliputian histories of Goody Two-shoes, Giles Gingerbread, Tommy Trip, etc., which have been ever since received with universal approbation."—Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, iii. 466. Hereafter are given some reasons for suspecting that Newbery may have had a more distinguished fellow-laborer than Mr. Jones; but I think that too much stress has been laid on them, and I believe that to Newbery himself the great merit is due of having first sought to reform in some material points the moral of these books. He did not thrust all naughty boys into the jaws of the dragon, nor elevate all good boys to ride in King Pepin's coach. Goldsmith did undoubtedly say, however, more than once, that he had a hankering to write for children; and if he had realized his intention of composing the fables in which little fishes and other creatures should talk, our children's libraries would have had one rich possession the more.

number but one; and the correspondent of Green Arbor Court became entitled to receive two guineas from Mr. Newbery for his first week's contributions to the *Public Ledger*. His arrangement was to write twice in the week, and to be paid a guinea for each article.

CHAPTER IV

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

1760

WITH the second week of his engagement on the *Public Ledger*, Goldsmith had taken greater courage. The letter which appeared on the 24th of January, though without title or numbering to imply intention of continuance, threw out the hint of a series of letters and of a kind of narrative as in the *Lettres Persanes* or those pages of the *Spectator* which Swift suggested to Steele.¹ The character assumed was that of a Chinese visitor to London, the writer's old interest in the flowery people having received new strength of late from the Chinese novel on which his dignified acquaintance, Mr. Percy, had been recently engaged.² The second letter, still without title, appeared five days after the

¹ "The *Spectator* is written by Steele with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine, too."

² "I will endeavor," writes Shenstone in the following year (Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 222), "to procure and send you a copy of Percy's translation of a genuine Chinese novel in four small volumes, printed months ago, but not to be published before winter." Percy was the editor, and wrote the preface and notes; but the actual translation of *Hau Kiou Choaan* from the Chinese was executed by Mr. Wilkinson, and all that Percy did in this respect was to translate the translator "into good reading English." It may be worth remarking that three years before some noise had been made by a smart political squib of Horace Walpole's, which he protested he had writ in an hour and a half, and which passed through five editions in a fortnight, the *Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his friend Lien Chi at Pekin*.—See *Coll. Lett.* iv. 289-290.

first; some inquiry seems to have been made for their continuance; and thence uninterruptedly the series went on. Not until somewhat advanced were they even numbered; they never received a title until republished; but they were talked of as the Chinese Letters, assumed the principal place in the paper, and contributed more than any other cause to its successful establishment. Sir Simeon Swift and his "Ranger," Mr. Philanthropy Candor and his "Visitor," struggled and departed as newspaper shadows are wont to do; Lien Chi Altangi became real, and lived. From the ephemeral sprang the immortal. On that column of ungainly looking, perishable type depended not alone the paper of the day, but a book to last throughout the year, a continuous pleasure for the age, and one which was for all time. It amused the hour, was wise for the interval beyond it, is still diverting and instructing us, and will delight generations yet unborn. At the close of 1760, ninety-eight of the letters had been published; within the next few months, at less regular intervals, the series was brought to completion; and in the following year the whole were republished by Mr. Newbery "for the author"¹ in two duodecimo volumes, but without any author's name, as the *Citizen of the World*; or, Letters from a Chinese Philosopher in London, to his Friend in the East."

"Light, agreeable, summer reading," observed the *British Magazine*, with but dry and laconic return for the "Wow-wow." The *Monthly Review* had to make return of a different kind, Mr. Griffiths now decently resolving to swallow his leek; and his obedient Mr. Kenrick, under orders not to bite or even bark, but to profess admiration

¹ This specification, which appears upon no other book written by Goldsmith, appears to imply either some reluctance on Newbery's part to undergo the risk of the republication or some quarrel as to terms; but whichever it may have been, it is clear that a very small payment a few months later put the bookseller in possession of the whole "copy" (copyright) of the book. "Receiv'd of Mr. Newbery five guineas which, with what I have receiv'd at different times before, is in full for the copy of the Chinese letters as witness my hand OLIVER GOLDSMITH. March 5, 1762." —Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession.

22542

and supplicate forgiveness, thus, after remarking that the Chinese philosopher had nothing Asiatic about him, did his master's miserable bidding: "The public have been already made sufficiently acquainted with the merit of these entertaining Letters, which were first printed in the *Ledger*, and are supposed to have contributed not a little towards the success of that paper. They are said to be the work of the lively and ingenious Writer of *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*; a Writer whom, it seems, we undesignedly offended by some Strictures on the conduct of many of our modern Scribblers. As the observation was entirely general in its intention, we were surprised to hear that this Gentleman had imagined himself in any degree pointed at, as we conceive nothing can be more illiberal in a Writer, or more foreign to the character of a Literary Journal, than to descend to the meanness of personal reflection."¹ Pity might reasonably be given to men so lowered and self-abased; but Goldsmith withheld forgiveness. Private insults could not thus be retracted; nor could imputations which sink deepest in the simplest and most honorable natures be so easily purged away. Mr. Griffiths was left to the consolation of reflecting that he had himself eaten the dirt which it would have made him far happier to have flung at the *Citizen of the World*.

In what different language, by what different men, how highly and justly this book has since been praised, for its fresh, original perception, its delicate delineation of life and manners, its wit and humor, its playful and diverting satire, its exhilarating gayety, and its clear and lively style, need not be repeated. What is to be said of it here will have more relation to the character than to the genius of its writer. The steadier direction of his thoughts, and the changing aspect of his fortunes, are what I would now turn back to read in it.

One marked peculiarity its best admirers have failed to observe upon: its detection and exposure, not simply of the

¹ *Monthly Review*, xxvi. 477, June, 1762.

foibles and follies which lie upon the surface, but of those more pregnant evils which rankle at the heart of society. The occasions were frequent in which the Chinese citizen so lifted his voice that only in a later generation could he find his audience; and they were not few in which he has failed to find one even yet. He saw in the Russian Empire, what by the best English statesmen since has not been sufficiently guarded against, the natural enemy of the more western parts of Europe, "an enemy already possessed of great strength, and, from the nature of the government, every day threatening to become more powerful."¹ He warned the all-credulous and too-confident English of their insecure tenure of the American colonies; telling them, with a truth as prophetic as Dean Tucker's, and which anticipated his vigorous reasoning, that England would not lose her vigor when those colonies obtained their independence. He unveiled the social pretences which, under color of protecting female honor, are made the excuse for its violation. He denounced the evil system which left the magistrate, the country justice, and the squire to punish transgressions in which they had themselves been the guiltiest transgressors. He laughed at the sordidness which makes penny shows of our public temples, turns deans and chapters into importunate "beggars," and stoops to pick up halfpence at the tombs of our patriots and poets. He laughed at, even while he gloried in, the national vaunt of superiority to other nations, which gave fancied freedom to the prisoner, riches to the beggar, and enlisted on behalf of Church and State fellows who had never profited by either.² He protested earnestly against

¹ Letter lxxxvii. A remark I should hardly make if writing now. 1870.

² Who does not remember what the astonished traveller had to listen to soon after his arrival, outside a metropolitan jail, where the talk (upon a threatened French invasion) is carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty?" "Ay, slaves," cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens, every one of them."

the insufficient pretexts that availed for the spilling of blood in the contest then raging between France and England. He inveighed against the laws which meted out, in so much gold or silver, the price of a wife's or daughter's honor. He ridiculed the prevailing nostrums current in that age of quacks; doubted the graces of such betailing and bepowdering fashions as then made beauty hideous, and sent even lads cocked-hatted and wigged to school; and had sense and courage to avow his contempt for that prevailing cant of connoisseurship ("your Raphaels, Correggios, and Stuff") at which Reynolds shifted his trumpet. The abuses of Church patronage did not escape him, any more than the tendency to "superstition and imposture" in the "bonzes and priests of all religions." He thought it a fit theme for mirth that holy men should be content to receive all the money and let others do all the good, and that preferment to the most sacred and exalted duties should wait upon the whims of members of Parliament and the wants of younger branches of the nobility.¹ The inca-

Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison" (holding up his goblet of drink), may this be my poison—but I would sooner 'list for a soldier." To which the soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cries out: "It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change; ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames," such was the solemnity of his adjuration, "if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone."—*Citizen of the World*, letter iv. Byron's *Tom the Porter* is now forgotten, but Goldsmith evidently knew those lines.

¹ I refer the reader to George Selwyn's *Correspondence* if he should desire to study attentively one of the latest full-blown specimens of the breed of clergymen engendered by this system, and would introduce himself to by no means one of the most objectionable of the smoking, reading, claret-drinking, toadying, gormandizing, good-humored parsons of the time when Goldsmith lived and wrote. He will find Dr. Warner quite an ornament to the Establishment throughout that book, and only cursing, flinging, stamping, or gnashing when anything goes amiss with Selwyn. He will observe that the reverend Doctor is ready to wager his best cassock against a dozen of claret any day; and that the holy man would quote you even texts with the most pious of his cloth, "if our friend the Countess had not blasted them." In short, at whatever page he opens the *Correspondence*, he will find parson Warner in the highest possible spirits, whether quiz-

pacities and neglect thus engendered in the upper clergy he also connected with that disregard of the lower which left a reverend Trulliber undisturbed among his pigs and a parson Adams to his ale in Lady Booby's kitchen. Yet as little was he disposed to tolerate any false reaction from such indifference; and at the ascetic saints of the new religious sect which had risen to put down cheerfulness and could find its only music in a chorus of sighs and groans, he aimed the shafts of his wit as freely as at the over-indulging, gormandizing priests of the bishop's visitation-dinner, face to face with whom, gorged and groaning with excess, he brought the hungry beggar, faint with want, to ask of them the causes of his utter destitution, body and soul. Nor did he spare that other dignified profession, which, in embarrassing what it professed to make clear, in retarding with cumbrous impediments the steps of justice, in reserving as a luxury for the rich what it pretended to throw open to all, in fencing round property with a multiplicity of laws, and exposing poverty without a guard to whatever threatened

zing "canting, pot-bellied justices," contemplating with equanimity "a fine corpse at Surgeons' Hall," or looking forward with hopeful vivacity to the time when he shall "be a fine gray-headed old jollocks of sixty-five." They who would hastily accuse Fielding of exaggeration in his portraiture should first contemplate this. Goldsmith is less severe in his exposure, but it is efficient, too; and I confess I never read a letter of Dr. Warner's, or think of his guzzling, his telling the same story over and over again, and his indifference to any kind of treatment shown him or service exacted of him so long as his bumper of claret is well filled, without being forcibly reminded of Dr. Marrowfat. "'As good a story,' cries he, bursting into a violent fit of laughter himself, 'as ever you heard in your lives. There was a farmer in my parish who used to sup upon wild ducks and flummery; so this farmer'—'Dr. Marrowfat,' cries his lordship, interrupting him, 'give me leave to drink your health'—'so being fond of wild ducks and flummery'—'Doctor,' adds a gentleman who sat next him, 'let me advise you to a wing of this turkey'—'so this farmer being fond'—'Hob and nob, Doctor, which do you choose, white or red?'—'so being fond of wild ducks and flummery'—'Take care of your band, sir, it may dip in the gravy.' The Doctor, now looking round, found not a single ear disposed to listen; wherefore, calling for a glass of wine, he gulped down the disappointment and the tale in a bumper."—Letter lviii.

or assailed it, countenanced and practised no less a falsehood.¹ Almost alone in that age of indifference, the Citizen of the World raised his voice against the penal laws which then, with wanton severity, disgraced the statute-book; insisted that the sole means of making death an efficient, was to make it an infrequent, punishment; and warned society of the crime of disregarding human life and the temptations of the miserable by visiting petty thefts with penalties of blood.²

He who does not read for amusement only may also find

¹ The simple notions of the Chinese citizen on this subject appear very alarming to his friend, who uses precisely the defensive argument with which the absurdity has been upheld ever since. “‘I see,’ cries my friend, ‘that you are for a speedy administration of justice; but all the world will grant that the more time there is taken up in considering any subject, the better it will be understood. Besides, it is the boast of an Englishman that his *property is secure*, and all the world will grant that a deliberate administration of justice is the best way to *secure his property*. Why have we so many lawyers but to *secure our property*? why so many formalities but to *secure our property*? Not less than one hundred thousand families live in opulence, elegance, and ease merely by *securing our property*. . . . ‘But bless me,’ returned I, ‘what numbers do I see here—all in black—how is it possible that half this multitude find employment?’ ‘Nothing so easily conceived,’ returned my companion, ‘they live by watching each other. For instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt, the attorney watches the catchpole, the counsellor watches the attorney, the solicitor the counsellor, and all find sufficient employment.’ ‘I conceive you,’ interrupted I, ‘they watch each other: but it is the client that pays them all for watching.’”—Letter xcvi. The reader is to remember that this was written a hundred years ago, and that we are only at this hour bestirring ourselves to provide something of a remedy. 1850.

² Is there anything better reasoned than this in Romilly or Bentham? “When a law, enacted to make theft punishable with death, happens to be equitably executed, it can at best only guard our possessions; but when, by favor or ignorance, justice pronounces a wrong verdict, it then attacks our lives, since in such a case the whole community suffers with the innocent victim: if, therefore, in order to secure the effects of one man, I should make a law which may take away the life of another, in such a case, to attain a smaller good, I am guilty of a greater evil; to secure society in the possession of a bauble, I render a real and valuable possession precarious. . . . Since punishments are sometimes necessary, let them at least be rendered terrible by being executed but seldom, and let justice lift her sword rather to terrify than revenge.”—Letter lxxx.

in these delightful letters, thus published from week to week, a comment of special worth on casual incidents of the time. There was in this year a city campaign of peculiar cruelty. A mob has indiscriminate tastes for blood, and after hunting an Admiral Byng to death will as eagerly run down a dog. On a groundless cry of hydrophobia, dogs were slaughtered wholesale and their bodies literally blocked up the streets. "The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures!" exclaimed Horace Walpole. "Christ! how can anybody hurt them?" But what Horace said only to his friend, Goldsmith said to everybody, publicly denouncing the cruelty, in a series of witty stories ridiculing the motives alleged for it, and pleading with eloquent warmth for the honest associate of man.¹ Nor was this the only mad-dog cry of the year. The yell of a Grub Street mob as fierce, on a false report of the death of Voltaire, brought Goldsmith as warmly to the rescue. With eager admiration, he asserted the claims of the philosopher and wit; told the world it was its lusts of war and sycophancy which unfitted it to receive such a friend; set forth the independence of his life, in a country of Pompadours and an age of venal oppression; declared (this was before the Calas family) the tenderness and humanity of his nature; and claimed freedom of religious thought for him and all men. "I am not displeased with my brother because he happens to ask our father for favors in a different manner from me." As we read the Chinese Letters with this comment of the time, those actual

¹ It is pleasant to quote his kindly speech. "Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks in all his necessities with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! how ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all his services!"

—Letter lxix.

days come vividly back to us. Earl Ferrers glides through them again, with his horrible passion and yet more ghastly composure. The theatres again contend with their Pollys and Macheaths, and tire the town with perpetual *Beggar's Operas*. Merry and fashionable crowds repeople White Conduit and Vauxhall. We get occasional glimpses of even the stately commoner and his unstately ducal associate. Old George the Second dies and young George the Third ascends the throne. Churchill makes his hit with the *Rosciad*; and Sterne, having startled the town with the humor and extravagance of his *Tristram Shandy*, comes up from country quiet to enjoy popularity.

How sudden and decisive it was need not be related. No one was so talked of in London this year, and no one so admired, as that tall, thin, hectic-looking Yorkshire parson. He who was to die within eight years, unheeded and unattended, in a common lodging-house, was everywhere the honored guest of the rich and noble. His book had become a fashion, and east and west were moved alike. Mr. Dodsley offered him £650 for a second edition and two more volumes; Lord Falconberg gave him a curacy of £150 a year; Mr. Reynolds painted his portrait; and Warburton, not having yet pronounced him an "irrecoverable scoundrel," went round to the bishops and told them he was the English Rabelais. "They had never heard of such a writer," adds the sly narrator of the incident.¹ "One is invited to dinner where he dines," said Gray, "a fortnight beforehand";² and Sterne was boasting, to friends, of din-

¹ Walpole's *Coll. Lett.* iv. 39.

² Letter to Wharton, 22d April, 1760.—*Works*, iii. 241. In another letter to Wharton two months later he writes, with his usual manly appreciation of all that is good and original: "There is much good fun in *Tristram*, and humor sometimes hit and sometimes missed. I agree with your opinion of it, and shall see the two future volumes with pleasure. Have you read his sermons (with his own comic figure at the head of them)? They are in the style, I think, most proper for the pulpit, and show a very strong imagination and a sensible heart. But you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience."—iii. 251. For a most masterly criticism of *Tristram Shandy* I

ner engagements fourteen deep, even while he declared the way to fame to be like that to heaven, through much tribulation, and described himself, in the midst of his triumphs, "attacked and pelted from cellar and garret." Perhaps he referred to Goldsmith, from whose garret in Green Arbor Court the first heavy blow was levelled at him; but there were other assailants, as active though less avowed, in cellars of Arlington Street and garrets of Strawberry Hill. Yet Walpole may more easily be forgiven than Goldsmith in such a case. The attack in the *Citizen of the World* was aimed, it is true, where the work was most vulnerable;¹ and it was not ill done to protest against the indecency and affectation, which doubtless had largely contributed to the so sudden popularity, as they found promptest imitators; but the humor and wit ought surely to have been admitted; and if the wisdom and charity of an Uncle Toby, a Mr. Shandy, or a Corporal Trim, might anywhere have claimed frank and immediate recognition, it should have been in that series of essays which Beau Tibbs and the Man in Black have helped to make immortal.

Most charming are these two characters. Addison would have admired and Steele delighted in them. Finery and poverty, surliness and good-nature, were never brought together with more playful wit or a more tender sweetness.

refer to a paper on Sterne in the *Quarterly Review*, understood to be by the Rev. Mr. Elwin. It is one of a series which appeared between 1854 and 1859, comprising Johnson, Gray, and other writers; and belonging to a time, now nearly extinct, when English literature was really understood by the persons who wrote about it, or had charge of the reviews professing to give account of it. 1870.

¹ "If a bawdy blockhead thus breaks in on the community, he sets his whole fraternity in a roar; nor can he escape, *even though he should fly to the nobility for shelter.*"—*Citizen of the World*, letter lxxv. The sarcasm of this may be forgiven, since Goldsmith showed always an honest and high-minded dislike of all coarseness, all approach to even sensual allusion, in his own writings. But why blockhead? except, indeed, that the man who resorts to improprieties of that kind may be held so far to open himself to the imputation expressed by Roscommon's couplet, so often given to Pope,

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

Fielding's majestic major, who will hear of nothing less than the honor and dignity of a man, and is caught in an old woman's bedgown warming his sick sister's posset, is not a nobler specimen of manhood than the one; Steele's friend at the trumpet club, that very insignificant fellow but exceeding gracious, who has but a bare subsistence, yet is always promising to introduce you into the world, who answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection, maintains an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with, and will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, hinting that he does not forget him, is not more delicious in his vanity than the other. The country ramble of the Man in Black, wherein, to accompaniment of the most angry invective, he performs acts of the most exquisite charity; where with harsh, loud voice he denounces the poor, while with wistful, compassionate face he relieves them; where, by way of detecting imposture, he domineeringly buys a shilling's worth of matches, receives the astonished beggar's whole bundle and blessing, and, intimating that he has taken in the seller and shall make money of his bargain, bestows them next moment on a trumper with an objurgation; is surely never to be read unmoved. For Beau Tibbs, who has not laughed at and loved him, from the first sorry glimpse of his faded finery?¹ Who has not felt in the airs of wealth and grandeur with which his amusing impudence puffs up his miserable poverty, that he makes out a title to good-natured cheerfulness and thorough enjoyment which all the real wealth might have purchased cheaply? What would his friends Lords Muddler and Crump, the Duchess of Piccadilly or the Countess of Allnight, have given for it? Gladly, for but a tithe of it, might the lords have put up with his two shirts, and

¹ "His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service."—Letter liv.

uncomplainingly the ladies assisted Mrs. Tibbs, and her sweet, pretty daughter Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia, in seeing them through the wash-tub. It is an elegant little dinner he talks of giving his friend, with bumpers of wine, a turbot, an ortolan, and what not; but who would not as soon have had the smart bottled-beer which was all he had to give, with the nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping-hot, and dressed with a little of Mrs. Tibbs's own sauce which "his grace" was so fond of? It is supposed that this exquisite sketch had a living original in one of Goldsmith's casual acquaintance; a person named Thornton, once in the army.

This is not improbable, any more than that the beau's two shirts might have been copied from Goldsmith's own; for everywhere throughout the Letters actual incidents appear, and the "fairy tale" of the prince and the white mouse had an origin as whimsical as the story itself. Mr. Newbery's two guineas a week would seem to have attracted weekly levies, in a double sense, from Grub Street (when was there ever a good-natured Irishman with five shillings in his pocket, and any lack of Irish hangers-on to share the spoil?), at which Pilkington, son of the notorious Lætitia, was most assiduous. But with other than his usual begging aspect, he appeared in Green Arbor Court one day; for good luck had dawned on him at last, he said, and his troubles were over. A very small sum (and he ran about the room for joy of the announcement) was all he wanted to make his fortune. There was a great duchess who had the most surprising passion for white mice; two she had procured already, and for years had been looking out for two more, which she was ready to offer the most extravagant price for. Aware of her grace's weakness, he had long ago implored of a friend going out to India to procure him, if possible, two white mice, and here they were actually arrived; they were in the river at that moment, having come by an Indiaman, now in the docks; and the small sum, to which allusion had been made, was all that now stood between Jack Pilkington and independence for life! Yes; all he

wanted was two guineas, to buy a cage for the creatures sufficiently handsome to be received by a duchess—but what was to be done, for Goldsmith had only half a guinea? The anxious client then pointed to a watch, with which his poor patron (indulging in a luxury which Johnson did not possess till he was sixty) had lately enriched himself; deferentially suggested one week's loan as a solution of the difficulty; and carried it off.¹ And though Goldsmith never again had tidings of either, or of the curious white mice, till a paragraph in the *Public Ledger* informed him of certain equivocal modes whereby “Mr. P—lk—g—on was endeavoring to raise money”—yet a messenger, not long afterwards, carried to the poor, starving creature's death-bed “a guinea from Mr. Goldsmith.”

The same journal (by the favor of an old friend, Kenrick) described for the public at the same time an amusing adventure in White Conduit Gardens, of which no other than “Mr. G—d—th” himself was the hero. Strolling through that scene of humble holiday, he seems to have met the wife and two daughters of an honest tradesman who had done him some service, and invited them to tea; but after much

¹ Cooke gives the story as one which Goldsmith used himself to tell very humorously, informing us, however, that even Goldsmith's credulity could not at first be imposed upon by so preposterous a flam. But Jack was prepared for the worst, and he instantly produced his friend's letter advising of the shipping of the white mice, their size, qualities, etc., which so entirely convinced the Doctor of the fact that he wished him joy of it. “‘How much will a cage cost?’ said Goldsmith, upon this. ‘About *two guineas*,’ replied Pilkington. ‘In truth, Jack, then you're out of luck, for I have got but half a guinea in the world.’ ‘Ay, but, my dear Doctor,’ continues Pilkington, ‘you have got a watch, and though I would rather die than propose such an indelicacy upon any other occasion than the present, if you could let me have that, I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you, with heartfelt gratitude, in a few days.’ This last bait took poor Goldsmith fully on the hook; he confidently gave him his watch, which he was some months after obliged to take up himself, without hearing anything more of his friend or the success of his white mice. The Doctor used to tell this story with some humor, and never without an eulogium on the ingenuity of Pilkington, who could take him in after such experience of his shifts and contrivances.”—*European Magazine*, xxiv. 259–260.

enjoyment of the innocent repast, he discovered a want of money to discharge the bill, and had to undergo some ludicrous annoyances, and entertain his friends at other expense than he had bargained for, before means were found for his release. Another contemporary anecdote reverses this picture a little, and exhibits him reluctant paymaster, at the Chapter coffee-house, for Churchill's friend, Charles Lloyd, who in his careless way, without a shilling to pay for the entertainment, invited him to sup with some friends of Grub Street, and left him to pay the reckoning.¹ A third incident of the same date presents him with a similar party at Blackwall, where so violent a dispute arose about *Tristram Shandy* at the dinner-table that personalities led to blows, and the feast ended in a fight. "Why, sir," said Johnson, laughing, when Boswell told him some years later

¹ Cooke tells this story pleasantly enough, and I think it worth quoting, with some obvious and unimportant corrections rendered necessary by its date. "Goldsmith sitting one morning at the Chapter coffee-house, Lloyd came up to him with great frankness, and asked him how he did? Goldsmith, who certainly was a very modest man, seeing a stranger accost him so intimately, shrank back a little, and returned his inquiries with an air of distant civility. 'Pho! pho!' says Lloyd, 'my name is Lloyd, and you are Mr. Goldsmith, and, though not formally introduced to one another, we should be acquainted as brother poets and literary men; therefore, without any ceremony, will you sup with me this evening at this house, where you will meet half a dozen honest fellows, who, I think, will please you?' Goldsmith, who admired the frankness of the introduction, immediately accepted. The party, which principally consisted of authors and booksellers, was, as Lloyd predicted, quite agreeable to Goldsmith, and the glass circulated to a late hour in the morning. A little before the company broke up, Lloyd went out of the room, and, in a few minutes afterwards, his voice was heard rather loud in the adjoining passage in conversation with the master of the house. Goldsmith immediately flew to his new friend to inquire what was the matter, when he found Lloyd in vain attempting to come to an understanding with the landlord, who, protesting that already he owed more than £14, swore that nothing should induce him to take either his word or his note for the reckoning. 'Pho! pho!' says Goldsmith, 'my dear boy, let's have no more words about the matter; 'tis not the first time a gentleman wanted cash; will you accept *my* word for the reckoning?' The landlord assented. 'Why, then,' says Lloyd, whispering to him and forgetting all animosities, 'send in another cast of wine, and add it to the bill.' The bill ultimately had to be paid by Goldsmith."—*European Magazine*, xxiv. 93-94.

of a different kind of fracas in which their friend had been engaged, "I believe it is the first time he has *beat*; he may have been *beaten* before. This, sir, is a new plume to him." If the somewhat doubtful surmise of the beating be correct, the scene of it was Blackwall; and if (a surmise still more doubtful) the story Hawkins tells about the trick played off by Roubiliac, which, like all such tricks, tells against both the parties to it, be also true, this was the time when it happened. The "little" sculptor, as he is called in the Chinese Letters, being a familiar acquaintance and fond of music, Goldsmith would play the flute for him; and to such assumed delight on the part of his listener did he do this one day that Roubiliac, protesting he must copy the air upon the spot, took up a sheet of paper, scored a few lines and spaces (the form of the notes being all he knew of the matter), and with random blotches pretended to take down the tune as repeated by the good-natured musician; while gravely, and with great attention, Goldsmith, surveying these musical hieroglyphics, "said they were very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him." Sir John Hawkins tells the story with much satisfaction. Exposure of an ignorant flute-player, with nothing but vulgar accomplishments of "ear" to bestow upon his friends, yet with an innocent conceit of pretending to the science of music, gives great delight to the pompous historian of crotchetts and quavers. It seems more than probable, notwithstanding, that there is not a syllable of truth in the story.¹

¹ I quote an address "to the Philological Society of London," on Sir John Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, published in May, 1787. "The writer of this is acquainted with a gentleman who knew Goldsmith well, and has often requested him to play different pieces from music which he laid before him; and this Goldsmith has done with accuracy and precision, while the gentleman, who is himself musical, looked over him: a circumstance utterly impossible, if we admit the foolish story related by Sir John Hawkins of Roubiliac's imposition on Goldsmith." Nor can I help thinking that this explicit contradiction is strongly countenanced by his essay on the different schools of music (written for Smollett's magazine in 1760),

So passed the thoughtless life of Goldsmith in his first year of success—if so may be called the scanty pittance which served to expose his foibles, but not to protect him from their consequence. So may his life be read in these Letters to the *Public Ledger*, and still with the comment of pleasure and instruction for others, though at the cost of suffering to himself. His habits as well as thoughts are in them. He is at the theatre, enjoying Garrick's Abel Drugger, and laughing at all who call it “low”; a little tired of Polly and Macheath;¹ not at all interested by the famous and fortunate tumbler who, between the acts of tragedies as well as farces, balances a straw upon his nose;² and zig-

and still more by the notes which (“in so much respect were his talents then held, though he had not obtained celebrity, but lived in an obscure lodging in Green Arbor Court,” etc.) Smollett permitted him to append to the remonstrance of a correspondent against that essay. The notes (*Miscellaneous Works*, i. 176) possess great merit, and show a larger amount of knowledge in ready use than Goldsmith was always able to display.

¹ The allusion, however, implies no envy of the popularity of this piece of genuine wit, as unfriendly critics have implied. The complaint expressly is that singing women, instead of singing for the public, should be allowed to “sing at each other” and nothing but the same song. “What! Polly and the Pickpocket to-night, Polly and the Pickpocket to-morrow night, and Polly and the Pickpocket again! I want patience. I will hear no more.” Goldsmith took no part whatever in a graver outcry which was afterwards levelled against Gay's masterpiece, and which at last, the year before his death, took the form of an application from the magistrates of Bow Street to request the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden “not to exhibit this opera, deeming it productive of mischief to society.” (Peake's *Memoirs of the Colmans*, i. 317.) To which, let me add, Colman's reply was very spirited. He declined, on behalf of Covent Garden, to be a party to the consent which Garrick timidly had given for Drury Lane; and “for his own part cannot help differing in opinion with the magistrates, thinking that the theatre is one of the very few houses in the neighborhood that does *not* contribute to increase the number of thieves.”—*Post. Let.* 194.

² “A singing-woman,” he says, with a sarcastic humor that may be forgiven him in his garret, “shall collect subscriptions in her own coach-and-six; a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one in particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live; and another who gingles several bells fixed to his cap, is the only man that I know of who has received emolument from the labors of his head.”—Letter xlv. The chance of encouragement, he had before re-

zagging his way home, after all is over, through a hundred obstacles from coach-wheels and palanquin-poles, "like a bird in its flight through the branches of a forest." He is a visitor at the humble pot-house clubs, whose follies and enjoyments he moralizes with touching pleasantry. "Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here have found ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself, and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?" Unsparring historian of this folly of his own, he conceals his imprudence as little as his poverty; and his kind heart he has not the choice to conceal. Everywhere it betrays itself. In hours of depression, recalling the disastrous fate of men of genius, and "mighty poets in their misery dead"; in imaginary interviews with booksellers, laughing at their sordid mistakes; in remonstrances with his own class, warning them of the danger of despising each other; and in rarer periods of perfect self-reliance, rising above the accidents around him, asserting the power as well as claims of writers, and denouncing the short-sightedness of statesmen. "Instead of complaining that writers are overpaid when their works procure them a bare subsistence, I should imagine it the duty of a state, not only to encourage their numbers, but their industry. . . . Whatever be the motives which induce men to write, whether avarice or fame, the country becomes most wise and happy in which they most serve for instructors. The countries where sacerdotal instruction alone is permitted remain in ignorance, superstition, and hopeless slavery. In England, where there are as many new books published as in all the rest of Europe together, a spirit of freedom and reason reigns among the people: they have

marked, lay not in the head, but the heels. "One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground may have three hundred a year; he who flourishes them four times gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he think proper. The female dancers, too, are valued for this sort of jumping and crossing; and it is a cant word among them that she deserves most who shows highest."—Letter xxi.

been often known to act like fools, they are generally found to think like men."¹ The close of the same paper becomes almost pathetic while it pleads for those who have thus served and instructed England; men "whom nature has blessed with talents above the rest of mankind, men capable of thinking with precision and impressing their thoughts with rapidity, beings who diffuse those regards upon mankind which others contract and settle upon themselves. These deserve every honor from that community of which they are more peculiarly the children; to such I would give my heart, since to them I am indebted for its humanity!" In another letter the subject is more calmly resumed, with frank admission that old wrongs are at length in the course of coming right. "At present the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public, and the public, collectively considered, is a good and a generous master. It is, indeed, too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favor; but to make amends, it is never mistaken long. . . . A man of letters at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true."²

The quiet composure of this passage exhibits the healthiest aspect of his mind. Bookseller and public are confronted calmly, and the consequences fairly challenged. It is, indeed, very obvious, at the close of this first year of the *Public Ledger*, that increasing opportunities of employment (to say nothing of the constant robbery of his writings by pirate magazine-men) were really teaching him his value, and suggesting hopes he had not earlier dared to entertain. He resumed his connection with the *Lady's Magazine*, and became its editor, publishing in it, among other writings

¹ *Citizen of the World*, letter lxxv.

² *Ib.* letter lxxxiv.

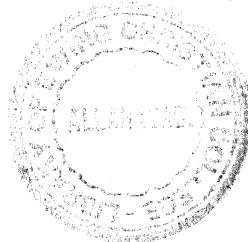
known and unknown, what he had written of his Life of Voltaire; and retiring from its editorship at the close of a year, when he had raised its circulation (if Mr. Wilkie's advertisements are to be believed) to three thousand three hundred. He continued his contributions, meanwhile, to the *British Magazine*, from which he was not wholly separated till two months before poor Smollett, pining for the loss of his only daughter, went upon the Continent (in 1763), never to return to a fixed or settled residence in London. He furnished other booksellers with occasional compilation-prefaces;¹ and he gave some papers (among them a *Life of Christ* and *Lives of the Fathers*, republished with his name in shilling pamphlets a few months after his death) to a so-called *Christian Magazine*, undertaken by Newbery in connection with the macaroni parson Dodd, and conducted by that villainous pretender as an organ of fashionable divinity.²

It seems to follow as of course upon these engagements that the room in Green Arbor Court should at last be ex-

¹ Of course these prefaces were always strictly task-work. To seek to connect them in any way with the work prefaced would be generally labor in vain. The moral of them is in a remark of Johnson's, when Boswell, admiring greatly his preface to *Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce*, asked him whether he knew much of Rolt and of his work. "Sir," said Johnson, "I never saw the man, and never read the book. The booksellers wanted a Preface to a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. I knew very well what such a Dictionary should be, and I wrote a Preface accordingly."—*Boswell*, ii. 125.

² Here I had stated, in my last edition, on the authority of Mr. Crossley (*Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, v. 534), that another of Newbery's compilations issued at this time in four duodecimos, *A Poetical Dictionary; or, the Beauties of the English Poets alphabetically displayed*, was also Goldsmith's; but this is a mistake. It was by his friend and countryman, Derrick; though, short of the "evidently by Goldsmith," both preface and selection deserve all that Mr. Crossley says of them. George Faulkner writes from London on the 14th February, 1761, to Derrick (then on a visit to Dublin): "I sent over your *Poetical Dictionary*, which I suppose you have seen before this time, and assure you it is in good reputation, as you may judge, Mr. Johnson speaking very well of it." I quote from Derrick's unpublished correspondence, formerly belonging to Mr. Croker and now in my possession, which further shows that he was at this time collecting materials for *Lives of the Poets*, placed afterwards in Johnson's hands.

changed for one of greater comfort. He had left that place in the later months of 1760, and gone into what were called respectable lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. The house belonged to a relative of Newbery's, and he occupied two rooms in it for nearly two years.



CHAPTER V

FELLOWSHIP WITH JOHNSON

1761-1762

A CIRCUMSTANCE occurred in the new abode of which Goldsmith had so taken possession in Wine Office Court which must have endeared it always to his remembrance ; but more deeply associated with the wretched habitation he had left behind him in Green Arbor Court were days of a most forlorn misery as well as of a manly resolution, and, round that beggarly dwelling ("The Shades," as he used to call it in the more prosperous aftertime), and all connected with it, there crowded to the last the kindest memories of his gentle and true nature. Thus, when bookseller Davies tells us, after his death, how tender and compassionate he was; how no unhappy person ever sued to him for relief without obtaining it, if he had anything to give; and how he would borrow rather than not relieve the distressed—he adds that "the poor woman with whom he had lodged during his obscurity several years in Green Arbor Court, by his death lost an excellent friend ; for the Doctor often supplied her with food from his own table, and visited her frequently, with the sole purpose to be kind to her."¹ As little, in connection with Wine Office Court, was he likely ever to forget that Johnson now first visited him there.

They had probably met before. I have shown how frequently the thoughts of Goldsmith vibrated to that great Grub Street figure of independence and manhood, which, in an age not remarkable for either, was undoubtedly pre-

¹ *Life of Garrick*, ii. 169.

sented in the person of the author of the *English Dictionary*. One of the last Chinese Letters had again alluded to the "Johnson and Smolletts" as veritable poets, though they might never have made a verse in their whole lives; and among the earliest greetings of the new essay-writer I suspect that Johnson's would be found. The opinion expressed in his generous question of a few years later ("Is there a man, sir, now, who can pen an essay with such ease and elegance as Goldsmith?")¹ he was not the man to wait for the world to help him to. Himself connected with Newbery, and engaged in like occupation, the new adventurer wanted his helping word, and would be, therefore, sure to have it; nor, if it had not been a hearty one, is Mr. Percy likely to have busied himself to bring about the present meeting. It was arranged by that learned divine; and this was the first time, he says, he had seen them together. The day fixed was the 31st of May, 1761, and Goldsmith gave a supper in Wine Office Court in honor of his visitor.

Percy called to take up Johnson at Inner Temple Lane, and found him, to his great astonishment, in a marked condition of studied neatness; without his rusty brown suit or his soiled shirt, his loose knee-breeches, his unbuckled shoes, or his old little shrivelled unpowdered wig; and not at all likely, as Miss Reynolds tells us his fashion in these days was, to be mistaken for a beggarman. He had been seen in no such respectable garb since he appeared behind Garrick's scenes on the first of the nine nights of "Irene," in a scarlet gold-laced waistcoat and rich gold-laced hat. In fact, says Percy, "he had on a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and everything about him so perfectly dissimilar from his usual habits and appearance that his companion could not help inquiring the cause of this singular transformation. 'Why, sir,' said Johnson, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of clean-

¹ Dr. Farr was dining with Reynolds the year before Goldsmith's death, when, in answer to a sneer which had fallen from Mr. (afterwards Lord) Eliot, he heard Johnson fire up in defence of his absent friend, and use, among others, the expression in the text.—*Prior*, i. 367.

liness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."¹ The example was not lost, as extracts from tailors' bills will shortly show; and the anecdote, which offers pleasant proof of the interest already felt by Johnson for his new acquaintance, is our only record connected with that memorable supper. It had no Boswell-historian, and is gone into oblivion. But the friendship which dates from it will never pass away.

Writing to Percy about that supper while the *Memoir* was in progress, Dr. Campbell says: "The anecdote of Johnson I had recollect'd, but had forgot that it was at Goldsmith's you were to sup. The story of the *Valet de Chambre* will, as Lord Bristol says, fill the basket of his absurdities; and really we may have a hamper full of them."² Unfortunately the anecdote of the *Valet de Chambre* has not emerged; and to another anecdote, also unluckily lost, Campbell refers in a previous letter to Percy. "One thing, however, I could wish, if it met your approbation, that I had before me some hints respecting the affair of Goldsmith and Perrot: it may, without giving offence, be related; at least so as to embellish the work, by showing more of Goldsmith's character, which he himself has fairly drawn: fond of enjoying the present, careless of the future, his sentiments those of a man of sense, his actions those of a fool; of fortitude able to stand unmoved at the bursting of an earthquake, yet of sensibility to be affected by the breaking of a teacup."³ To which, in a later letter, this is added: "Your sketch of Sir Richard Perrot will come in as an episode towards the conclusion, with good effect; but there, neither that nor anything that can sully shall appear as coming from you."⁴ So the Perrot anecdote is also lost, and the basket of absurdities by no means full!

"Farewell," says Milton, at the close of one of his early letters to his friend Gill, "and on Tuesday next expect me

¹ *Percy Memoir*, 62-63.

² *Nichols's Illustrations*, vii. 780.

³ *Ib.* 779.

⁴ *Ib.* 781.

in London among the booksellers.”¹ The booksellers were of little mark in Milton’s days; but the presence of such men among them began a social change important to both, and not ill expressed in an incident of the days I am describing, when Horace Walpole met the wealthy representative of the profits of *Paradise Lost* at a great party at the Speaker’s, while Johnson was appealing to public charity for the last destitute descendant of Milton. But from the now existing compact between trade and letters the popular element could not wholly be excluded; and, to even the weariest drudge, hope was a part of it. From the loop-holes of Paternoster Row he could catch glimpses of the world. Churchill had emerged, and Sterne, for a few brief years; and but that Johnson had sunk into idleness he might have been reaping a harvest more continuous than theirs, and yet less dependent on the trade. Drudgery is not good, but flattery and falsehood are worse; and it had become plain to Goldsmith, even since the days of the *Enquiry*, how much better it was for men of letters to live by the labor of their hands till more original labor became popular with trading patrons, than to wait with their hands across, as Johnson contemptuously described it, till great men came to feed them.² Whatever the call that Newbery or any other bookseller made then he was there to answer it. He had the comfort of remembering that the patron had himself patrons; that something of their higher influence had been attracted to his Chinese Letters; and that he was not slaving altogether without hope.

His first undertaking in 1762 was a pamphlet on the Cock Lane Ghost, for which Newbery paid him three guineas;³

¹ Todd’s *Milton*, vii. 176–177. See also Aubrey’s *Letters and Lives*, ii. 285, 440; and my *Life of Eliot*, ii. 175, second edition.

² Occasions for observing with what cheerful acquiescence Goldsmith hereafter accepted these relations of author and bookseller will frequently occur. According to his friend Cooke, indeed, it seems to have been a favorite topic with him to “tell pleasant stories of Mr. Newbery, who, he said, was the patron of more distressed authors than any man of his time.”—*European Magazine*, xxiv. 92.

³ “Received from Mr. Newbery three guineas for a pamphlet respecting

but whether, with Johnson, he thought the impudent imposture worth grave inquiry; or, with Hogarth, turned it to wise purposes of satire; or only laughed at it, as Churchill did; it is not quite certain that the pamphlet has survived to inform us. But if, as appears probable, a tract on the *Mystery Reveall'd*, published by Newbery's neighbor Bristow,¹ be Goldsmith's three-guinea contribution, the last is the most correct surmise. It is, however, a poor production.² His next labor, which has been attributed to him on the authority of "several personal acquaintances,"³ was the revision of a *History of Mechlenburgh from the first settlement of the Vandals in that country*, which the settlement of the young Queen Charlotte in this country was expected to make popular; and for which, according to his ordinary rates of payment, he would have received £20. This may have been that first great advance "in a lump," which seemed to his moneyed inexperience a sum so enormous as to require the grandest schemes for disposing of it.⁴ For a subsequent payment of £10 he assisted Newbery with an *Art of Poetry on a New Plan*, or, in other words, a compilation of poetical extracts;⁵ and concurrently with this, Mr.

the Cock Lane Ghost. OLIVER GOLDSMITH, March 5th, 1762."—Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession.

¹ Newbery certainly had occasional business connection with Bristow; and Mr. Crossley, who possesses a copy of Bristow's pamphlet, says (*Notes and Queries*, v. 77) that he thinks the beginning and conclusion, "though evidently written in haste, are not without marks of Goldsmith's serious and playful manner." Of course all this can only be conjecture, but it is at the least very unlikely that Newbery should have declined to issue what he had consented to pay Goldsmith for writing; and that Bristow published for him is certain, for at his shop the *Public Ledger* was first sold.

² With one or two lively passages, notwithstanding, which may be seen in an account given of it by Mr. Rimbault in *Notes and Queries* (3d Series, vii. 371). A particular passage, there quoted, satisfactorily shows that our modern spirit-rapping impostures are merely a reproduction of the Ghost of Cock Lane.

³ *Prior*, i. 388.

⁴ *European Magazine* xxiv. 92.

⁵ Goldsmith confessed to Percy that he had helped Newbery with this book, which was the bookseller's own design and selection; and an ingenious writer, Mr. Yeowell, has gone far to show in *Notes and Queries* (3d

Newbery begged leave to offer to the young gentlemen and ladies of these kingdoms a *Compendium of Biography*, or an history of the lives of those great personages, both ancient and modern, who are most worthy of their esteem and imitation, and most likely to inspire their minds with a love of virtue; for which offering to the juvenile mind, beginning with an abridgment of Plutarch,¹ he was to pay Goldsmith at the rate of about eight pounds a volume. The volumes were brief, published monthly, and meant to have gone through many months, if the scheme had thriven; but it fell before Dilly's *British Plutarch*, and perished with the seventh volume.

Nor did it run without danger even this ignoble career. Illness fell upon the compiler in the middle of the fifth volume. "D^r Sir," he wrote to Newbery, "As I have been out of order for some time past and am still not quite re-

Series, iv. 61) that a four-line paraphrase of a couplet in *Hudibras*, still often quoted instead of the original, and which has baffled many a seeker for it in the pages of Butler, is an insertion by Goldsmith while engaged in the revision of this *Art of Poetry*. If that be so, it would seem that, in midst of a long extract among Newbery's selections, coming upon the couplet,

For those who fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain,

Goldsmith found it to be an irresistible temptation to expand it thus:

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain,
Can never rise and fight again.

Which accordingly he did, leaving all the rest of the original untouched, much to the confusion of many later learned inquirers. Even so, however, Goldsmith had but imitated the parody of a magazine of six-and-twenty years' earlier date, which was probably known to him.—*Grub Street Journal*, May, 1736.

The coiner that extends a rope,
To coin again can never hope;
But he that coins and gets away
May live to coin another day.

¹ "Received from Mr. Newbery eleven guineas and a half for an abridgment of Plutarch's Lives, March 5th, 1762. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession.

covered, the fifth volume of Plutarch's lives remains unfinished. I fear I shall not be able to do it, unless there be an actual necessity and that none else can be found. If therefore you would send it to Mr. Collier I should esteem it a kindness, and will pay for whatever it may come to. N.B.—I received twelve guineas for the two Volumes. I am Sir Your obliged humble serv^t, OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Pray let me have an answer." The answer was not favorable. Twelve guineas had been advanced, the two volumes were due, and Mr. Collier, though an ingenious man, was not Mr. Goldsmith. "Sir," rejoined the latter, coldly, on a scrap of paper not even wafered like the last, "one Volume is done, namely the fourth. When I said I should be glad Mr. Collier would do the fifth for me, I only demanded it as a favor, but if he cannot conveniently do it, tho' I have kept my chamber these three weeks and am not yet quite recovered, yet I will do it. I send it per bearer, and if the affair puts you to the least inconvenience return it, and it shall be done immediately. I am, etc., O. G. The Printer has the Copy of the rest." To this, his good-nature having returned, Newbery acceded; and the book was finished by Mr. Collier, to whom a share of the pittance advanced had, of course, to be returned.¹

These paltry advances are a hopeless entanglement. They bar freedom of judgment on anything proposed, and escape is felt to be impossible. Some days, some weeks perhaps, have been lost in idleness or illness, and the future becomes a mortgage to the past; every hour has its want forestalled upon the labor of the succeeding hour, and Gulliver lies bound in Lilliput. "Sir," said Johnson, who had excellent experience on this head, "you may escape a heavy debt, but not a small one. Small debts are like small shot; they are

¹ Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession. Mr. Newbery's grandson appears to have collected all such papers as he could find of his grandfather's throwing light on Goldsmith's connection with him; and to these, which are the property of Mr. Murray and have been placed at my disposal for the purposes of this work, I shall have frequent occasion to refer as the Newbery MSS.

rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound. Great debts are like cannon—of loud noise but little danger.”¹

Mention of Goldsmith’s illness now frequently recurs. It originated in the habits of his London life, contrasting with the activity and movement they had replaced; and the remedy prescribed was change of scene, if change of life was impossible. He is to be traced in this year to Tunbridge and Bath; to the latter place he seems to have been a frequent visitor,² and I find him known to Mr. Wood, whose solid and tasteful architecture was then ennobling the city; one of Mr. Newbery’s pithy acknowledgments being connected with those brief residences, where the *improbus labor* had not failed to follow him. “March 5, 1762. Receiv’d from Mr. Newbery at different times and for which I gave receipts fourteen guineas which is in full for the Copy of the life of Mr. Nash. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”³ The recent death of the celebrated Beau had suggested a subject, which, with incidents in its comedy of manners that recommended it to a man of wit in our own day, had some to recommend it to Goldsmith.⁴ The king of fashion had at least the oddity of a hero; and sufficient harmlessness, not to say usefulness, to make him original among heroes and kings. It is a clever book; and as one examines the original edition with its 234 goodly pages, still not uncommon on the book-stalls, it appears quite a surprising performance for fourteen guineas. Nor was anything added to this munificent pay-

¹ From a letter written in 1759, to the son of an old Lichfield friend.

² For an interesting recollection of visits made by him to Bath in later days, see Mr. Mangin’s letter to the author (Appendix A).

³ Newbery MSS.

⁴ Davies and others speak of the book as Goldsmith’s, which it was generally known to be at the time; Percy, of course, assigns it to him in the *Memoir* (63); and the cleverness of its treatment, with its touches of “knavish subtleties and compunctions visitings” in the letter of the highway rogue, Poulter *alias* Baxter, suggested Mr. Jerrold’s pleasant comedy of *The King of Bath*. It contains also (149–154) some specimens of Nash’s stories, and of his manner of telling them, given in the very best manner of Goldsmith himself.

ment on the book reaching a second impression, though it then received curious and important additions, dictated doubtless by a real love of the subject. No name was on the title-page; but the writer, whose powers were so various and performance so felicitous "that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing," finds it difficult not to reveal his name. The preface was discerningly written. That a man who had diffused society and made manners more cheerful and refined should have claims to attention from his own age, while his pains in pursuing pleasure and his solemnity in adjusting trifles were a claim to even a smile from posterity, was so set forth as to reassure the stateliest reader; and if somewhat thrown back by the biographer's bolder announcement, in the opening of his book, that a page of Montaigne or Colley Cibber was worth more than the most grandiose memoirs of "immortal statesmen already forgotten," he had but to remember after how many years of uninterrupted power the old Duke of Newcastle had just resigned, to suspect that as worthy a lesson might really await him in the reign of an old minister of fashion.

In truth, the book is neither uninstructive nor unamusing; and it is difficult not to connect some points of the biographer's own history with its oddly mixed anecdotes of silliness and shrewdness, taste and tawdriness, blossom-colored coats and gambling debts, vanity, carelessness, and good-heartedness. The latter quality in its hero was foiled by a want of prudence which deprived it of half its value; and the extenuation is so frequently and so earnestly set forth in connection with the fault as, with what we now know of the writer, to convey an uneasy personal reference. Remembering, indeed, that what now is known to us was at this date not only unknown, but waiting for what remained of Goldsmith's life fully to develop and call it forth, this *Life of Beau Nash* is in some respects a curious, and was probably an unconscious, revelation of character. As yet restricted in his wardrobe, and unknown to the sartorial books of Mr. William Filby, he gravely discusses the mechanical and moral influence of dress in the exaction of

respect and esteem. Quite ignorant, as yet, of his own position among the remarkable men of his time, he dwells strongly on that class of impulsive virtues which, in a man otherwise distinguished, are more adapted to win friends than admirers, and more capable of raising love than esteem. A stranger still to the London whist-table, even to the moderate extent in which he subsequently sought its excitements, he sets forth with singular pains the temptation of a man who has "led a life of expedients, and thanked chance for his support," to become a stranger to prudence, and fly back to chance for those "vicissitudes of rapture and anguish" in which his character had been formed.¹ With light and shade that might seem of any choosing but his, he exhibits the moral qualities of Nash, as of one whose virtues, in almost every instance, received some tincture from the follies most nearly neighboring them; who, though very poor, was very fine, and spread out the little gold he had as thinly and as far as it would go,² but whose poverty was the more to be regretted that it denied him the indulgence not only of his favorite follies but of his favorite virtues; who had pity for every creature's distress, but wanted prudence in the application of his benefits, and in whom this ill-controlled sensibility was so strong that, unable to witness the misfortunes of the miserable, he was always borrowing money to relieve them; who had notwithstanding done a thousand good things, and whose greatest vice was vanity.³ The self-painted picture will appear more striking as this narrative proceeds; and it would seem to have the same sort of unconscious relation to the future that one of Nash's friends should be mentioned in the book as having gone by the name of The Good-natured Man. Nor must I omit the casual evidence of acquaintanceship between its hero and his biographer that occurs in a lively notice of the three periods of amatory usage which the beau's long life had witnessed, and in which not only had flaxen bobs been suc-

¹ *Life*, 20-22, and see 50-64.

² *Life*, 9, 14. The passage suggests the original of Beau Tibbs.

³ *Life*, 104-119.

ceeded by majors, and negligents been routed by bags and ramilies, but the modes of making love had varied as much as the periwigs. "The only way to make love *now*, I have heard Mr. Nash say, was to take no manner of notice of the lady."¹

Johnson's purchase of this book, which is charged to him in one of Newbery's accounts, shows his interest in whatever affected Goldsmith at this opening of their friendship. His book-purchases were never abundant; though better able to afford them now than at any previous time, for the May of this year had seen a change in his fortunes. Bute's pensions to his Scottish crew showing meaner than ever in Churchill's daring verse, it occurred to the shrewd and wary Wedderburne (whose sister had married the favorite's most intimate friend) to advise, for a set-off, that Samuel Johnson should be pensioned. Of all the wits at the "Grecian" or the "Bedford," Arthur Murphy, who had been some months fighting the *North Briton* with the *Auditor*, and was now watching the Courts at Westminster preparatory to his first circuit in the following year, was best known to Bute's rising lawyer; and Arthur was sent to Johnson. It was an "abode of wretchedness," said this messenger of glad tidings, describing on his return those rooms of Inner Temple Lane where a visitor of some months before had found the author of the *Rambler* and *Rasselas*, now fifty-three years old, without pen, ink, or paper, "in poverty, total idleness, and the

Life, 75. "I have known him," he remarks in another passage, "on a ball-night strip even the dutchess of Q—, and throw her apron at one of the hinder benches among the ladies' women; observing that none but Abigails appeared in white aprons . . . and the good-natured dutchess acquiesced in his censure."—86. I cannot help adding one more passage of very unconscious and most amusing self-revelation. "The business of love somewhat resembles the business of physic; no matter for qualifications, he that makes vigorous pretensions to either is surest of success. Nature had by no means favored Mr. Nash for a *beau garçon*; his person was clumsy, too large, and awkward, and his features harsh, strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet, even with these disadvantages, he made love, became an universal admirer, and was universally admired. He was possessed, at least, of some requisites of a lover. He had assiduity, flattery, fine cloaths, and as much wit as the ladies he addressed."—74.

pride of literature." Yet great as was the poverty and glad the tidings, a shade passed over Johnson's face. After a long pause, "he asked if it was seriously intended." Undoubtedly. His Majesty, to reward literary merit, and with no desire that the author of the *English Dictionary* should "dip his pen in faction" (these were Bute's own words), had signified through the Premier his pleasure to grant to Samuel Johnson three hundred pounds a year. "He fell into a profound meditation, and his own definition of a pensioner occurred to him." He was told that "he, at least, did not come within the definition"; but it was not until after dinner with Murphy at the "Mitre" on the following day that he consented to wait on Bute and accept the proffered bounty.¹ To be pensioned with the fraudulent and contemptible Shebbeare, so lately pilloried for a Jacobite libel on the Revolution of '88; to find himself in the same Bute-list with a Scotch court-architect, with a Scotch court-painter, with the infamous David Mallet, and with Johnny Home, must have chafed Sam Johnson's pride a little; and when, in a few more months, as author of "another" *English Dictionary*, old Sheridan the actor received two hundred a year (because his theatre had suffered in the Dublin riots, pleaded Wedderburne; because he had gone to Edinburgh to teach Bute's friend to talk English, said Wilkes), it had become very plain to him that Lord Bute knew nothing of literature. But he had compromised no independence in the course he took, and might afford to laugh at the outcry which followed. "I wish my pension were twice as large, sir," he said afterwards at Davies's, "that they might make twice as much noise."²

But Davies was now grown into so much importance, and his shop was a place so often memorable for the persons who met there, that more must be said of both in a new chapter.

¹ See Murphy's account in his *Essay* prefixed to Johnson's works, 51. Ed. 1825.

² *Boswell*, ii. 284, note.

CHAPTER VI

INTRODUCTIONS AT TOM DAVIES'S

1762

THOMAS DAVIES, ex-performer of Drury Lane, and present publisher and bookseller of Russell Street, Covent Garden, had now (with his "very pretty wife") left the stage and taken wholly to bookselling, which he had recently, and for the second time, attempted to combine with acting. The *Rosciad* put a final extinguisher on his theatrical existence.¹ He never afterwards mouthed a sentence in one of the kingly and heavy parts he was in the habit of playing that Churchill's image of his "gnawing a sentence as a cur a bone" did not confuse the sentence that followed; and his eyes never fell upon any prominent figure in the front row of the pit that he did not tremble to fancy it the brawny person of Churchill. What he thus lost in self-possession, Garrick meanwhile lost in temper; and matters came to a breach, in which Johnson, being appealed to, took part against Garrick, as he was seldom disinclined to do. Pretty Mrs. Davies may have helped his inclination here; for when seized with his old moody abstraction, as was not unusual, in the bookseller's parlor, and he began to blow, and *too-too*, and mutter prayers to be delivered from temptation, Davies would whisper his wife with waggish humor, "You, my dear, are the cause of this." But be the cause what it might, the pompous little bibli-

¹ The Rev. Mr. Granger mentions the most interesting fact in it. "In 1736 he acted at the theatre in the Haymarket, where he was the first person who performed Young Wilmot in Lillo's tragedy of the *Fatal Curiosity*, under the management of the celebrated Henry Fielding."—*Letters*, 69.

pole never afterwards lost favor; and it became as natural for men interested in Johnson, or those who clustered round him, to repair to Davies's, the bookseller in Russell Street, as for those who wanted to hear of George Selwyn, Lord March, or Lord Carlisle, to call at Betty's, the fruiterer in St. James's Street.

A frequent visitor was Goldsmith; his thick, short, clumsy figure, and his awkward though genial manners, oddly contrasting with Mr. Percy's precise, reserved, and stately. The high-bred and courtly Beauclerc might deign to saunter in. Often would be seen there the broad, fat face of Foote, with wicked humor flashing from the eye; and sometimes the mild, long face of Bennet Langton, filled with humanity and gentleness. There had Goldsmith met a rarer visitor, the bland and gracious Reynolds, soon after his first introduction to him, a few months back, in Johnson's chambers;¹ and there would even Warburton drive on some proud business of his own in his equipage "besprinkled with mitres," after calling on Garrick in Southampton Street.² For Garrick himself it was, perhaps, the only place of meeting he cared to avoid, in that neighborhood which had so profited and been gladdened by his genius; in which his name was oftener resounded than that of any other human being; and throughout which, we are told, there was a fondness for him, that, as his sprightly figure passed along, "darted electrically from shop to shop." What the great actor, indeed, said some years later he also seems to have fancied: that "he believed most authors who frequented Mr. Davies's shop met merely to abuse him." Encouraged, meanwhile, by the authors, Davies grew in amusing importance; set up for quite a patron of the players;³ affected

¹ In Reynolds's note-books there is an entry of a dinner at Tom Davies's on the 27th March, 1762, where Goldsmith also dined.

² Granger's *Letters*, 25.

³ Granger's *Letters*, 26. Beauclerc, on being told by Boswell that Davies had clapped Moody, the player, on the back to encourage him, remarked that "he could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies."—Boswell, *Life*, v. 287.

the insides as well as outsides of books ; became a critic, pronounced upon plays and actors,¹ and discussed themes of scholarship ; inflicted upon every one his experiences of the Edinburgh university, which he had attended as a youth ; and when George Steevens called one day to buy the *Oxford Homer*, which he had seen tossing about upon his shelves, was told by the modest bookseller that he had but one, and kept it for his own reading.²

Poor Goldsmith's pretensions, as yet, were small in the scale of such conceit ; he being but the best of the essay-writers, not the less bound on that account to unrepining drudgery, somewhat awkward in his manners, and laughed at for a careless simplicity. Such was the character he was first seen in here, and he found its impressions always oddly mingled with whatever respect or consideration he challenged in later life. Only Johnson saw into that life as yet, or could measure what the past had been to him ; and

¹ "Pray, when you see Davies, the bookseller," writes Garrick to Colman from Bath (April 12, 1766), "assure him that I bear him not the least malice, which he is told I do, for having mentioned the vulgarisms in the *Clandestine Marriage* ; and, that I may convince him that all is well between us, let him know that I was well assured that he wrote his criticism before he had seen the play. *Quod er' dem'.*"—*Memoirs of the Colmans*, i. 181.

² Steevens to Garrick, *Correspondence*, i. 608. In another letter (i. 597-598) Steevens protests to Garrick that the mighty Tom continues "to the full as much a king in his own shop as ever he was on your stage. When he was on the point of leaving the theatre he most certainly stole some copper diadem from a shelf and put it in his pocket. He has worn it ever since." So, too, Johnson, in a passage well worth quoting, when Boswell mentioned to him the fact of Davies having protested he could not sleep for thinking of a certain sad affair: "'As to his sleeping, sir, Tom Davies is a very great man ; Tom has been upon the stage and knows how to do those things ; I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things.' BOSWELL: 'I have often blamed myself, sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*.'"—*Life*, iii. 95-96. Worthy of that last admirable saying is what Swift says in the Journal to Stella. "There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief."—*Works*, iii. 196.

few so well as Goldsmith had reason to know the great heart which beat so gently under those harsh manners. The friendship of Johnson was his first relish of fame; he repaid it with affection and deference of no ordinary kind; and so commonly were they seen together, now that Johnson's change of fortune brought him more into the world, that when a puppet-caricature of the *Idler* was threatened this summer by the Haymarket Aristophanes, the Citizen of the World was to be a puppet too. "What is the common price of an oak stick, sir?" asked Johnson, when he heard of it. "Sixpence," answered Davies. "Why then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*, as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity."¹ The *Orators* came out

¹ *Boswell*, v. 232-233. Johnson's offence to Foote was reported from Garrick's dinner-table, at which, on the occasion of a Christmas party (1760) with Burke, the Wartons, Murphy, and others, after hearing that somebody in Dublin had thought it worth while to horsewhip the modern Aristophanes, he had said he was glad "the man was rising in the world." Foote in return gave out that he would in a short time produce the Caliban of literature on the stage. Being informed of this design, Johnson sent word to Foote that, the theatre being intended for the reformation of vice, he would go from the boxes on the stage and correct him before the audience. "Foote abandoned the design. No ill-will ensued. Johnson used to say that for broad-faced mirth, Foote had not his equal." See an article in the *Monthly Review* (xxvi. 374), one of a series admirably written, I suspect by Murphy. Since I threw out this suggestion, I have found several passages from these reviews reproduced in Murphy's *Essay* on Johnson, and among them the notice of the Christmas-day dinner at Garrick's (55). Let me not here omit what Johnson so admirably said of Foote, in talking of him to Boswell a few years later: "BOSWELL: 'Foote has a great deal of humor.' JOHNSON: 'Yes, sir.' BOSWELL: 'He has a singular talent of exhibiting character.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, it is not a talent, it is a vice; it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers: it is a farce, which exhibits individuals.' BOSWELL: 'Did not he think of exhibiting you, sir?' JOHNSON: 'Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off.'" —*Boswell*, iii. 95-96. No man, at the same time, was less sore than Johnson at mere ordinary personal abuse. On some one reporting to him that Gilbert Cooper had invented for him the name, which Foote applies to him

without the attraction promised ; attacking instead a celebrated Dublin printer, George Faulkner, who consoled himself (pending his prosecution of the libeller) by pirating the libel and selling it most extensively ; while the satirist had the more doubtful consolation of reflecting, three years later, that his "taking off" of Faulkner's one leg¹ would have been much more perfect if he could have waited till the surgeon had taken off his own. It was the first dramatic piece, I may add, in which actors were stationed among the audience, and spoke from the public boxes.

It had been suggested by a debating society called the Robin Hood, somewhat famous in those days, which used to meet near Temple Bar ; with which the connection of Burke's earliest eloquence may serve to keep it famous still, since it had numbered among its members that eager Temple student, whose public life was now at last beginning with Under-Secretary Hamilton in Dublin ; and to which Goldsmith was introduced by Samuel Derrick, his countryman, and a fellow-worker for Newbery.² Struck by the elo-

above, of the Caliban of literature, he merely smiled and said, "Well, then, I must dub him the Punchinello."—*Ib.* iii. 143–144. I will close this note with Johnson's not unkindly comment to Mrs. Thrale on Foote's death, when he heard of it in 1776. "Did you see Foote at Brightelmstone ? Did you think he would so soon be gone ? *Life*, says Falstaff, is a shuttle. He was a fine fellow in his way ; and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. Murphy ought to write his life, at least to give the world a *Footeana*. Now, will any of his contemporaries bewail him ? Will Genius change his sex to weep ? I would really have his life written with diligence."—*Piozzi Letters*, i. 396. Failing that *Life*, I have myself endeavored to contribute something towards the better knowledge of the better part of Foote's genius for comedy, which has fallen into undeserved though unavoidable neglect. See my *Biographical Essays*, pp. 329–462, third edition, 1860.

¹ See *Boswell*, iii. 181–182.

² Derrick had strange experiences to relate, by which doubtless Goldsmith profited. "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "I honor Derrick for his presence of mind. One night, when Floyd, another poor author, was wandering about the streets in the night, he found Derrick fast asleep upon a bulk ; upon being suddenly waked, Derrick started up: 'My dear Floyd, I am sorry to see you in this destitute state : will you go home with me to my *lodgings* ?'"—*Life*, ii. 244. Derrick had also something to say to Goldsmith of the old savage persecutor of his college days (vol. i. p. 26), to which he would be likely to listen with a strange interest. A fel-

quence and imposing aspect of the president, who sat in a large gilt chair, he thought nature had meant him for a lord chancellor. "No, no," whispered Derrick, who knew him to be a wealthy baker from the city, "only for a master of the rolls." Goldsmith was not much of an orator. Dr. Kippis remembered him making an attempt at a speech in the Society of Arts on one occasion, and obliged to sit down in confusion;¹ but until Derrick went away to succeed Beau

low of Trinity, Dr. Wilson, was his frequent correspondent, and his letters contain allusions to Dr. Theaker Wilder, all characteristic of the brutality of the man. One is in a letter of September 26, 1762: "Wilder got a monstrous beating from Rogers—the particulars in my next." Unfortunately "my next" has not been preserved; but in a letter of congratulation (March 18, 1763) on Derrick's appointment to be master of the ceremonies at Bath, the same names reappear in ominous conjunction. "The happiest circumstance in your affairs is to be relieved from the vile drudgery of authorship, from subjection to the clamorous demands of devils and booksellers. Are you acquainted with the Bishop of Gloucester? I take him to be a man of great genius, and an admirable reasoner. Give me an account of Quin, and if you can learn anything about Gray. Does Warburton know him? Rogers is in London, on the road to the East Indies. Dr. Wilder is not yet hang'd. I'm heartily tired of the college."—Derrick MS.

¹ "The great room of the society now mentioned," says Dr. Kippis at the close of his memoir of Mr. Gilbert Cooper, and referring to the Society of Arts, "was for several years the place where many persons chose to try, or to display, their oratorical abilities. Dr. Goldsmith, I remember, made an attempt at a speech, but was obliged to sit down in confusion. I once heard Dr. Johnson speak there, upon a subject relating to mechanics, with a propriety, perspicuity, and energy which excited general admiration."—*Biog. Brit.* (new edit.) iv. 266. Against this, however, in so far as Johnson is concerned, we have to set off the express and very interesting statement in Boswell's *Life*, iii. 157-158: "I remember it was observed by Mr. Flood that Johnson, having been long used to sententious brevity, and the short flights of conversation, might have failed in that continued and expanded kind of argument which is requisite in stating complicated matters in public speaking; and, as a proof of this, he mentioned the supposed speeches in Parliament written by him for the magazine, none of which, in his opinion, were at all like real debates. The opinion of one who was himself so eminent an orator must be allowed to have great weight. It was confirmed by Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell), who mentioned that Johnson had told him that he had several times tried to speak in the Society of Arts and Sciences, but had found he could not get on. From Mr. William Gerard Hamilton I have heard that Johnson, when observing to him that it was prudent for a man who had not been accus-

Nash at Bath, he seems to have continued his visits, and even spoken occasionally ; for he figures in a flattering account of the members published at about this time, as "a good orator and candid disputant, with a clear head and an honest heart, though coming but seldom to the society." The honest heart was worn upon his sleeve, whatever his society might be. He could not even visit the three Cherokees, whom all the world were at this time visiting, without leaving the savage chiefs a trace of it. He gave them some "trifle" they did not look for ; and so did the gift, or the manner of it, please them that with a sudden embrace they covered his cheeks with the oil and ochre that plentifully bedaubed their own, and left him to discover, by the laughter which greeted him in the street, the extent and fervor of their gratitude.¹

Not always such ready recipients, however, did Goldsmith find in the objects of his always ready kindness. One of the members of this Robin Hood was Peter Annet, a man who,

tomed to speak in public to begin his speech in as simple a manner as possible, acknowledged that he rose in that society to deliver a speech which he had prepared ; 'but,' said he, 'all my flowers of oratory forsook me.'"

¹ "We have a very wrong idea of savage finery, and are apt to suppose that, like the beasts of the forest, they rise, and are dressed with a shake ; but the reverse is true ; for no birth-night beauty takes more time or pains in the adorning her person than they. I remember, when the Cherokee kings were over here, that I have waited for three hours during the time they were dressing . . . they had their boxes of oil and ochre, their fat, and their perfumes."—*Animated Nature*, i. 420. A mention of Foote's visit to the Cherokees, in a letter of Mrs. Thrale's to Johnson in 1781, may be added, because it shows also the impression that remained among the set as to Goldsmith's philosophy about rich and poor, luxury and simplicity, seven years after he had passed away. "It has been thought by many wise folks," she writes to Johnson, "that we fritter our pleasures all away by refinement, and when one reads Goldsmith's works, either verse or prose, one fancies that in corrupt life there is more enjoyment ; yet we should find little solace from ale-house merriment or cottage carousals, whatever *the best wrestler on the green* might do, I suppose ; mere brandy and brown-sugar *liqueur*, like that which Foote presented the Cherokee kings with, and won their hearts from our fine ladies who treated them with sponge biscuits and frontiniac."—*Letters*, ii. 215. She was writing in the same strain to Sir James Fellowes nearly half a century after Goldsmith's death. See *Hayward*, ii. 148-149.

though ingenious and deserving in other respects, became unhappily notorious by a fanatic crusade against the Bible, for which (publishing weekly papers against the Book of Genesis) he stood twice this year in the pillory, and was now undergoing imprisonment in the King's Bench. To Annet's rooms in St. George's Fields we trace Goldsmith. He had brought Newbery with him to conclude the purchase of a child's book on grammar by the prisoner, hoping so to relieve his distress ; but, on the prudent bookseller objecting to its publication with the author's name, Annet accused him of cowardice, rejected his assistance with contempt, and in a furious rage bade him and his introducer good-evening. Yet the amount of Newbery's intended assistance was so liberal as to have startled both Goldsmith and Annet, no less a sum than ten guineas being offered for the child's grammar,¹ though for the "completion of a history of England" he had just given Goldsmith himself only

¹ It was the magnificence of the offer which brought about the catastrophe, such a fervor of gratitude being excited in Annet that he suddenly protested he would add a dedication and append his name, and Newbery should have the benefit of both. I derive the anecdote from Cooke, who says it was one of those stories which he had heard Goldsmith "relate with much colloquial humor"; and he gives a portion of the dialogue in which, as Goldsmith repeated it, the contrast of Newbery's slow gravity with Annet's impatience, rising at last into fury, had a most amusing effect. "But, Mr. Annet," says Newbery, in his grave manner, "would putting your name to it, do you think, increase the value of your book?" "ANNET: 'Why not, sir?' NEWBERY: 'Consider a bit, Mr. Annet.' ANNET: 'Well, sir, I do : what then?' NEWBERY: 'Why, then, sir, you must recollect that you have been *pilloried*, and that can be no recommendation to any man's book.' ANNET: 'I grant I have been pilloried, but I am not the first man that has had this accident; besides, sir, the public very often support a man the more for those unavoidable misfortunes.' NEWBERY: 'Unavoidable, Mr. Annet! Why, sir, you brought it on yourself by writing against the established religion of your country; and let me tell you, Mr. Annet, a man who is supposed to have forfeited his ears on such an account stands but a poor candidate for public favor.' ANNET: 'Well, well, Mr. Newbery, it does not signify talking; you either suffer me to put my name to it, or by G——! you publish no book of mine.'" And so, in a quite unexpected catastrophe of flaming wrath, the visitors vanish, and the *Child's Grammar* is heard of no more.—See *European Magazine*, xxiv. 92. For a further account of Annet, see Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, 566.

two guineas.¹ Which latter munificent payment was exactly contemporaneous with the completion of another kind of history, on more expensive terms, by Paymaster Henry Fox, from whom £25,000 had gone in one morning, at the formal rate of £200 a vote, to patriotic voters for the Peace.

There is reason to believe (from another of the bookseller's memoranda) that the two guineas was for "seventy-nine leaves" of addition to a school-history comprising the reign of George the Second, and paid at the rate of eight shillings a sheet. This payment, with what has before been mentioned, and an addition of five guineas for the assignment and republication of the Chinese Letters (to which Newbery, as we have seen, appears to have assented reluctantly, and only because Goldsmith would else have printed them on his own account), are all the profits of his drudgery which can be traced to him in the present year. He needed to have a cheerful disposition to bear him through; nor was nature chary to him now of that choicest of her gifts. He had some bow of promise shining through his dullest weather. It is supposed that he memorialized Lord Bute, soon after Johnson's pension, with the scheme we have seen him throw out hints of in his review of Van Egmont's *Asia*;² and, though no such memorial has been found, nothing is more probable than that such a notion might have revived with him, on hearing Johnson's remark

¹ I quote from an autograph of Goldsmith in the possession of Mr. Rogers: "Received of Mr. Newbery the sum of two guineas for the completion of the *English History*. July 27, 1762."

² See vol. i. 173. The same subject is pursued in letter cviii. of the *Citizen of the World*. "To Lord Bute Goldsmith made an application to be allowed a salary to enable him to execute his favorite plan . . . but poor Goldsmith, who had not then published his *Traveller*, or distinguished his name by any popular display of genius, being obscure and unfriended, was not successful. His petition or memorial was unnoticed and neglected."—*Percy Memoir*, 65. With the hope of discovering some possible trace of the application which there is no reason to doubt was really made by Goldsmith to the first minister, Lord Dudley Stuart was so kind, at my request, as to cause strict search to be made through the voluminous and very interesting unpublished correspondence of Lord Bute. But nothing was discovered of it, or in any way bearing upon it.

to Langton in connection with his pension. "Had this happened twenty years ago, I should have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabic, as Pocock did." But what with Samuel Johnson might be a noble ambition, with little Goldy was but theme for a jest; and nothing so raised the laugh against him, a few years later, as Johnson's notice of the old favorite project he was still at that time clinging to, that some time or other, "when his circumstances should be easier," he would like to go to Aleppo and bring home such arts peculiar to the East as he might be able to find there. "Of all men Goldsmith is the most unfit to go out upon such an inquiry; for he is utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and consequently could not know what would be accessories to our present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he would bring home a grinding-barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement."¹

But brighter than these visionary fancies were shining for him now. There is little doubt, from allusions which would most naturally have arisen at the close of the present year, that, in moments snatched from his thankless and ill-rewarded toil for Newbery, he was at last secretly indulging in a labor, which, whatever its effect might be upon his fortunes, was its own thanks and its own reward. He had begun the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Without encouragement or favor in its progress, and with little hope of welcome at the close of it; earning meanwhile, apart from it, his bread for the day by a full day's labor at the desk; it is his "shame in crowds, his solitary pride," to seize and give shape to its fancies of happiness and home before they pass forever. Most affecting, yet also most cheering! With everything before him in his hard life that the poet had placed at the Gates of Hell,² he is content for himself to undergo the

¹ *Boswell*, vii. 370. Yet that Goldsmith took no mean view of the objects to be aimed at in such an enterprise, and felt that its successful accomplishment would task a higher and hardier spirit than his own, appears from the Chinese Letter named in the previous note.

² Johnson told Boswell that, in his opinion, Virgil's description of the

chances of them all, that for others he may open the neighbouring Elysian Gate. Nor could the effort fail to bring strength of its own, and self-sustained resource. In all else he might be weak and helpless, dependent on others' judgment and doubtful of his own; but there it was not so. He took his own course in that. It was not for Mr. Newbery he was writing then. Even the poetical fragments which began in Switzerland are lying still in his desk untouched. *They* are not to tell for so many pitiful items in the drudgery for existence. They are to "catch the heart, and strike for honest fame."

He thought poorly, with exceptions already named in this narrative, of the poetry of the day. He regarded Churchill's astonishing success as a mere proof of the rage of faction; and did not hesitate to call his satires lampoons, and his force turbulence. Fawkes and Woty were now compiling their *Poetical Calendar*, and through Johnson, who contributed, they asked if he would contribute; but he declined. Between himself and Fawkes, who was rector of a small Kentish village he had occasionally visited, civilities had passed; but he shrank from the poetical school of Fawkes and Woty, and did not hesitate to say so. He dined at the close of the year at Davies's, in company with Robert Dodsley, where the matter came into discussion. "This is not a poetical age," said Goldsmith; "there is no poetry produced in it." "Nay," returned Dodsley, "have you seen my *Collection*? You may not be able to find palaces in it, like Dryden's *Ode*, but you have villages composed of very pretty houses, such as the *Spleen*." Johnson was not present; but when the conversation was afterwards reported to him by Boswell, he remarked that Dodsley had said the same thing as Goldsmith, only in a softer manner.¹

entrance into hell applied equally to an author's entrance into literature. "All these," he said, gloomily repeating the terrible phrases of the poet, "are the concomitants of a printing-house."—*Life*, v. 43. I have since found that Burton had made the same comparison, and quoted those very lines before him.—*Anatomie of Melancholy* (Ed. xvi. 1838), 203.

¹ *Life*, vi. 156-157. Yet Dodsley was quite right in his praise of the

Another guest, besides Dodsley, was present at Davies's dinner-table that day. A youth of two-and-twenty, the son of a Scottish judge and respectable old Whig laird, urged to enter the law but eager to bestow himself on the army, had come up at the end of the year from Edinburgh to see Johnson and the London wits, and not a little anxious that Johnson and the London wits should see him. Attending Sheridan's summer lectures in the northern city, he had heard wonderful things from the lecturer about the solemn and ponderous lexicographer; what he said, and what he did, and how he would talk over his port-wine and his tea until three or four o'clock in the morning. It was in the nature of this new admirer that port-wine and late hours should throw a brighter halo over any object of his admiration; and it was with desperate resolve to accomplish an introduction which he had tried and failed in two years before that he was now again in London. But he had again

Spleen, which was especially liked by Gray, as it has been by all men of taste. "The *Spleen*, a poem in Dodsley's *Collection*, by Mr. Green of the custom-house, was a great favorite with him for its wit and originality."—Nichols's *Reminiscences of Gray*, *Works*, v. 36-37. It is in Green's poem the neat line occurs, by way of recommending exercise as a cure for the malady,

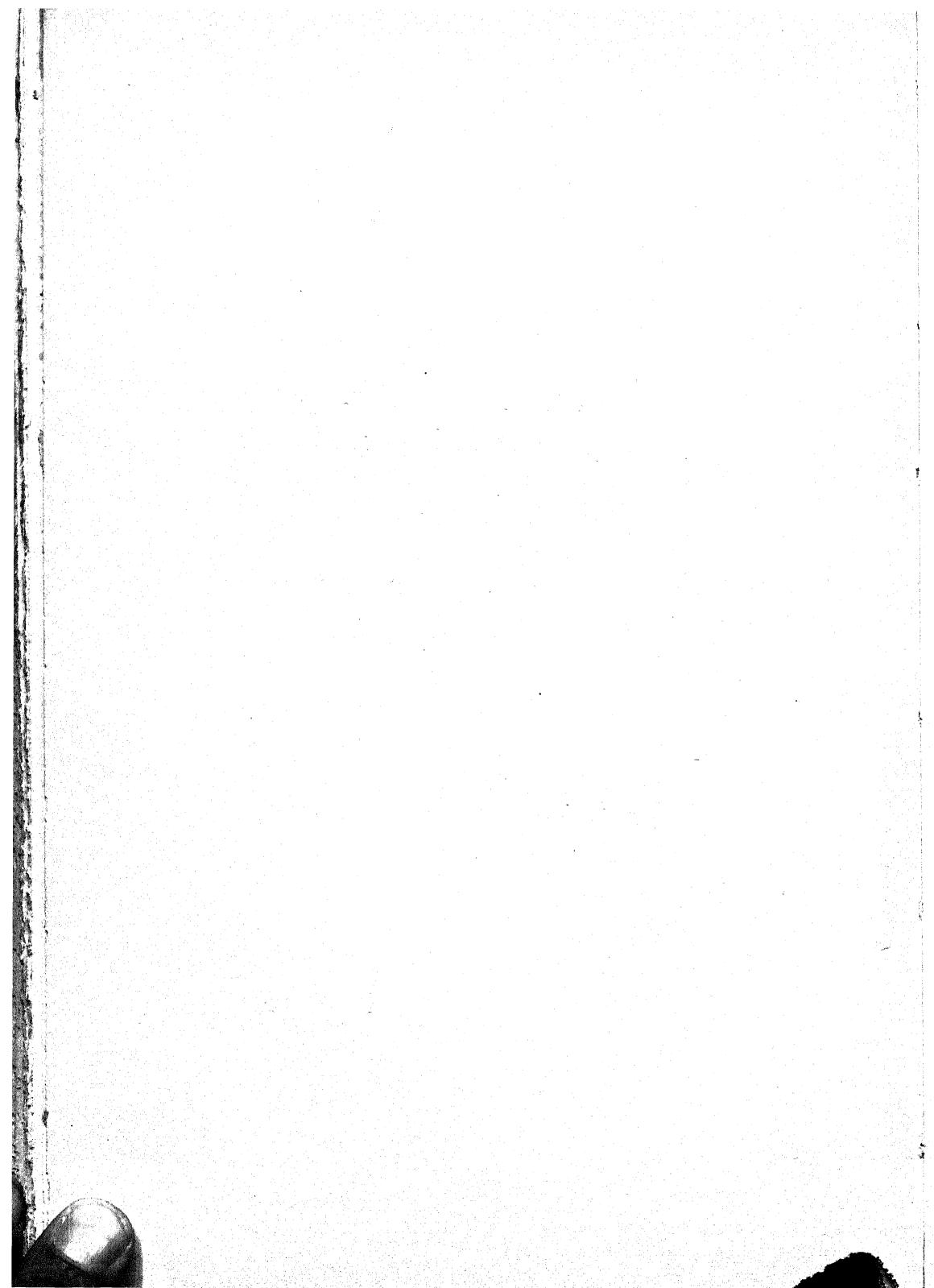
Fling but a stone, the giant dies!

In a letter to Walpole, I may add, written many years before he expressed that opinion to Nichols, and which is interesting to me for its mention of Johnson, Gray had pleasantly criticised Dodsley's book on its first appearance (the letter is undated, but was written at the close of 1751). In it he says that he had always thought Tickell's *Colin and Lucy* the prettiest ballad in the world (one of the prettiest it surely is, notwithstanding Southey's depreciation of it); he then says of Green, after praising his "profusion of wit," that reading would have formed his judgment and harmonized his verse, for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music; and afterwards he continues, "The *Schoolmistress* is excellent in its kind, and masterly; and (I am sorry to differ from you, but) *London* is to me one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of an original. The same man's verses on the opening of Garrick's Theatre are far from bad."—*Works*, iii. 89-90. A pity that Johnson had not known of this letter; it might have mitigated his strange and unaccountable dislike of the writer. His criticism of the *Collection* which thus elicited Gray's praise of himself is chiefly remarkable for its savage scorn of Gray.—*Boswell*, vi. 157.

James Boswell

General and V.





been baffled. Johnson's sneer at Sheridan's pension¹ having brought coolness between the old friends, that way there was no access; and though Davies had arranged this dinner with the hope of getting his great friend to come, his great friend had found other matters to attend to. James Boswell was not yet to see Samuel Johnson. He saw only Oliver Goldsmith, and was doubtless much disappointed.

Perhaps the feeling was mutual, if Oliver gave a thought to this new acquaintance; and strange enough the dinner must have been. As Goldsmith discussed poetry with Dodsley, Davies, mouthing his words and rolling his head at Boswell, delighted that eager and social gentleman with imitations of Johnson; while, as the bottle emptied itself more freely, sudden loquacity, conceited coxcombry, and officious airs of consequence came as freely pouring forth from the youthful Scot. He had to tell them all he had seen in London, and all that had seen him. How Wilkes had said "How d'ye do?" to him, and Churchill had shaken hands with him, Scotchman though he was; how he had been to the "Bedford" to see that comical fellow Foote, and heard him dashing away at everybody and everything ("Have you had good success in Dublin, Mr. Foote?" "Poh! damn 'em! There was not a shilling in the country, except what the Duke of Bedford, and I, and Mr. Rigby have brought away"); how he had seen Garrick in the new farce of the "Farmer's Return," and gone and peeped over Hogarth's shoulder as he sketched little David in the Farmer, hitting off in half a dozen minutes, with magical facility of pencil, a likeness that was held to be marvellous; and how, above all, he had on another night attracted general attention and

¹ The pension following the *Dictionary* was not to be forgiven. "He laughed heartily," says Boswell, a few days after their first acquaintance, "when I mentioned to him a saying of his concerning Mr. Thomas Sheridan, which Foote took a wicked pleasure to circulate. 'Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an access of stupidity, sir, is not in nature.' 'So,' said he, 'I allowed him all his own merit.'"*—Life*, ii. 240.

² *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 116.

given prodigious entertainment in the Drury Lane pit by extempore imitations of the lowing of a cow. "The universal cry of the galleries," said he, gravely describing the incident some few years afterwards, "was, 'Encore the cow! encore the cow!' In the pride of my heart I attempted imitations of some other animals, but with very inferior effect." A Scotch friend was with him, and gave sensible advice: "My dear sir," said Dr. Blair, earnestly, "I would confine myself to the cow!" or, as Walter Scott tells the anecdote in purer vernacular, "Stick to the cow, mon."¹ Nor was the advice lost altogether; for Boswell stuck afterwards to his cow—in other words, to what he could best achieve—pretty closely; though Goldsmith, among others, had no small reason to regret that he should also, doing the cow so well, still "with very inferior effect" attempt imitations of other animals.

But little does Goldsmith or any other man suspect as yet that within this wine-bibbing tavern-babbler, this meddling, conceited, inquisitive, loquacious lion-hunter, this bloated and vain young Scot, lie qualities of reverence, real insight, quick observation, and marvellous memory, which, strangely assorted as they are with those other meaner habits and parasitical, self-complacent absurdities, will one day connect his name eternally with the men of genius of his time, and enable him to influence posterity in its judgments on them. They seem to have met occasionally before Boswell returned to Edinburgh; but only two of Goldsmith's answers to the other's perpetual and restless questionings remain to indicate the nature of their intercourse. There lived at this time with Johnson a strange, silent, grotesque companion, whom he had supported for many years, and continued to keep with him till death; and Boswell could not possibly conceive what the claim of that insignificant Robert Levett could be

¹ Boswell, *Life*, v. 148-149, and note. The story was incautiously told to Johnson; and afterwards, on Boswell's talking, as he himself tells us, "too confidently upon some point, which I now forget, he did not spare me. 'Nay, sir,' said he, 'if you cannot talk better as a man, I'd have you below like a cow.'"

on the grand object of his own veneration. "He is poor and honest," was Goldsmith's answer, "which is recommendation enough for Johnson."¹ Discovery of another object of the great man's charity, however, seemed difficult to be reconciled with this; for here was a man of whom Mr. James Boswell had heard a very bad and shameful character,² and, in almost the same breath, that Johnson had been kind to him also. "He is now become miserable," was Goldsmith's quiet explanation, "and that ensures the protection of Johnson."³

¹ ii. 194. See notices of him in Boswell, *Life*, i. 289-290; ii. 138-139; vii. 45; viii. 121, etc. Johnson's letters on the death of his thirty-years' companion are most affecting. "He was not unprepared, for he was very good to the poor. How much soever I valued him, I now wish I had valued him more." Boswell describes him as an obscure practiser of physic among the lower people, his fees being sometimes such provisions as his patients could afford him; and his popularity in this was so great that "his walk was from Houndsditch to Marylebone." He began life as a waiter in a coffee-house in Paris frequented by medical men, whose attention he attracted, and thus qualified himself ultimately. George Steevens, who relates this (*Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1785), describes also the other great event of his life. When past middle life he married a woman of the town, who had persuaded him (notwithstanding their place of congress was a small coal-shed in Fetter Lane) that she was nearly related to a man of fortune, but was kept by him out of large possessions. Johnson used to say that, compared with the marvels of this transaction, the stories of the Arabian Nights were familiar occurrences. He had not been married four months before a writ was taken out against him for debts contracted by his wife. Afterwards she ran away from him, and was tried, for picking pockets, at the Old Bailey. She pleaded her own cause, and was acquitted; a separation took place; and Johnson then took Levett home, where he continued till his death. His name will always be remembered in connection with Johnson's noble verse :

In Misery's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retir'd to die.

² It has been supposed that this was the wretched Bickerstaff, but it was not till ten years later that *his* shame came upon him.

³ *Ib.* ii. 194. "Levett had admired Johnson because others admired him; Johnson in pity loved Levett, because few others could find anything in him to love."—*Hawkins*, 404. The malicious knight may here perhaps be believed.

CHAPTER VII

HOGARTH AND REYNOLDS

1762-1763

NEWBERY's account-books and memoranda carry us, at the close of 1762, to a country lodging in Islington, kept by a stout and elderly lady named Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, and inhabited by Oliver Goldsmith. He is said to have moved here to be near Newbery, who had chambers at the time in Canonbury House, or tower; and that the publisher had looked out the lodgings for him may be inferred from the fact that Mrs. Fleming was a friend of Mr. Newbery's, and, when he afterwards held the lease of Canonbury House, seems to have rented or occupied part of it. But Goldsmith had doubtless also a stronger inducement in thus escaping, for weeks together, from the crowded noise of Wine Office Court (where he retained a lodging for town uses) to comparative quiet and healthy air. There were still green fields and lanes in Islington. Glimpses were discernible yet even of the old time when the tower was Elizabeth's hunting seat, and the country all about was woodland. There were walks where houses were not; where terraces and taverns were still unbuilt; and where stolen hours might be given to precious thought in the intervals of toilsome labor.

That he had come here with designs of labor more constant and unremitting than ever, new and closer arrangements with Newbery would appear to indicate. The publisher made himself, with certain prudent limitations, Mrs. Fleming's paymaster; board and lodging were to be charged £50 a year (the reader has to keep in mind that this would

be now nearly double that amount), and, when the state of their accounts permitted it, to be paid each quarter by Mr. Newbery, the publisher taking credit for these payments in his literary settlements with Goldsmith. The first quarterly payment had become due on the 24th of March, 1763; and on that day the landlady's claim of £12 10s., made up to £14 by "incidental expenses," was discharged by Newbery. It stands as one item in an account of his cash advances for the first nine months of 1763, which characteristically exhibits the relations of bookwriter and bookseller. Mrs. Fleming's bills recur at their stated intervals; and on the 8th of September there is a payment of £15 to William Filby, the tailor. The highest advance in money is one (which is not repeated) of three guineas; the rest vary, with intervals of a week or so between each, from two guineas to one guinea and half a guinea. The whole amount, from January to October, 1763, is little more than £96; upwards of £60 of which Goldsmith had meanwhile satisfied "by copies of different kinds," when on settlement day he gave his note for the balance.¹

		1 "Dr. Goldsmith Dr. to John Newbery.
1761.	Oct. 14.	1 set of the <i>Idler</i> £ 0 5 0
1762.	Nov. 9.	To cash 10 10 0
	Dec. 22.	To ditto 3 3 0
	29.	To ditto 1 1 0
1763.	Jan. 22.	To ditto 1 1 0
	25.	To ditto 1 1 0
	Feb. 14.	To ditto 1 1 0
	March 11.	To ditto 2 2 0
	12.	To D ^o 1 1 0
	24.	To Cash paid Mrs. Fleming . 14 0 0
	30.	To Cash 0 10 6
	May 4.	To D ^o 2 2 0
	21.	To D ^o 3 3 0
	June 3.	To Cash paid Mrs. Fleming . 14 11 0
	25.	To Cash 2 2 0
	July 1.	To D ^o 2 2 0
	20.	To Cash paid Mrs. Fleming . 14 14 0
	Sept. 2.	To Cash 1 1 0
		Carried forward . . £75 10 6

What these "copies" in every case were it is not so easy to discover. From a list of books¹ lent to him by Newbery, a compilation on popular philosophy seems to have been contemplated; he was certainly engaged in the revision of what was meant to be a humorous recommendation of female government entitled *Description of Millenium Hall*, as well as in making additions to four juvenile volumes of *Wonders of Nature and Art*; and he had yet more to do with another book, the *System of Natural History* by Dr. Brookes (the author of the *Gazetteer*), which he thoroughly revised, and to which he not only contributed a graceful preface, but several introductions to the various sections full of picturesque animation. He was to have received for this labor "eleven guineas in full," but it was increased to nearly thirty. He had also a large share in the *Martial Review or General History of the late War*, the profits of which Newbery had set apart for his luckless son-in-law,

			Brought forward	£	7	5	10	6
Sept. 8.	To D ^o . paid your Draft to	Wm. Filby.		15	2	0		
10.	To Cash			0	10	6		
19.	To D ^o .			1	1	0		
24.	To D ^o .			2	2	0		
Oct. 8.	To D ^o .			2	2	0		
10.	To Cash paid your Bill to	Mrs. Fleming		14	13	6		
				£	111	1	6	
	By Copy of different kinds			63	0	0		
Oct. 11.	By note of hand rec'd.			£	48	1	6	
	and delivered up the Vouchers."							

A promissory note "on demand," written at the top of a blank page of the account, was given by Goldsmith for the balance. Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession.

¹ "Nov. 25, 1762. Lent Dr. Goldsmith. *Martin's Philosophy*, 3 vols 8vo; *Kiel's Introduction*; *Machair's Chemistry*, 3 vols, French; *Encyclopedie* (sic), 8 vols folio, French; *Chinese Letters*, French; *Persian D^o*; *Pemberton's View of Newton's Philosophy*; *Hale's Vegetable Statics*, 2 vols 8vo; *Ferguson's Astronomy*, 4to; *Buffon's Natural History*, 9 vols 4to; *The Origin of Laws, Arts, and Sciences*, 3 vols 8vo, Edinburgh."—Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession.

Kit Smart.¹ In a memorandum furnished by himself to the publisher, he claims three guineas for *Preface to Universal History* (a rival to the existing publication of that name, set on foot by Newbery and edited by Guthrie); two guineas for *Preface to Rhetoric*, and one for *Preface to Chronicle*, neither of these last now traceable; three guineas for *Critical* and *Monthly*, presumed to be contributions to Newbery's magazines; and twenty-one pounds on account of a *History of England*. A subsequent receipt acknowledges another twenty-one pounds, "which, with what I received before, is in full for the copy of the *History of England* in a series of Letters, two volumes in 12mo."²

This latter book, which was not published till the following year, claims a word of description. Such of the labors of 1763 as had yet seen the light were not of a kind to attract much notice. "Whenever I write anything," said Goldsmith, "I think the public *make a point* to know nothing about it."³ So, remembering what Pope had said of the lucky lines that had a lord to own them, the present book

¹ This compilation by Goldsmith about the war had been printed from week to week in a newspaper of which Newbery was principal proprietor, and published in his native town of Reading.

² Newbery MSS. The subjoined is from a copy in Goldsmith's own handwriting: "Brookes' History, 11*l* 11*s*; Preface to Universal History, 3*l* 3*s*; Preface to Rhetoric, 2*l* 2*s*; Preface to Chronicle, 1*l* 1*s*; History of England, 2*l* 1*s*; The life of Christ, 10*l* 10*s*; The life (sic) of the Fathers, 10*l* 10*s*; Critical and Monthly, 3*l* 3*s*.—Total, 6*l*. Received October 11, 1763, the contents, of Mr. Newbery. OLIVER GOLDSMITH." But besides this general receipt the cautious Mr. Newbery seems also to have required specific additional acknowledgments. Thus on one sheet, among the papers in Mr. Murray's possession, I find the following: "October 11, 1763. Receivd of Mr. John Newbery eleven guineas in full for writing the introduction and preface to Dr. Brookes' Natural History. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—"Oct. 11, 1763. Received of Mr. John Newbery three guineas for a Preface to the History of the World. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—"Oct. 11, 1763. Receivd of Mr. John Newbery twenty-one pounds, which, with what I receivd before, is in full for the copy of the history of England, in a series of letters, two volumes in 12mo. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."—"Oct. 11, 1763. Receivd of Mr. John Newbery twenty-one pounds for translating the Life of Christ, and the Lives of the Fathers. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

³ Boswell, vii. 84.

was issued, doubtless with Newbery's glad concurrence, as a *History of England in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*. It had a great success in that character; passed through many editions; and was afterwards translated into French by the wife of Brissot, with notes by the revolutionary leader himself. The nobleman was supposed to be Lord Chesterfield, so refined was the style; Lord Orrery had also the credit of it; but the persuasion at last became general that the author was Lord Lyttelton,¹ and the name of that grave good lord is occasionally still seen affixed to it on the bookstalls. The mistake was never formally corrected;² it being the bookseller's interest to continue it, and not less the author's as well, when in his own name he subsequently went over the same ground. But it was not concealed from his friends; copies of the second edition of the book were sent with his autograph to both Percy and Johnson; and his friend Cooke tells us, not only that he had really written it in his lodgings at Islington, but how and in what

¹ As late as 1793, it became matter of discussion in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (lxiii. 799, etc.) which of these three noblemen had written the letters; whereupon a better informed correspondent told Mr. Urban the real name of the writer, and added: "Goldsmith was much gratified to find the assumed character so well sustained as to pass upon the world for real; and was often diverted with the contending opinions of such as ascribed it to one or other of the above noblemen. This information comes from one who had a copy given him by the real author when it first came from the press, and who had often laughed with him at the success of his fiction."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, lxiii. 1189.

² It may have been in consequence of its success in this instance that the reckless author of *Dr. Syntax*, Combe, placed the name of the second or "wicked" lord to his wonderfully clever collection of letters. In the course of a recent attempt in the *Quarterly Review* (xc. 91-163) to identify this second lord with Junius, which I cannot but regard as altogether unsound though in parts ingenious, a wholly unwarranted assumption is made of the genuineness of these letters in the main. There cannot be a doubt that they are spurious, and all written by Combe. One of them, I may take this opportunity of saying, is a sort of homily on the moral of Goldsmith's life and death, wherein the writer is as severely critical, in regard to the vices of improvidence and extravagance as it behooved a man to be who ran through more than one fortune, and closed a career of riotous vicissitude by extremely assiduous literary labors in the King's Bench prison.

way he did so. In the morning, says this authority, he would study, in *Rapin, Carte*, Kennett's *Complete History*, and the recent volumes of Hume, as much of what related to the period on which he was engaged as he designed for one letter, putting down the passages referred to on a sheet of paper, with remarks. He then walked out with a companion, certain of his friends at this time being in the habit of constantly calling upon him; and if, on returning to dinner, his friend returned with him, he spent the evening convivially, but without much drinking ("which he was never in the habit of"); finally taking up with him to his bedroom the books and papers prepared in the morning, and there writing the chapter, or the best part of it, before he went to rest. This latter exercise cost him very little trouble, he said; for, having all his materials ready, he wrote it with as much facility as a common letter.¹

One may clearly trace these very moderate "convivialities," I think, in occasional entries of Mrs. Fleming's incidental expenses. The good lady was not loath to be generous at times, but is careful to give herself the full credit of it; and a not infrequent item in her bill is "*A gentleman's dinner, Nothing.*" Four gentlemen have tea for eighteen-pence; "wine and cakes" are supplied for the same sum; bottles of port are charged two shillings each; and such special favorites are "*Mr. Baggott*" and one "*Dr. Reman*," that three elaborate ciphers (£0 0s. 0d.) follow their teas as well as their dinners.² Redmond was the latter's real name. He was a young Irish physician who had lived some years in France, and was now disputing with the Society of Arts on some alleged discoveries in the properties of antimony. Among Mrs. Fleming's anonymous entries, however, were some that must have related to more distinguished visitors.

The greatest of these I would introduce as he was seen one day in the present year by a young and eager admirer, passing quickly through Cranbourn Alley. He might have

¹ *Europ. Mag.* xxiv. 94.

² See *post*, chapter ix. of this book iii.

been on his way to Goldsmith. He was a bustling, active, stout little man, dressed in a sky-blue coat. His admirer saw him at a distance, turning the corner; and, running with all expedition to have a nearer view, came up with him in Castle Street, as he stood patting one of two quarrelling boys on the back, and, looking steadfastly at the expression in the coward's face, was saying in very audible voice, "Damn him, if I would take it of him! at him again!" Enemy or admirer could not in circumstances more appropriate have seen William Hogarth. He might, in that little incident, see his interest in homely life, his preference of the real in art, and his quick apprehension of character; his love of hard hitting, and his indomitable English spirit. The admirer, who, at the close of his own checkered life, thus remembered and related it, was James Barry, of Cork, who had followed Mr. Edmund Burke to London with letters from Dr. Sleigh, and whose birth, genius, and poverty soon make him known to Goldsmith.

Between Goldsmith and Hogarth existed many reasons for sympathy. Few so sure as the great, self-taught, philosophic artist to penetrate at once, through any outer husk of disadvantage, to discernment of an honest and loving soul. Genius, in both, took side with the homely and the poor; and they had personal foibles in common. No man can be supposed to have read the letters in the *Public Ledger* with heartier agreement than Hogarth; no man so little likely as Goldsmith to suffer a sky-blue coat, or conceited, strutting, consequential airs to weigh against the claims of the painter of *Mariage à la Mode*. How they first met has not been related, but they met frequently; and two portrait-memorials from the old artist's pencil remain to show his kindly interest in the clever young Irishman. In these last two years of Hogarth's life admiration had become precious to him; and Goldsmith was ready with his tribute. Besides, there was Wilkes to rail against and Churchill to condemn, as well as Johnson to praise and love. "I'll tell you what," Hogarth would say: "Sam Johnson's conversation is to the talk of other men like Titian's painting com-

pared to Hudson's; but don't you tell people, now, that I say so; for the connoisseurs and I are at war, you know; and because I hate *them*, they think I hate Titian—and let them!"¹

Goldsmith and the connoisseurs were at war, too; and this would help to make more agreeable the intercourse which Hogarth has more particularly associated with these Islington lodgings by both the memorials to which reference has been made. One of them shows Goldsmith very hard at work, not without satiric indication of the habits that made such drudgery now more than ever needful; while the other, also a portrait in oil, representing an elderly lady in satin with an open book before her and exhibited in London several years back² as "Goldsmith's Hostess," connects itself not less with the present time, and the difficulties consequent on the habits in question. It involves no great stretch of fancy to suppose it painted in the Islington lodgings, at some crisis of domestic pressure. Newbery's accounts reveal to us how often it was needful to mitigate Mrs. Fleming's impatience, to moderate her wrath, and, when money was not immediately at hand, to minister to her vanities. For Newbery was a strict accountant, and kept sharply within the terms of his bargains; exacting notes of hand at each quarterly settlement for whatever the balance might be, and objecting to add to it by new payments when it happened to be large. It is but to imagine a visit from Hogarth at such time. If his good-nature wanted any stimulus, the

¹ Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 136. "Many were the lectures," adds the lively little lady, "I used to have in my very early days from dear Mr. Hogarth, whose regard for my father induced him, perhaps, to take notice of his little girl, and give her some odd particular directions about dress, dancing, and many other matters, interesting now only because they were his. As he made all his talents, however, subservient to the great purposes of morality, and the earnest desire he had to mend mankind, his discourse commonly ended in an ethical dissertation, and a serious charge to me never to forget his picture of the 'Lady's Last Stake.'"

² In the 1832 exhibition of the works of deceased British artists. It then belonged to Mr. Graves, in whose family it had been for many years, always bearing the name of "Goldsmith's Hostess."

thought of Newbery would give it. He had himself an old grudge against the booksellers. He charges them in his autobiography with "cruel treatment" of his father, and dilates on the bitterness they add to the hard necessity of earning bread by the pen. But, though the copyrights of his prints were a source of certain and not inconsiderable income, his money at command was scanty; and it would better suit his generous good-humor, as well as better serve his friend, to bring his easel in his coach some day and enthrone Mrs. Fleming by the side of it. So may the portrait have been painted; and much laughter there would be in its progress, I do not doubt, at the very different sort of sitters and subjects whose coroneted coaches were crowding the west side of Leicester Square.

The good-humor of Reynolds was a different thing from that of Hogarth. It had no antagonism about it. Ill-humor with any other part of the world had nothing to do with it. It was gracious and diffused; singling out some, it might be, for special warmth, but smiling blandly upon all. He was eminently the gentleman of his time; and if there is a hidden charm in his portraits it is that. His own nature pervades them, and shines out from them still. He was now forty years old, being younger than Hogarth by a quarter of a century; was already in the receipt of nearly six thousand pounds a year; and had known nothing but uninterrupted prosperity. He had moved from St. Martin's Lane into Newport Street, and from Newport Street into Leicester Square; he had raised his prices from five, ten, and twenty guineas (his earliest charge for the three sizes of portraits) successively to ten, twenty, and forty, to twelve, twenty-four, and forty-eight, to fifteen, thirty, and sixty, to twenty, forty, and eighty, and to twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred, the sums he now charged; he had lately built a gallery for his works; and he had set up a gay gilt coach, with the four seasons painted on its panels.¹ Yet, of those to whom

¹ See Farington's *Memoirs in the Works*, i. clxii. and the *Life* by Beechey, i. 124-125, 139-140. He greatly advanced his prices in later days. Mr. Croker states, in a note to his last edition of *Boswell* (113): "I have been

the man was really known it may be doubted if there was one who grudged him a good fortune, which was worn with generosity and grace and justified by noble qualities; while few, indeed, should have been the exceptions, whether among those who knew or those who knew him not, to the feeling of pride that an Englishman had at last arisen who could measure himself successfully with the Dutch and the Italian.¹

This was what Reynolds had striven for; and what common men might suppose to be his envy or self-sufficiency. Not with any sense of triumph over living competitors did he listen to the praise he loved; not of being better than Hogarth, or than Gainsborough, or than his old master Hudson, was he thinking continually, but of the glory of being one day placed by the side of Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke. Undoubtedly he must be said to have overrated the effects of education, study, and the practice of schools; and it is matter of much regret that he should never have thought of Hogarth but as a moral satirist and man of wit, or sought for his favorite art the dignity of a closer alliance with such philosophy and genius. But the difficult temper of Hogarth himself cannot be kept out of view. His very virtues had a stubbornness and a dogmatism that repelled. What Reynolds most desired—to bring men of their common calling together, and, by consent and union, by study

informed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, his admirer and rival (!), that in 1787 his prices were two hundred guineas for the *whole-length*, one hundred for the *half-length*, seventy for the *kit-cat*, and fifty for what is called the *three-quarters*. But even on these prices some increase must have been made, as Horace Walpole said: 'Sir Joshua, in his old age, becomes avaricious. He had one thousand guineas for my picture of the three ladies Waldegrave.'—*Walpoliana*." This latter picture contained half-lengths of the three ladies on one canvas. For curious lists of his prices, see Malone's *Account of Reynolds in the Works*, i. lxii.-lxxi.; and *Northcote*, ii. 347-356.

¹ "I remember once going through a suite of rooms where they were showing me several fine Vandykes; and we came to one where there were some children, by Sir Joshua, seen through a door: it was like looking at the reality, they were so full of life; the branches of the trees waved over their heads, and the fresh air seemed to play on their cheeks—I soon forgot Vandyke!"—*Conversations of Northcote*, 163-164. This must have been at Wilton.



and co-operation, establish claims to respect and continuance—Hogarth had been all his life opposing; and was now, at the close of life, standing of his own free choice apart and alone. Study the great works of the great masters forever, said Reynolds.¹ There is only one school, cried Hogarth, and that is kept by Nature. What was uttered on the one side of Leicester Square was pretty sure to be contradicted on the other; and neither would make the advance which might have reconciled the views of both. Be it remembered, at the same time, that Hogarth, in the daring confidence of his more astonishing genius, kept himself at the farthest extreme. “Talk of sense, and study, and all that,” he said to Walpole, “why, it is owing to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better. The people who have studied painting least are the best judges of it. There’s Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why but t’other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar.”² Reynolds might have some excuse if he turned from this with a smile, and a supposed confirmation of his error that the critic was himself no painter. Thus these great men lived separate to the last. The only feeling they shared in common may have been that kindness to Oliver Goldsmith, which, after their respective fashion, each manifested well. The one, with his ready help and robust example, would have strengthened him for life, as for a solitary warfare which awaited every man of genius; the other, more gently, would have drawn him from contests and solitude, from discontents and low esteem, to the sense that worldly consideration and social respect might gladden even literary toil. While Hogarth was propitiating and painting Mrs. Fleming, Reynolds was founding the Literary Club.

¹ Close of the Sixth Discourse, *Works*, i. 186.

² The whole dialogue from which these expressions are taken will be found in the *Coll. Lett.* iv. 141.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CLUB AND ITS FIRST MEMBERS

1763

THE association of celebrated men of this period known as the Literary Club did not receive that name till many years after it came into existence; but that Reynolds was its Romulus (so Mrs. Thrale said Johnson called him),¹ and this year of 1763 the year of its foundation, is unquestionable, though the meetings did not begin till winter. Johnson caught at the notion eagerly; suggested as its model a club he had himself founded in Ivy Lane some fourteen years before, and which the deaths or dispersion of its members had now interrupted for nearly seven years; and on this suggestion being adopted, the members, as in the earlier club, were limited to nine, and Mr. Hawkins, as an original member of the Ivy Lane, was invited to join. Topham Beauclerc and Bennet Langton were also asked, and welcomed earnestly; and, of course, Mr. Edmund Burke. He had lately left Dublin and politics for a time, and returned to literature in Queen Anne Street, where a solid mark of his patron Hamilton's satisfaction had accompanied him in the shape of a pension on the Irish Establishment of £300 a year. Perhaps it was ominous of the mischances attending this pension that it was

¹ *Anecdotes*, 122. "Or said somebody else of the company called him so, which was more likely." It has been alleged that Reynolds, in making the proposal to Johnson, acted on a hint from Lord Charlemont; but I find no good authority for this, which the absence of Charlemont from the club until 1773, when he was elected on Beauclerc's nomination, renders otherwise very unlikely.

entered in the name of "William Birt"—the name which was soon to be so famous, having little familiarity or fame as yet. The notion of the club delighted Burke; and he asked admission for his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent, an accomplished Roman Catholic physician, who lived with him. Beauclerc in like manner suggested his friend Chamier, then secretary in the War Office.¹ Oliver Goldsmith completed the number. But another member of the original Ivy Lane society, Samuel Dyer,² making unexpected appearance from abroad in the following year, was joyfully admitted; and though it was resolved to make election difficult, and only for special reasons permit addition to their number,³ the limitation at first proposed was thus, of course, done away with. A second limitation, however, to the number of twelve, was definitively made on the occasion of the second balloting, and will be duly described. The place of meeting was the Turk's Head tavern in Gerrard Street, Soho,⁴ where, the chair being taken every Monday

¹ Chamier was not appointed Under-Secretary of State till 1775. In the account of the club there may still be one or two slight inaccuracies, though I have been at some pains to obtain correct information since my last edition. Obvious errors, indeed, exist in every description of this celebrated society, from the first supplied by Malone to the last furnished by Mr. Hatchett.

² For an interesting account of this remarkable man, see Malone's *Life of Dryden*, 181-185 (note).

³ It was intended, according to Malone (*Account of Reynolds*, lxxxiii.), that the club should consist of such men as that, if only two of them chanced to meet, they should be able to entertain each other sufficiently, without wishing for more company with whom to pass an evening. "This," writes Percy to Boswell (Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 311), "I have heard Johnson mention as the principal or avowed reason for the small number of members to which for many years it was limited." And so far Johnson was right in holding that the club's adversity did not arrive till the numbers were large and the members not very select; nor is it easy to imagine that Lord Liverpool, in comparatively recent days, when he found himself on one occasion *solvus* at the dinner, was able to entertain himself sufficiently without wishing for more company. The men are few who can afford to have "nobody with them at sea but" themselves.

⁴ Here the club remained as long as Goldsmith lived, and until 1783, when the landlord died, and the hotel became a private house. Meanwhile the predominance of Whig politics in it, in consequence of the remarkable prominence in its conversations of Burke, Fox, Lord Spencer,

night at seven o'clock by a member in rotation, all were expected to attend and sup together. In about the ninth year of their existence, December, 1772, they changed their day of meeting to Friday; and, some years later (Percy and Malone say 1775),¹ in place of their weekly supper they resolved to dine together once a fortnight during the meeting of Parliament. Each member present was to bear his share of the reckoning; and conversation, from which politics only were excluded, was kept up always to a late hour.

So originated and was formed that famous club which had made itself a name in literary history long before it received, at Garrick's funeral, the name of the Literary Club, by which it is now known. Its meetings were noised abroad; the fame of its conversations received eager addition from the difficulty of obtaining admission to it; and it came to be as generally understood that literature had fixed her social headquarters here as that politics reigned supreme at Wildman's or the "Cocoa Tree." Not without advantage, let me add, to the dignity and worldly consideration of men of letters themselves. "I believe Mr. Fox will allow me say," wrote the Bishop of St. Asaph to Mr. William Jones, when the society was not more than fifteen years old, "that the honor of being elected into the Turk's Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster

Sheridan, Dunning, and others ("the Fox star and the Irish constellation," as Johnson phrased it, when he complained of Reynolds being "too much under" those planets, *Boswell*, vii. 96), had so thoroughly disgusted Johnson that he almost wholly withdrew himself in the latter years of his life. "He then," says Mrs. Piozzi, "loudly proclaimed his carelessness who might be admitted, when it was become a mere dinner-club."—*Anecdotes*, 122. After 1788 it removed to Prince's, in Sackville Street; and on his house being soon afterwards shut up, it removed to Baxter's, which subsequently became Thomas's, in Dover Street. In January, 1792, it removed to Parsloe's, in St. James's Street; and on February 26, 1799, to the Thatched House, in the same street, where it remained till the tavern was pulled down, shortly after my last edition was published. Such as it now is, "a mere miscellaneous collection of conspicuous men, without any determinate character," it meets at the Clarendon; and, appropriately enough, has for some time dropped its prefix of "Literary" and again calls itself The Club.

¹ *Percy Memoir*, 78, and Malone's *Account of Reynolds*, lxxxiv.

or Surrey. The electors are certainly more disinterested; and I should say they were much better judges of merit, if they had not rejected Lord Camden and chosen me."¹ Yet in those later days, when, on the same night of that election of the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Camden and the Bishop of Chester were blackballed,² the society had begun to lose the high literary tone which made its earlier days yet more remarkable.³ Shall we wonder if distinction in such a society should open a new life to Goldsmith?

His claim to enter it would seem to have been somewhat canvassed, at first, by at least one of the members. "As he wrote for the booksellers," says Hawkins, "we at the club looked on him as a mere literary drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating, but little capable of original and still less of poetical composition: he had, nevertheless, unknown to us"⁴ . . . I need not anticipate what it was that so startled Hawkins with its unknown progress: the reader has already intimation of it. It is, however, more than probable, whatever may have been thought of Goldsmith's drudgery, that this extremely low estimate of his capacity was limited to Mr. Hawkins, whose opinions were seldom popular with the other members of the club. Early associations clung hard to Johnson, and, for the sake of these, Hawkins was borne with to the last; but, in the newly formed society even Johnson admitted him to be out of place. Neither in habits nor opinions did he harmonize with the rest. He had been an attorney for many years, affecting literary tastes, and dabbling in music at the Madrigal Club; but, four years before the present, so large a fortune had fallen to him in right of his wife that he with-

¹ Teignmouth's *Life and Correspondence of Sir William Jones*, i. 347.

² "When bishops and chancellors," says Jones, commenting on this fact, "honor us with offering to dine at a tavern, it seems very extraordinary that we should ever reject such an offer; but there is no reasoning on the caprice of men. Of our club I will only say that there is no branch of human knowledge on which some of our members are not capable of giving information."—Teignmouth's *Life*, i. 345.

³ See, on the other hand, what is said, *post*, book iv. chap. iv.

⁴ *Life of Johnson*, 420.

drew from the law, and lived and judged with severe propriety as a Middlesex magistrate. Within two years he will be elected chairman of the sessions; after seven years more will be made a knight; and, in four years after that, will deliver himself of five quarto volumes of a history of music, in the slow and laborious conception of which he is already painfully engaged.¹ Altogether, his existence was a kind of pompous, parsimonious, insignificant drawl, cleverly ridiculed by one of the wits in an absurd epitaph: "Here lies Sir John Hawkins, Without his shoes and stauckins." To him belonged the original merit, in that age of penal barbarity and perpetual executions, of lamenting that in no less than fourteen cases it was still possible to cheat the gallows. Another of his favorite themes was the improvidence of what he called sentimental writers, at the head of whom he placed the author of *Tom Jones*, a book which he charged with having "corrupted the rising generation" and sapped "the foundation of that morality which it is the duty of parents and all public instructors to inculcate in the minds of young people."² This was his common style of talk. He would speak contemptuously of Hogarth as a man who knew nothing out of Covent Garden. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, he looked upon as "stuff"; and for the last three as men "whose *necessities* and abilities were nearly commensurate," he had a special contempt. As chairman of quarter sessions, what other judgment could he be expected to have of them? Being men of loose principles, he would say, bad economists, and living with-

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, l ix. 473. A lucky pun condemned Sir John Hawkins's sixteen years' labor to long obscurity and oblivion. Some wag, in the interest of Dr. Burney's rival publication, wrote the following catch, which Dr. Callcott set to music:

Have you read Sir John Hawkins's History?
Some folks think it quite a mystery;
Both I have, and I aver
That Burney's History I prefer.

Burn his History was straightway in every one's mouth; and the book-seller practically took the advice by "wasting" the greater part of the edition.

² *Life of Johnson*, 214-215.

out foresight, "it is their endeavor to commute for their failings by professions of greater love to mankind, more tender affections and finer feelings than they will allow men of more regular lives, whom they deem formalists, to possess."¹ With a man of such regular life, denouncing woe to loose characters that should endeavor to commute for their failings, poor Goldsmith had naturally little chance; and it fared as ill with the rest of the club when questions of "economy" or "foresight" came up. Mr. Hawkins, after the first four meetings, begged to be excused his share of the reckoning, on the ground that he did not partake of the supper. "And was he excused?" asked Dr. Burney, when Johnson told him of the incident many years after. "Oh yes, sir," was the reply; "and very readily. No man is angry at another for being inferior to himself. We all admitted his plea publicly, for the gratification of scorning him privately. Sir John, sir, is a very unclubbable man. Yet I really believe him," pursued Johnson on the same occasion, very characteristically, "to be an honest man at the bottom; though to be sure he is rather penurious, and he is somewhat mean, and it must be owned he has some degree of brutality, and is not without a tendency to savageness that cannot well be defended."² It was this latter tendency which caused his early secession from the club. He was not a member for more than two or three years. His own account is that he withdrew because its late hours were inconsistent with his domestic arrangements;³ but the fact was, says Boswell, that he one evening attacked Mr. Burke

¹ *Life of Johnson*, 218.

² Madam d'Arblay is the authority for this, which she relates with but slight variation both in her *Memoirs* of her father (ii. 164) and in her own *Diary*. See also *Boswell*, ii. 273, and ix. 287-288.

³ "We seldom got together till nine; the inquiry into the contents of the larder, and preparing supper, took up till ten; and by the time that the table was cleared it was near eleven, at which hour my servants were ordered to come for me; and, as I could not enjoy the pleasure of these meetings without disturbing the economy of my family, I chose to forego it."—*Life of Johnson*, 425. Their evening toast, he tells us in the same passage, was the motto of Padre Paolo, "Esto perpetua."

in so rude a manner¹ that all the company testified their displeasure; and at their next meeting his reception was such that he never came again.

Letitia Matilda Hawkins herself, proposing to defend her father, corroborates this statement. "*The Burkes*," she says, describing the impressions of her childhood, "as the men of that family were called, were not then what they were afterwards considered, nor what the head of them deserved to be considered for his splendid talents: they were, as my father termed them, *Irish Adventurers*; and came into this country with no good auguries, nor any very decided principles of action. They had to talk their way in the world that was to furnish their means of living.²

An Irish adventurer who had to talk his way in the world is much what Burke was considered by the great as well as little vulgar, for several more years to come. He was now thirty-three, and yet had not achieved his great want, "ground to stand upon."³ Until the present year he had derived his principal help from the booksellers, for whom he

¹ *Life*, ii. 273. See also the *Percy Memoir*, 72. Burke was attacked in good company, let me subjoin; for on the same authority Lord Chatham was "a pertinacious yelper," and (for a comparison quite original) Lord Chesterfield "a bear."

² *Memoirs*, i. 98-101.

³ Dr. Markham thus introduces him to the famous Duchess of Queensberry as a candidate for office: "It is time I should say who my friend is. His name is Edmund Burke. As a literary man he may possibly be not quite unknown to you. He is the author of a piece which imposed on the world as Lord Bolingbroke's, called the *Advantages of Natural Society*, and of a very ingenious book published last year, called a *Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful*. I must farther say of him that his chief application has been to the knowledge of public business and our commercial interests; that he seems to have a most extensive knowledge, with extraordinary talents for business, and to want nothing but ground to stand upon to do his country very important services."—*Chatham Correspondence*, i. 432. Burke's first piece was the *Vindication* (not the *Advantages*) of *Natural Society*, which up to 1763 Johnson seems to have thought a serious and "imprudent" assertion of the opinions of Bolingbroke. It was not till two years later (1765) that the irony was explicitly laid aside in a preface to the edition then published, and meanwhile both Bishop Warburton and Lord Chesterfield are said to have been deceived. And see *post*, book iv. chap. xi.

had some time written, and continued still to write, the historical portion of the *Annual Register*. He had been but a few months in enjoyment of Hamilton's pension, and was already extremely uneasy as to the conditions on which he began to suspect it had been granted, his patron not seeming to have relished his proposed return to London society. "I know your business ought on all occasions to have the preference," wrote Burke, in deprecation; "to be the first, and the last, and indeed in all respects the main concern. All I contend for is that I may not be considered as absolutely excluded from all other thoughts, in their proper time and due subordination."¹ The whole truth was not made obvious to him till two years later. He then found, and on finding it flung up the pension, that Hamilton had thought him placed by it in "a sort of domestic situation." It was the consideration of a bargain for sale of independence. It was a claim for absolute servitude. "Not to value myself as a gentleman," remonstrated Burke, "a freeman, a man of education, and one pretending to literature, is there any situation in life so low, or even so criminal, that can subject a man to the possibility of such an engagement? Would you dare attempt to bind your footman to such terms?"² Mr. Hawkins, it is clear, would have thought the terms suitable enough to the situation in life of an Irish adventurer; and the incident may illustrate his vulgar and insolent phrase.

Let it always be remembered, in connection with Burke's vehemence of will and sharp impetuosity of temper. These were less his natural defects than his painful sense of what he wanted in the eyes of others. When, in later years, he proudly reviewed the exertions that had been the soul of the then revived Whig party, which had re-established their strength, consolidated their influence, and been rewarded by insignificant office and uniform exclusion from the cabinet, he had to reflect that every step in his life had thus been obstructed, and that in the very teeth of prejudice and

¹ *Correspondence*, i. 49-50.

² *Ib.* i. 73.

dislike he had forced every inch of his way. "The narrowness of his fortune," says Walpole, "kept him down."¹ At every turnpike he met he had been called to show his passport; otherwise no admission, no toleration for him. Improved by this his manners could hardly be; the more other spheres of consideration were closed to him, the more he would be driven to dominate in his own; and I have little doubt that he somewhat painfully at times, in the first few years of the club, impressed others as well as Hawkins with a sense of his predominance. He had to "talk his way in the world that was to furnish his means of living," and this was the only theatre open to him yet. Here only could he as yet pour forth, to an audience worth exciting, the stores of argument and eloquence he was thirsting to employ upon a wider stage; the variety of knowledge and its practical application, the fund of astonishing imagery, the ease of philosophic illustration, the overpowering copiousness of words, in which he has never had a rival. A civil guest, says Herbert, will no more talk all, than eat all, the feast; and perhaps this might be forgotten now and then. "In my own mind I am convinced," says Miss Hawkins, "however he might persuade himself, that my father *was* disgusted with the overpowering deportment of Burke and his monopoly of the conversation, which made all the other members, excepting his antagonist Johnson, merely his auditors." Something of the same sort was said by that antagonist ten years after the present date, though in a more generous way. "What I most envy Burke for," said Johnson, after admitting the astonishing range of his resources but denying him the faculty of wit, "is his being constantly the same. He is never what we call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you. . . . His stream of mind is perpetual. I cannot say he is good at listening. So desirous is he to talk that if

¹ *Memoirs of George the Third*, ii. 273-274.

one is speaking at this end of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the other end. Burke, sir, is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that, when you parted, you would say, This is an extraordinary man.¹ Now, you may be long enough with me without finding anything extraordinary."²

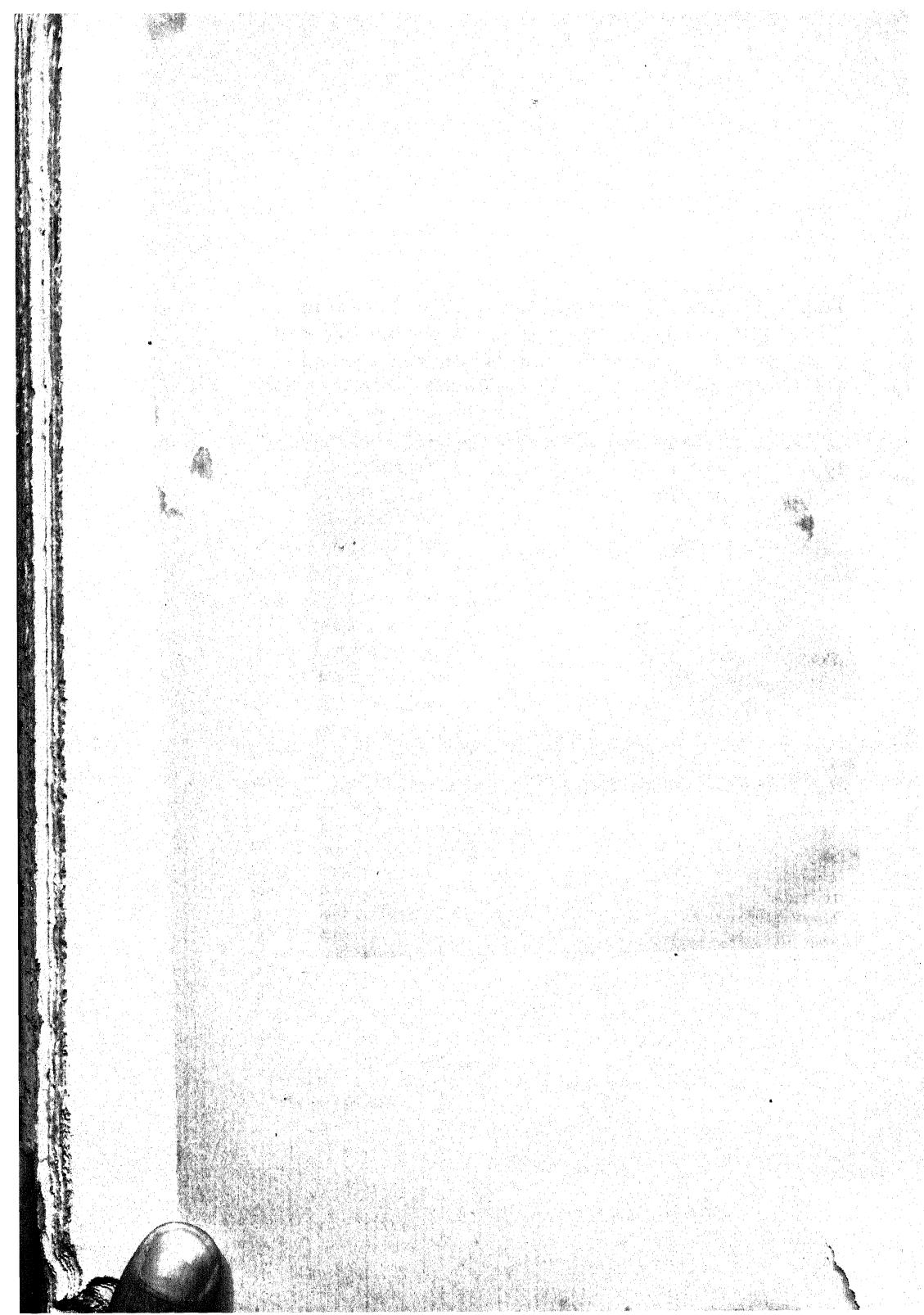
This was modest in Johnson, but there was more truth than he perhaps intended in it. In general, Burke's views were certainly the subtler and more able. He penetrated deeper into the principles of things, below common life and what is called good sense, than Johnson could. "Is he like Burke," asked Goldsmith, when Boswell seemed to exalt Johnson's talk too highly, "who winds into a subject like a serpent?"³ A faculty of sudden and striking illustration, too, often highly imaginative, he eminently possessed; and of this, which must have given such a power as well as charm to his familiar conversation, what more exquisite example, or more characteristic both of Johnson and himself, could be named, than the vehement denial he gave to Boswell's mention of Croft's *Life of Young* as a pretty successful imitation of Johnson's style? "No, no; it is not a good imitation of Johnson. It has all his pomp without his force. It has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength." Then, after a pause, "It has all the

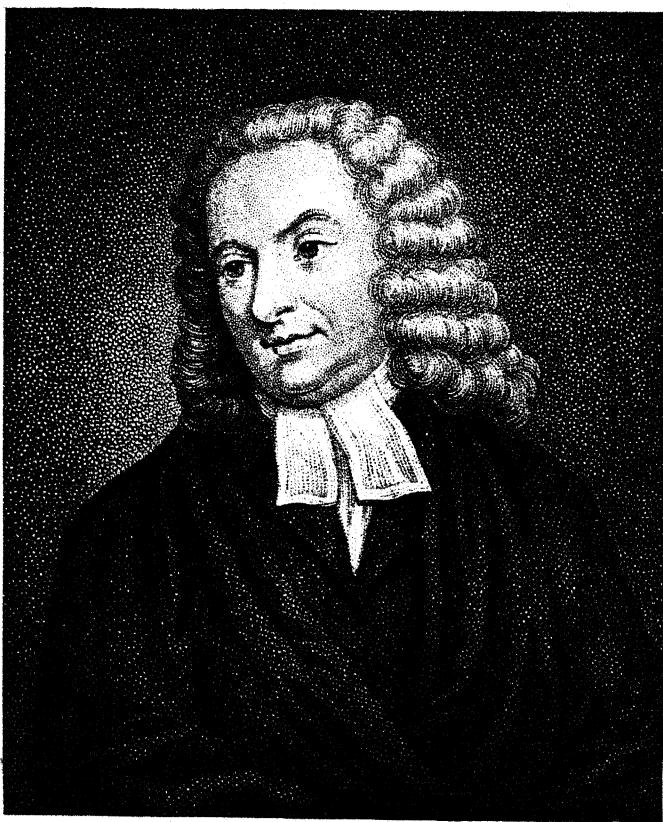
¹ Over and over again Johnson repeated this illustration. "BOSWELL: 'Mr. Burke has a constant stream of conversation.' JOHNSON: 'Yes, sir; if a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say, This is an extraordinary man! If Burke should go into a stable to see his horse dressed, the ostler would say, We have had an extraordinary man here!'"—*Life*, iv. 301. He goes on to say: "When Burke does not descend to be merry his conversation is very superior indeed. There is no proportion between the powers which he shows in serious talk and in jocularity. When he lets himself down to that he is in the kennel."—Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 209. Not quite, as the reader perhaps will also think who reads a note which he will find in book iv. chap. vi.

² Boswell, *Life*, viii. 273; and see iv. 23, vii. 366-367, viii. 155.

³ Boswell, iii. 304.

Edward Young





contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration." In the conversational expression of Johnson, on the other hand, there was a strength and clearness which was all his own, and which originated Percy's likening of it, as contrasted with ordinary conversation, to an antique statue with every vein and muscle distinct and bold, by the side of an inferior cast.¹ Johnson had also wit, often an incomparable humor, and a hundred other interesting qualities, which Burke had not; while his rough, dictatorial manner, his loud voice, and slow, deliberate utterance, so much oftener suggested an objection than gave help to what he said that one may doubt the truth of Lord Pembroke's pleasantry to Boswell, that "his sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his bow-wow ways."² Of the ordinary listener, at any rate, the bow-wow way exacted something too much; and was quite as likely to stun as to strike him. "He's a tremendous companion," said poor George Garrick, when urged to confess of him what he really thought.³ He brought, into common talk, too plain an anticipation of victory and triumph. He wore his determination not to be thrown or beaten, whatever side he might please to take, somewhat defiantly upon his sleeve; and startled peaceful society a little too much with his uncle Andrew's habits in the ring at Smithfield.⁴ It was a sense, on his own part, of this eagerness to make every subject a battle-ground which made him say, at a moment of illness and exhaustion, that if he were to see Burke then, it would kill him.⁵ From the

¹ *Boswell*, vii. 169.

² *Ib.* iv. 8.

³ *Murphy's Essay*, 77.

⁴ Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 5-6. Sir James Mackintosh remembered that while spending the Christmas of 1793 at Beaconsfield, Burke said to him that Johnson showed more powers of mind in company than in his writings; but he argued only for victory; and when he had neither a paradox to defend nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his assent with "*Why no, sir!*"—*Croker*, 768. Boswell mentions the same peculiarity, and tells us that he used to consider the *Why no, sir!* as a kind of flag of defiance; as if he had said, "Any argument you may offer against this is not just. No, sir, it is not." It was like Falstaff's, "I deny your major."—*viii. 318.*

⁵ "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would

first day of their meeting, now some years ago, at Garrick's dinner-table, his desire had been to measure himself with Burke on all occasions. "I suppose, Murphy," he said to Arthur, as they came away from that dinner, "you are proud of your countryman. *Cum talis sit, utinam noster esset.*"¹ The club was an opportunity for both, and promptly seized; to the occasional overshadowing, no doubt, of the comforts and opportunities of other members. Yet for the most part their wit-combats seem not only to have interested the rest, but to have improved the temper of the combatants themselves, and made them more generous to each other. "How very great Johnson has been to-night," said Burke to Langton, as they left the club together. Langton assented, but could have wished to hear more from another person. "Oh, no!" replied Burke, "it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him."²

kill me. So much was he accustomed to consider conversation as a contest, and such was his notion of Burke as an opponent."—*Boswell*, vi. 80. On the other hand, with what complacency, in his better health, he writes to Mrs. Thrale (*Letters*, ii. 127). "But [Mrs. Montagu] and you have had, with all your adulation, nothing finer said of you than was said last Saturday night of Burke and me. We were at the Bishop of [St. Asaph's], a bishop little better than *your* bishop [Hinchliffe]; and towards twelve we fell into talk, to which the ladies listened, just as they do to you; and said, as I heard, *There is no rising unless somebody will cry Fire!*"

¹ Murphy's *Essay*, 53.

² Langton's collectanea, in *Boswell*, vii. 374. It must surely have been only for the purpose of ringing the bell to him that he took the particular part in the argument described to Boswell. "My excellent friend, Dr. Langton, told me, he was once present at a dispute between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, which was carried on with extraordinary abilities on both sides. Dr. Johnson maintained the superiority of Homer."—*Life*, iv. 78. Another argument one would like to have heard, on those frequent occasions when Johnson would quote Dryden's lines (of which he was so fond) about living past years again, and for his part protest that he never lived that week in his life which he would wish to repeat were an angel to make the proposal to him (*Boswell*, iii. 139); to which Burke would reply (Boswell does not represent it as addressed to Johnson, but it obviously must have been), that for his part he believed that every man "would lead his life over again; for every man is willing to go on and take an addition to his life, which, as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better, or even

Bennet Langton was, in his own person, an eminent example of the high and humane class who are content to ring the bell to their friends. Admiration of the *Rambler* made him seek admittance to its author, when he was himself, some eight years back, but a lad of eighteen; and his ingenuous manners and mild enthusiasm at once won Johnson's love. That he represented a great Lincolnshire family, still living at their ancient seat of Langton, had not abridged his merits in the philosopher's regard;¹ and upon his going up to Trinity College, Oxford, Johnson took occasion to visit him there, and there made the acquaintance of his college chum, and junior by two years, Topham Beauclerc, grandson of the first Duke of St. Albans.² These two young men had several qualities in common—ready intellect, perfect manners, great love of literature, and a thorough

so good as what has preceded."—viii. 304. A subtle remark, which Johnson might nevertheless have met by simply again repeating the masterly lines of the old poet, which hit the truth so finely in marking as an inconsistency, a self-cozenage, what the argument of Burke would bring within the control of consistency and reason. "Strange cozenage!" cries the poet,

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favor the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day. . . .
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

To which let me add, if Burke wished to make poetical rejoinder, he had but to quote the lines of Nourmahal from the same tragedy ("Aurung-Zede"),

"'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue,
It pays our hopes with something still that's new!"

Scott's *Dryden*, v. 241.

It is extraordinary how little of Burke's conversation Boswell has attempted to report. It is chiefly confined to his *puns*, one or two specimens of which I shall give hereafter.

¹ "I have heard him say, with pleasure: 'Langton, sir, has a grant of freewarren from Henry II.; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of this family.'"—*Boswell*, i. 295. ² *Ib.* i. 295-298.

admiration of Johnson; but, with these, such striking points of difference also that Johnson could not comprehend their intimacy when first he saw them together. It was not till he discovered what a scorn of fools Beauclerc blended with his love of folly, what virtues of the mind were to be set off against his vices of the body, and with how much gayety and wit he carried off his licentiousness, that the sage became as fond of the laughing rake as of his quiet, contemplative companion. "I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house," exclaimed Garrick, when he heard of it, and of an incident in connection with it that occurred in the next Oxford vacation. His old friend had turned out of his chambers, at three o'clock in the morning, to have a "frisk" with the young "dogs";¹ had gone to a tavern in Covent Garden, and roared out Lord Lansdowne's drinking song over a bowl of bishop; had taken a boat with them and rowed to Billingsgate; and (according to Boswell) had resolved, with Beauclerc, "to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day," when Langton pleaded an engagement to breakfast with some young ladies, and was scolded by Johnson for leaving social friends to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls. "And as for Garrick, sir," said the sage, when his fright was reported to him, "he durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him!"² It was on hearing of similar proposed extravagances, soon after, that Beauclerc's mother angrily rebuked Johnson himself, and told him an old man should not put such things in young people's heads; but the frisking philosopher had as little respect for Lady Sydney's anger as for Gar-

¹ One night when Beauclerc and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining probably that some ruffians were coming to attack him. "When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good-humor agreed to their proposal: "What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you."—*Boswell*, i. 298.

² *Ib.* 299.

rick's decorous alarm. "She had no notion of a joke, sir," he said; "had come late into life, and had a mighty unpliable understanding!"¹

The taste for *un-idea'd girls* was not laughed out of Langton, nevertheless; and to none did his gentle domesticities become dearer than to Johnson. He left Oxford with a first-rate knowledge of Greek, and, what then was of rarer growth at Oxford, with untiring and all-embracing tolerance. His manners endeared him to men from whom he differed most; he listened even better than he talked; and there is no figure at this memorable club more pleasing, none that takes kinder or vivider shape in the fancy, than Bennet Langton's. He was six feet six inches high, very meagre, stooped very much, pulled out an oblong gold snuff-box whenever he began to talk, and had a habit of sitting with one leg twisted round the other and his hands locked together on his knee, as if fearing to occupy more space than was equitable.² Beauclerc said he was like the stork standing on one leg in Raphael's cartoon;³ but

¹ *Boswell*, v. 24.

² *Miss Hawkins's Memoirs*, ii. 289.

³ Mr. Best (*Personal and Literary Memorials*, 62) gives another authority for this saying. "In early youth I knew Bennet Langton . . . he was a very tall, meagre, long-visaged man, much resembling, according to Richard Paget, a stork standing on one leg near the shore, in Raphael's cartoon of the miraculous draught of fishes. His manners were, in the highest degree, polished; his conversation mild, equable, and always pleasing. He had the uncommon faculty ('tis strange it should be an uncommon faculty) of being a good reader; and read Shakespeare with such animation, such just intonation and inflexion of the voice, that they who heard him declared themselves more delighted with his recitation than with an exhibition of the same dramatic piece on the stage." It may be worth mention that Langton succeeded Johnson as professor of ancient literature in the Royal Academy; and as I cannot always praise Miss Hawkins, I may as well add that her sketch of Langton is very agreeable. Not that even her *liking* for him, however, is free from uncomfortable touches; "for," she says, "we females of the family might get through much occupation of the after-breakfast description, drive out for two or three hours, return and dress, and my mother might turn in her mind the postponement of dinner, all within the compass of a morning visit from Bennet Langton. But I never saw my father weary of his conversation, or knew anybody complain of him as a visitor."—*Memoirs*, i. 233-234.

good-naturedly; for the still surviving affection of their college-days checked even Beauclerc's propensity to satire, and as freely still, as in those college-days, Johnson frisked and philosophized with his Lanky and his Beau. The man of fashion had changed as little as the easy, kindly scholar. Alternating, as in his Oxford career, pleasure and literature, the tavern and the court, books and the gaming-table,¹ he had but widened the scene of his wit and folly, his reasoning and merriment, his polished manners and well-bred contempt, his acuteness and maliciousness. Between the men of letters at the "Turk's Head," and the glittering loungers in St. James's Street, he was the solitary link of connection; and with George Selwyn at White's, or at Strawberry Hill with Walpole, was as much at home as with Johnson in Gerrard Street. It gave him an influence, a sort of secret charm, among those lettered companions, which Johnson himself very frankly confessed to. "Beauclerc could take more liberty with him," says Boswell, "than anybody with whom I ever saw him"; and when his friends were studying stately congratulations on his pension, and Beau simply hoped, with Falstaff, that he'd in future purge and live cleanly like a gentleman, he laughed at the advice and took it.² Such, indeed, was the effect upon him of that kind of

¹ He wasted a fortune in pleasure and at the gaming-table, yet at his death his library was sold by auction for upwards of £6000. With it was sold, let me add, a portrait of Johnson, which now became Langton's property, and on the frame of which had been inscribed by Beauclerc, "Ingenium ingens in culto latet hoc sub corpore"; which inscription Langton caused to be defaced. "It was kind in you to take it off," said Johnson to him, complacently; and then, after a short pause, with a manly kindness and delicacy of feeling, he added, "and not unkind in him to put it on." He was much affected by Beauclerc's direction in his will that he should be buried by the side of his mother.—*Boswell*, vii. 310-311.

² *Boswell*, i. 298. Johnson was some time with Beauclerc at his house at Windsor, where he was entertained with experiments in natural philosophy. One Sunday, when the weather was very fine, Beauclerc enticed him, insensibly, to saunter about all the morning. They went into a churchyard, in the time of divine service, and Johnson laid himself down at his ease upon one of the tombstones. "Now, sir," said Beauclerc, "you are like Hogarth's Idle Apprentice."

accomplishment, in which he felt himself deficient, that he more than once instanced Beauclerc's talents as those which he was more disposed to envy than those of any whom he had known.¹ "Sir," he said to Boswell, "everything comes from him so easily. It appears to me that I labor when I say a good thing."²

This peculiarity in Beauclerc's conversation seems undoubtedly, and half unconsciously, to have impressed every one. Boswell tries to describe it by assigning to it "that *air of the world* which has I know not what impressive effect, as if there were something more than is expressed, or than, perhaps, we could perfectly understand." Arthur Murphy calls it a humor which pleased the more for seeming undesigned.³ It might more briefly have been defined, I imagine, as the feeling of a superiority to his subject. No man was ever so free, Johnson said very happily, when he was going to say a good thing, from a look which expressed that it was coming; or, when he had said it, from a look that expressed that it had come.⁴ This was a sense of the same superiority; and it gave Beauclerc a predominance of a certain sort over his company, little like-

¹ *Boswell*, vii. 321.

² *Ib.* iv. 76. "You are loud, sir," interposed Boswell, "but it is not an effort of mind."

³ *Essay*, 28. *Boswell*, vii. 265. "As Johnson and I," Boswell adds, "accompanied Sir Joshua Reynolds in his coach, Johnson said, 'There is in Beauclerc a predominance over his company that one does not like. But he is a man who has lived so much in the world that he has a short story on every occasion; he is always ready to talk, and is never exhausted.'"

⁴ *Boswell*, vii. 321. Mrs. Piozzi, describing (*Anecdotes*, 184) Johnson's frequently expressed dislike of what he called "effort" in conversation, adds that his encomiums on Beauclerc's manner always ended in the special phrase that "it was without effort." I could give many examples of this exquisite ease of Beauclerc's talk, but one perhaps will be enough. During one of the frequent disputes when the Whigs, the "cursed Whigs," "the bottomless Whigs," as Johnson called them, had become predominant in the club, and when, in the course of repelling a bitter attack on Fox and Burke, Beauclerc had fallen foul of George Steevens, Boswell interposed: "'The gentleman, Mr. Beauclerc, against whom you are so violent, is, I know, a man of good principles.' BEAUCLERC: 'Then he does not wear them out in practice.'"⁵—*Boswell*, vii. 123.

ly to be always pleasant, and least so when it pointed shafts of sarcasm against his friends. Fond of him as he was, even Johnson sometimes lost his patience and tolerance, though he only made matters worse by pushing rudely at his friend. "Sir," he said to him after one of his malicious sallies, "you never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention."¹ The habit was doubtless an evil one, and few suffered from it so much as Goldsmith.

His position in the club will be better understood from this sketch of its leading members. He found himself, of course, at a great disadvantage. The leading traits of character which this narrative has exhibited here for the most part told against him. If, on entering it, his rank and claims in letters had been better ascertained, more allowance would have then been made, not alone by the Hawkinses, but by the Beauclercs and Burkes, for awkwardness of manners and ungainliness of aspect, for that ready credulity which is said to be the only disadvantage of an honest man, for a simplicity of nature that should have disarmed instead of inviting ridicule, and for the too sensitive spirit which small annoyances overthrew. They who have no other means of acquiring respect than by insisting on it will commonly succeed; but Goldsmith had too many of those other means unrecognized, and was too constantly contending for them, to have energy to spare for the simpler method. If he could only have arrived, where Steele was brought by the witty yet gentle ridicule of Dick Eastcourt, at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to him but what argued a depravity of his will, then might anything Beauclerc or Hawkins could have said, of his shape, his air, his manner, his speech, or his address, have

¹ Lord Charlemont, who loved him thoroughly, has not omitted to observe this. "He was eccentric, often querulous, entertaining a contempt for the generality of the world, which the politeness of his manners could not always conceal; but to those whom he liked most generous and friendly." —Hardy's *Life*, i. 344. And see *Boswell*, vii. 258-260.

but led to a manly enforcement of more real claims.¹ But there was nothing in this respect so trifling that he did not think a diminution to him, exacting effort and failure anew. It was now, more than ever, he called William Filby to his aid, and appeared in tailor's finery which made plainer the defects it was meant to hide. It was now he resented non-acceptance of himself by affecting careless judgments of others. It was now that his very avarice of social pleasure made him fretful of the restraints of Gerrard Street; and all he had suffered or enjoyed of old, in the college class-room, at the inn of Ballymahon, among the Axe Lane beggars, or in the garret of Griffiths, reacted on his cordial but fitful nature—never seriously to spoil, but very often to obscure it. Too little self-confidence begets the forms of vanity, and self-love will exaggerate

¹ The reader who is not already familiar with this wise and exquisite paper will thank me for referring him to it in the 468th number of the *Spectator*. How exquisite are the subjoined passages in thought as well as style! “It is an Insolence natural to the Wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the Character of a Man to his Circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good Qualities of those below them, and say, It is very extraordinary in such a Man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the Value of him whose Lowness upbraids their Exaltation. It is to this Humor only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick Wit in Conversation, a nice Judgment upon any Emergency that could arise, and a most blameless, inoffensive Behavior, could not raise this Man above being received only upon the Foot of contributing to Mirth and Diversion. . . . It is certainly as great an Instance of Self-love to a Weakness, to be impatient of being mimick'd, as any can be imagined. There were none but the Vain, the Formal, the Proud, or those who were incapable of amending their Faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest Degree pleasing; and I do not know any Satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an Impatience of my seeing myself in the Air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite Talent this way, more than any Philosophy I could read on the Subject, that my Person is very little of my Care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my Shape, my Air, my Manner, my Speech, or my Address. It is to poor *Eastcourt* I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the Happiness of thinking nothing a Diminution to me, but what argues a Depravity of my Will.” This pleasant person appears from time to time in the Journal to Stella. “Dined with Congreve and Eastcourt and laughed till six,” says Swift.—*Works*, ii. 63, 182, etc.

faults as well as virtues. If Goldsmith had been more thoroughly assured of his own fine genius, the slow social recognition of it would have made him less uneasy; but he was thrust suddenly into this society, with little beyond a vague sense of other claims than it was disposed to concede to him, however little it might sympathize with the special contempts of Hawkins; and what argued a doubt in others seems to have become one to himself, which he took as doubtful means of reinforcing. If they could talk, why so could he; but unhappily he did not talk, as in festive evenings at Islington or the White Conduit, to please himself, but to force others to be pleased. Tom Davies was no very acute observer; yet even he has noted of him that, so far from desiring to appear to the best advantage, he took more pains to be esteemed worse than he was, than others do to appear better than they are:¹ which was but saying, awkwardly enough, that he failed to make himself understood. How time will modify all this; how far the acquisition of his fame, and its effects upon himself, will strengthen, with respect, the love which even they who most laughed at already bore him; and in how much this laughing *habit* will nevertheless still beset his friends, surviving its excuses and occasion—the course of this narrative must show. That his future would more than redeem his past, Johnson was the first to maintain; for his own experience of hardship had helped his affection to discern it, and he was never, at any period of their intercourse, so forbearing as at this. Goldsmith's position in these days should nevertheless be well understood if we would read aright the ampler chronicle which later years obtained.

He who was to be the chronicler had arrived again in London. "Look, my lord!" exclaimed Tom Davies, with the voice and attitude of Horatio, addressing a young gentleman who was sitting at tea with himself and Mrs. Davies in their little back-parlor, on the evening of Monday, the 16th of May, and pointing to an uncouth figure advancing

¹ *Life of Garrick*, ii. 168.

towards the glass door by which the parlor opened to the shop, "*It comes!*" The hope of the young gentleman's life was at last arrived. "Don't tell where I come from," he whispered, as Johnson entered with Arthur Murphy.¹ "This is Mr. Boswell, sir," said Davies, adding, waggishly, "from Scotland, sir!" "Mr. Johnson," said poor Boswell, in a flutter (for the town was now ringing with *Number Forty-five*, Bute had just retired before the anti-Scottish storm, and Johnson's antipathies were notorious), "I do, indeed, come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." "That, sir, I find," said the remorseless wit, "is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help. Now," he added, turning to Davies as he sat down, regardless of the stunned young gentleman, "what do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order to the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Boswell roused himself at this, for what he thought would be a flattering thing to say. He knew that Garrick had, but a few years before, assisted this very Miss Williams by a free benefit at his theatre; but he did not yet know how little Johnson meant by such a sally, or that he claimed to himself a kind of exclusive property in Garrick, for abuse as well as praise. "O, sir," he exclaimed, "I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to *you*." "Sir!" rejoined the other, with a look and tone that shut up his luckless admirer for the rest of the evening, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."² A characteristic commencement of a friendship very interesting to all men. The self-complacent young Scot could hardly have opened it better than by showing how much his coolness and self-complacency could bear. He rallied from the shock; and, though he did not open his mouth again, very widely opened his ears, and showed eagerness and admiration unabated.

¹ Arthur has also described the scene; but with small difference from Boswell, and certainly not better.—*Essay on Johnson*, 58.

² *Boswell*, ii. 163-165.

"Don't be uneasy," said Davies, following him to the door as he went away; "I can see he likes you very well."¹ So emboldened, the "giant's den" itself was daringly invaded after a few days; and the giant, among other unusual ways of showing his benevolence, took to praising Garrick this time. After that the fat little pompous figure, now eager to make itself the giant's shadow, might be seen commonly on the wait for him at his various haunts: in ordinaries at the social dinner-hour, or by Temple Bar in the jovial midnight watches (Johnson's present habit, as he tells us himself, was to leave his chambers at four in the afternoon, and seldom to return till two in the morning) to tempt him to the "Mitre." They supped at that tavern for the first time on the 25th of June; but Boswell, who tells us what passed, has failed to tell us at what particular dish it was of their "good supper," or at what glass of the "two bottles" of port they disposed of, that Johnson suddenly roared across the table, "Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you." They talked of Goldsmith. He was a somewhat uneasy subject to Boswell, who could not comprehend how he had managed to become so great a favorite with so great a man. For he had published absolutely nothing with his name (Boswell himself had just published *Newmarket, a Tale*); he was a man that as yet you never heard of but as "one Dr. Goldsmith"; and all who knew him seemed to know that he had passed a very loose, odd, scrambling kind of life. "Sir," said Johnson, "Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He *has* been loose in his principles, but he is coming right."²

A first supper so successful would, of course, be soon repeated, but few could have guessed how often. They supped again at the "Mitre" on the 1st of July; they were together in Inner Temple Lane on the 5th; they supped a third time at the "Mitre" on the 6th; they met once more on the 9th; the "Mitre" again received them on the 14th;³ on

¹ *Boswell*, ii. 168.

² *Ib.* 184.

³ That supper on the 14th might be memorable if only for the immortal

the 19th they were talking again ; they supped at Boswell's chambers on the 20th ; they passed the 21st together, and supped at the "Turk's Head" in the Strand ; they were discussing the weather and other themes on the 26th ; they had another supper at the "Turk's Head" on the 28th, and were walking from it, arm in arm down the Strand, when Johnson gently put aside the enticing solicitations of wretchedness with "No, no, my girl ; it won't do";¹ they sculled down to Greenwich, read verses on the river, and closed the day once more with supper at the "Turk's Head," on the 30th ; on the 31st they again saw each other ; they took tea together, after a morning in Boswell's rooms, on the 2d of August ; on the 3d they had their last supper at the "Turk's Head" (Johnson encouraged the house because the mistress of it was a good, civil woman, and had not much business) before Boswell's reluctant departure for Utrecht, where the old judge-laird was sending him to study the law ; and so many of Johnson's sympathies had thus early been awakened by the untiring social enjoyment, the eagerness for talk, the unbounded reverence for himself, exhibited by Boswell, strengthened doubtless by his youth and idleness (of themselves enough to make any man acceptable to him), by his condition in life, by a sort of romance in the lairdship of Auchinleck, which he was one day to inherit, and not a little, it may be, by even his jabbering conceits and inexpressible absurdities, that on the 5th of August the sage took a place beside him in the Harwich coach, accompanied him to the port he was to sail from, and as they parted on the beach enjoined him to keep a journal, and himself promised to write to him. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?"

thing Johnson said when told of "an impudent fellow from Scotland" who maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. "Why, sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying ; and I see not what honor he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count the spoons."—*Boswell*, ii. 217.

¹ "He, however, did not treat her with harshness ; and we talked of the wretched life of such women."—*Boswell*, ii. 244.

asked some one, amazed at the sudden intimacy. "He is not a cur," answered Goldsmith; "you are too severe. He is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."¹

Boswell has retorted this respectful contempt; and in him it is excessively ludicrous. "It has been generally circulated and believed," he says, "that the Doctor was a mere fool in conversation; but in truth this has been greatly exaggerated." Goldsmith had supped with them at the "Mitre" on the 1st of July, and flung a paradox at both their heads. He maintained that knowledge was not desirable on its own account, for it often was a source of unhappiness.² He supped with them again at the "Mitre" five days later, as Boswell's guest, when Tom Davies and others were present; and again was paradoxical. He disputed very warmly with Johnson, it seems, against the sacred maxim of the British Constitution that the king can do no wrong, affirming his belief that what was morally false could not be politically true; and that as the king might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could *do* wrong; all which appeared to Boswell sensible or reasonable proof of nothing but the speaker's vanity and eager desire to be conspicuous wherever he was. Among the guests on this occasion was a Presbyterian doctor and small poet, who was unlucky enough to hit upon praise of Scotland for a subject. He began by modestly remarking that there was very rich land around Edinburgh, upon which, says Boswell, "Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took new grounds, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects." "I believe, sir," said Johnson upon this, "you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lap-

¹ *Prior*, i. 436.

² *Boswell*, ii. 194.

land is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England."¹ This unexpected and pointed sally produced what Boswell calls "a roar" of applause; and even at all this distance of time one seems to hear the hearty roar—Goldsmith contributing to it not the least; but much to his host's discomposure, to whom the very loudness of his laugh was nothing but the desire to make himself in all ways as prominent as might be. "As usual, he endeavored, with too much eagerness, to shine."² It is added, indeed, that his respectful attachment to Johnson was now at its height; but no better reason is given for it than that his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much "as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great master."³ In short, it is impossible not to perceive that, from the first hour of their acquaintance, Boswell is impatient of Goldsmith, who appears to him very much what the French call *un étourdi*, a giddy pate; Mr. Boswell, no doubt, feeling quite shocked by the contrast of such levity to his own steady gravity and good sense. Also, he is particular to inform us, he finds Goldsmith's person short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, and his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman; much of all this being, perhaps, explainable by one of the later passages in his famous book. "It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important."⁴ We have but to imagine Boswell suddenly discovering that Goldsmith might be treated with an easy familiarity, to be quite certain that the familiarity would be carried to an extent which in mere self-defence must have rendered necessary a resort to the consequential and important. And *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, hence the regrets and surprises. How such a man could be thought by

¹ *Boswell*, ii. 208, 209.

² *Ib.* ii. 206.

³ *Ib.* ii. 194.

⁴ *Ib.* iii. 301.

Johnson one of the first men of letters of the day was hard to be understood ; and harder yet to be borne, that such a man should be a privileged man. "Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night" (the first supper at the "Mitre") "strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoteric over an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity, *I go to Miss Williams.*"¹

To be allowed to go to Miss Williams was decisive of Johnson's favor. She was one of his pensioners,² blind and

¹ *Boswell*, ii. 199.

² Others will appear in the course of this narrative, nor can I ever think of Johnson without thinking of the wise, kind words with which Mrs. Thrale tells us he outraged all the laws of political economy in regard to the poor. "He loved the poor," she says, "as I never yet saw any one else do, with an earnest desire to make them happy. What signifies, says some one, giving halfpence to common beggars? they only lay it out in gin or tobacco. And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence? says Johnson; it is surely very savage to refuse them every possible avenue to pleasure reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure, if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths." After telling us this, the lively little lady adds that in consequence of these principles he nursed "whole nests" of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could secure them.—*Anecdotes*, 84-85. Mr. Maxwell tells us also, in his *collectanea*, "that he frequently gave all the silver in his pocket to the poor, who watched him between his house and the tavern where he dined."—*Boswell*, iii. 193. We learn too, from another authority, Mr. Harwood, that when visiting Lichfield, towards the latter part of his life, he was accustomed, on his arrival, to deposit with Miss Porter as much cash as would pay his expenses back to London. He could not trust himself with his own money, as he felt himself unable to resist the importunity of the numerous claimants on his benevolence.—*Ib.* ii. 146. Hawkins notes the same peculiarity. "He now practised a rule which he often recommended to his friends, always to go abroad with a quantity of loose money to give to beggars, imitating therein, though certainly without intending it, that good but weak man, old Mr. Whiston, whom I have seen distributing, in the streets of London, money to beggars on each hand of him, till his pocket was nearly exhausted."—*Life of Johnson*, 395. Good, but weak Whiston; good, but weak Johnson. Well, Hawkins at any rate is not weak on these points, and, whatever else he may have been, there can be no doubt he was perfectly unexceptionable as a poor-law guardian. "I shall never forget," says Miss Reynolds, "the

old ; was now living in a lodging in Bolt Court, provided by him till he should have a room in a house to offer her, as in former days ; was familiar with his earlier life and its privations, was always making and drinking tea,¹ knew inti-

impression I felt in Dr. Johnson's favor, the first time I was in his company, on his saying that as he returned to his lodgings, at one or two o'clock in the morning, he often saw poor children asleep on thresholds and stalls, and that he used to put pennies into their hands to buy them a breakfast."—Croker's *Boswell*, 834. "I have heard Gray say that Johnson would go out in London with his pockets full of silver, and give it all away in the streets before he returned home."—Nichols, in the *Works*, v. 33. Let me add that Burke, though no mean political economist, had the same habit, and justified it on similar grounds. But it is also to be remarked that society has during the last century contributed so much more largely towards proper provision for the poor that it would be difficult to justify the practice now so easily as Burke and Johnson did.

¹ "Mrs. Williams made it," says Boswell, "with sufficient dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, though her manner of satisfying herself that the cups were full enough appeared to me a little awkward ; for I fancied she put her finger down a certain way till she felt the tea touch it."—iii. 102. On the other hand, Percy, whose vicarage she visited in Johnson's company during the year following this, says, in a communication to Dr. Robert Anderson: "When she made tea for Johnson and his friends she conducted it with so much delicacy, by gently touching the outside of the cup, to feel, by the heat, the tea as it ascended within, that it was rather matter of admiration than of dislike." And see Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, 321–325, etc. : "I see her now," says Miss Hawkins, in one of the pleasantest passages of her *Memoirs*, i. 152, "a pale, shrunken old lady, dressed in scarlet, made in the handsome French fashion of the time, with a lace cap, with two stiffened projecting wings on the temples, and a black lace hood over it. . . . Her temper has been recorded as marked with the Welsh fire, and this might be excited by some of the meaner inmates of the upper floors" (of Dr. Johnson's house); "but her gentle kindness to me I never shall forget or think consistent with a bad temper." The bad temper seems, nevertheless, indisputable. "Age, and sickness, and pride," Johnson himself writes a few years later, "have made her so peevish that I was forced to bribe the maid to stay with her by a secret stipulation of half a crown a week over her wages."—*Boswell*, vi. 263. In another letter he writes to Mrs. Thrale: "Williams hates everybody. Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams. Desmoulins hates them both. Poll loves none of them."—*Piozzi Letters* (1788), ii. 88; and see 28–29. See also ii. 66, 80, 171, 175–176, 311, etc. Poll was a Miss Carmichael, who, with Mrs. Desmoulins and her daughter, Miss Williams, and Mr. Levett, formed what Miss Hawkins calls the "inmates of the upper floors," and Mrs. Thrale the "whole nests" of peo-

mately all his ways, and talked well; and he never went home at night, however late, supperless or after supper, without calling to have tea with Miss Williams. "Why *do* you keep that old blind woman in your house?" asked Beauclerc. "Why, sir," answered Johnson, "she was a friend to my poor wife, and was in the house with her when she died. She has remained in it ever since, sir."

Beauclerc's friendships with women were not of the kind to help his appreciation of such gallantry as this; though he seems to have known none so distinguished, in even the circles of fashion, that he did not take a pride in showing them his rusty-coated philosopher-friend. The then reader of the Temple, Mr. Maxwell, has described the levees at Inner Temple Lane. He seldom called at twelve o'clock in the day, he says, without finding Johnson in bed, or declaiming over his tea to a party of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters, among whom Goldsmith, Murphy, Hawkesworth (an old friend and fellow-worker under Cave), and Langton, are named as least often absent. Sometimes learned ladies were there, too; and particularly did he remember a French lady of wit and fashion doing him the honor of a visit. It was in the summer of this year; and the lady was no other than the famous Countess de Boufflers, acknowledged leader of French society, mistress of the Prince of Conti, aspiring to be his wife, and of course, in the then universal fashion of the savants, philosophers, and beaux-esprits of Paris, an *Anglomane*. She had even written a tragedy in English prose, on a subject from the *Spectator*; and was now on a

ple, who were indebted for their only home to the charity of Johnson. "He used to lament pathetically to me," adds the little lady, in one of the most delightful of her *Anecdotes* (213), "that they made his life miserable from the impossibility he found of making theirs happy. . . . If, however, I ventured to blame their ingratitude and condemn their conduct, he would instantly set about softening the one and justifying the other; and finished commonly by telling me that I knew not how to make allowances for situations I never experienced." Such was his humanity, and such his generosity, exclaims Boswell, "that Mrs. Desmoulins herself told me he allowed her half a guinea a week. Let it be remembered that this was above a twelfth part of his pension."—*Life*, vii. 50.

round of visitings, reading her tragedy, breakfasting with Walpole, dining with the Duke of Grafton, supping at Beauclerc's, out of patience with everybody's ridiculous abuse of everybody that meddled in politics, and out of breath with her own social exertions. "Dans ce pays-ci," she exclaimed, "c'est un effort perpétuel pour se divertir"; and, exhausted with it herself, she did not seem to think that any one else succeeded any better. It was a few days after Horace Walpole's great breakfast at Strawberry Hill, where he describes her with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling and scarce able to support her knitting-bag, that Beauclerc took her to see Johnson. They sat and talked with him some time; and were retracing their way up Inner Temple Lane to the carriage, when all at once they heard a voice like thunder, and became conscious of Johnson hurrying after them. On nothing priding himself more than on his politeness, he had taken it into his head, after a little reflection, that he ought to have done the honors of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality; and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was now hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook them before they reached the Temple Gate, and, brushing in between Beauclerc and the Countess, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach.¹ His dress was a rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. "A considerable crowd of people gathered round," says Beauclerc, "and were not a little struck by this singular

¹ *Boswell*, vi. 25-26. "When our visit was ended," says Hannah More, describing herself and her sister calling on Johnson in the year of Goldsmith's death, "he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach."—*Memoirs*, i. 49. And Miss Reynolds expressly tells us (*Croker*, 832) that he never suffered any lady to walk from his house to her carriage, through Bolt Court, unattended by himself to hand her into it; and if any obstacle prevented it from driving off, "there he would stand by the door of it, and gather a mob around him; indeed, they would begin to gather the moment he appeared handing the lady down the steps into Fleet Street."

appearance." The hero of the incident would be the last person to be moved by it. The more the state of his toilet dawnd upon him, the less likely would he be to notice it. There was no more remarkable trait in Johnson, and certainly none in which he more contrasted with the subject of this narrative, than that, as Miss Reynolds was always surprised to remark, no circumstances external to himself ever prompted him to make the least apology for them or to seem even sensible of their existence.

It was not many months after this that he went to see Goldsmith at a new lodging in the locality which not Johnson alone, but its association with a line of the greatest names of English literature, the Dorsets, Raleighs, Seldens, Clarendons, Beaumonts, Fords, Marstons, Wycherleys, and Congreves, has rendered illustrious. He had taken rooms on the then library staircase of the Temple. They were a humble set of chambers enough (one Jeffs, the butler of the society, shared them with him); and, on Johnson's prying and peering about in them, after his short-sighted fashion, flattening his face against every object he looked at, Goldsmith's uneasy sense of their deficiencies broke out. "I shall soon be in better chambers, sir, than these," he said. "Nay, sir," answered Johnson, "never mind that. *Nil te quasiveris extra.*" Invaluable advice! if Goldsmith, blotting out remembrance of his childhood and youth, and looking solely and steadily on the present and the future, could but have dared to act upon it.

CHAPTER IX

THE ARREST AND WHAT PRECEDED IT

1763-1764

OLIVER's removal from the apartments of Newbery's relative in Wine Office Court to his new lodging on the library staircase of the Temple took place in an early month of 1764, and seems to connect itself with circumstances at the close of 1763 which indicate a less cordial understanding between himself and Newbery. He had ceased writing for the *British Magazine*; was contemplating an extensive engagement with James Dodsley; and had attempted to open a connection with Tonson of the Strand. The engagement with Dodsley went as far as a formal signed agreement (for a *Chronological History of the Lives of Eminent Persons of Great Britain and Ireland*), in which the initials of medical bachelor are first assumed by him; and at the close of which another intimation of his growing importance appears, in the stipulation that "Oliver Goldsmith shall print his name to the said work." It was to be in two volumes, octavo, of the size and type of the *Universal History*; each volume was to contain thirty-five sheets; Goldsmith was to be paid at the rate of three guineas a sheet; and the whole was to be delivered in the space of two years at farthest. But nothing came of it. Dodsley had inserted a cautious proviso that he was not to be required to advance anything till the book should be completed; and hence, in all probability, the book was never begun.¹ The overture to Tonson had not even so

¹ As an example of such agreements, and the first formal evidence of
X-9

much success. It was a proposition from Goldsmith for a new edition of Pope, which Tonson was so little disposed to entertain that he did not condescend to write his refusal. He sent a printer with a message declining it, delivered with so much insolence that the messenger received a caning for his pains.

The desire to connect himself with Pope seems to point in the direction of those secret labors which are to prove such wonderment to Hawkins. He was busy at this time with his poem and his novel; and if there be any truth in what great fat Dr. Cheyne, of Bath, told Thomson, that as you put a bird's eyes out to make it sing the sweeter, you should keep poets poor to animate their genius, he was in excellent condition for such labor. But what alone seems certain as to that matter is, that be it light or dark, the song, if a true song, will make itself audible; and for

Goldsmith's growing importance with the booksellers, I subjoin this with Dodsley. The original is now in the British Museum, Mr. Rogers having lately placed it with the more interesting agreements, also his gift to the nation, of Milton for *Paradise Lost* and Dryden for the *Fables*. "It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., on one hand, and James Dodsley on the other, that Oliver Goldsmith shall write for James Dodsley a book called a Chronological History of the Lives of Eminent Persons of Great Britain and Ireland, or to that effect, consisting of about two volumes 8vo, about the same size and letter with the Universal History published in 8vo; for the writing of which and compiling the same, James Dodsley shall pay Oliver Goldsmith three guineas for each printed sheet, so that the whole shall be delivered complete in the space of two years at farthest; James Dodsley, however, shall print the above work in whatever manner or size he shall think fit, only the Universal History above mentioned shall be the standard by which Oliver Goldsmith shall expect to be paid. Oliver Goldsmith shall be paid one moiety upon delivery of the whole work complete, and the other moiety, one half of it at the conclusion of six months, and the other half at the expiration of the twelve months next after the publication of the work, James Dodsley giving, however, upon the delivery of the whole copy, two notes for the money left unpaid. Each volume of the above intended work shall not contain more than five-and-thirty sheets, and if they should contain more, the surplus shall not be paid for by James Dodsley. Oliver Goldsmith shall print his name to the said work.

" March 31st, 1763."

" OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
" JAMES DODSLEY.

the rest, one is better pleased to think that Goldsmith's philosophy was opposed to fat Dr. Cheyne's, and that he preferred to believe, with Thomson, both the birds and the poets happier in the light, and singing sweetest amid luxuriant woods with the full spring blooming around them. He has expressed this in a passage of his *Animated Nature* so charming, yet so little known, that I shall be thanked for here subjoining it. "The music of every bird in captivity produces no very pleasing sensations: it is but the mirth of a little animal insensible of its unfortunate situation. It is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest upon the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering of its young, that gives the bird's song its true relish. These united, improve each other, and raise the mind to a state of the highest, yet most harmless exultation. Nothing can in this situation of mind be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling on the wing; raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest; the spot where all its affections are centred, the spot that has prompted all this joy."¹ These sentences, exquisite in feeling, emulate in expression the music they describe.

There is a note among Newbery's papers with the date of the 17th of December, 1763, which states Goldsmith to have received twenty-five guineas from the publisher, for which

¹ *Animated Nature*, iv. 261-262. In the same chapter Goldsmith incidentally contributes his experience to what Charles Fox, Coleridge, and other famous men have since written on the song of the nightingale. "For weeks together, if undisturbed, they sit upon the same tree; and Shakespeare rightly describes the nightingale sitting nightly in the same place, which I have frequently observed she seldom departs from. . . . Her note is soft, various, and interrupted; she seldom holds it without a pause above the time that one can count twenty. The nightingale's pausing song would be the proper epithet for this bird's music with us, which is more pleasing than the warbling of any other bird, because it is heard at a time when all the rest are silent."—iv. 256-257.

he promises to account.¹ At this time, too, he disappears from his usual haunts, and is supposed to have been in concealment somewhere. Certainly he was in distress, and on a less secure footing with Newbery than at the commencement of the year.

My narrative had been thus far printed in my first edition when this statement received corroboration from discovery of a brief note of Goldsmith's. It would seem that between the date of his leaving Wine Office Court in "an early month of 1764" and his return to Islington at "the beginning of April" in that year,² he had occupied, while his attic in the library staircase of the Temple was preparing, a temporary lodging in Gray's Inn; and that the engagement with Dodsley which I have described as opened at this time had actually proceeded as far as the preparation of copy and the claim for advance of money. This, as well as the sharp poverty he was suffering, appears from the note in question, which is addressed to the bookseller. "Sir," it runs, being dated from Gray's Inn, and directed "to Mr. James Dodsley in Pall Mall," on the 10th of March, 1764, "I shall take it as a favor if you can let me have ten guineas per bearer, for which I promise to account. I am, sir, your humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH. P.S.—I shall call to see you on Wednesday next with copy, etc." Whether the money was advanced or the copy supplied does not appear.

Yet it was at this time of his own dire necessities we find him also busied with others' distresses, and helping to relieve them. Among his papers at his death was found the copy of an appeal to the public for poor Kit Smart,³

¹ "Received from Mr. Newbery twenty-five guineas. For which I promise to account. OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Decemb. 17th, 1763."

² See *ante*, 129; and *post*, 135.

³ Percy calls it (letter to Malone, October 17, 1786) "a paper which he wrote to set about a subscription for poor Smart, the mad poet." For a very whimsical account of Smart's vagaries while yet a resident fellow of Pembroke in Cambridge, written in Gray's quaint, thoughtful way, see *Works*, iii. 42. He describes him amusing himself with a comedy of his own writing, which, "he says, is inimitable, true sterling wit, and humor

who had married Newbery's step-daughter ten years before, and had since, with his eccentricities and imprudences, wearied out all his friends but Goldsmith and Johnson. Very recently, as a last resource, he had been taken to a madhouse; and it was under this restraint, while pens and ink were denied to him, that he indented on the walls of his cell, with a key, his *Song to David*.¹ His friends accounted for the excellence of the composition by asserting that he was most religious when most mad; but Goldsmith and Johnson were nevertheless now exerting themselves for his release. "Sir," said the latter to Boswell at one of their recent interviews, "my poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind by falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray that their understanding is not called in question." "I did not think," he remarked to Burney, "he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and, sir, I have no passion for it."²

by God; and he can't hear the Prologue without being ready to die with laughter. He acts five parts himself, and is only sorry he can't do all the rest. . . . All this, you see, must come to a Jayl, or Bedlam, and that without any help, almost without pity." See also *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, 169-175; and *Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes*, 200.

¹ Boswell did great wrong to Smart by making him the hero of the ever-famous comparison with Derrick.—*Life*, viii. 182-183. It was of Boyce and Derrick that Johnson was asked at Lord Shelburne's which he thought the best poet. "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea!" The question was put by Morgann (who wrote the admirable *Essay on Falstaff*), expressly to provoke Johnson out of an argument he had taken up, "from the spirit of contradiction," to prove the merits of Derrick as a writer. See *European Magazine*, xxx. 180 (September, 1796).

² *Life*, ii. 170-171. Johnson said another whimsical thing to Burney, when, having observed that poor Kit was getting fat in the madhouse, the latter suggested want of exercise as the probable cause: "No, sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden.

Their exertions were successful. Smart was again at large at the close of the year, and on the 3d of the following April (1764) a sacred composition named "Hannah," with his name as its author, and music by Mr. Worgan, was produced at the King's Theatre. The effort connects itself with a similar one by Goldsmith, made at the same time. He wrote the words of an oratorio in three acts, on the subject of the Captivity in Babylon. But it is easier to help a friend than oneself; and his own oratorio lay unrepresented in his desk. All he received for it was ten guineas, paid by Dodsley for his right to publish it, in which Newbery was to share;¹ and all of it that escaped to the public while he lived were two songs, in which his own sorrows and hope seemed as legibly written as those of the Israelitish women.

" To the last moment of his breath
 On Hope the wretch relies,
 And even the pang preceding death
 Bids Expectation rise.

" Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers our way,
 And still as darker grows the night
 Emits a brighter ray."²

The night was very dark round Goldsmith just now, yet the ray was shining steadily too. In few of the years of his life have we more decisive evidence of struggles and distress than in this of 1764; but in none did he accomplish so much for an enduring fame. It is a year very difficult to describe, however, with any accuracy of detail. We have little to guide us beyond the occasional memoranda of pub-

Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again."

¹ "Received from Mr. Dodsley ten guineas for an Oratorio which Mr. Newbery and he are to share. OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Oct. 31st, 1764."—Mr. Murray's Newbery MSS.

² See Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 24-25, and *post*, book iv. chap. xiii. The verses above quoted are from the original manuscript of the oratorio. The song as appended to the *Haunch of Venison*, etc. (1776) will be found in *Miscellaneous Works*, iv. 120-121.

lishers and the accounts of Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming. To the Islington lodging he returned at the beginning of April (having paid rent for the retention of "the room," meanwhile, at the rate of about three shillings a week); and his expenses to the end of June are contained in his landlady's bill. They seem to argue fewer enjoyments, and less credit with Mrs. Fleming. No dinners or teas are thrown into the bargain. The sixpence for "sassafras" (a humble decoction which the poet does not seem to have despised, now dealt in by apothecaries chiefly) is always carefully charged. The loans are only four, and of moderate amount: a shilling to "pay the laundress," and tenpence, one and twopence, and sixpence "in cash." There are none of the old entries for port wine. Twopence, twice, for a pint of ale, and twopence for "opopanax," express his very humble "extras." But as these curious documents are now before me, and have never been very correctly or at all completely printed, it will be well to subjoin a literal transcript of the two principal accounts, for 1763 and 1764, from the original manuscript in Mr. Murray's possession. They certainly throw curious light upon the domestic economics of poor Goldsmith, whose fate it has been after death, even as it was during life, to be pursued by unsettled accounts scored up against him by tailors and laundresses.

"1763. Doct ^r Goldsmith ¹		Dr. to Eliz. Fleming.
Aug. 22.	A Pint of Mountain	£0 1 0
	A Gentleman's Dinner	0 0 0
24.	A bottle of Port	0 2 0
	4 Gentlemen Tea	0 1 6
25.	Doct ^r Reman Dinner and Tea	0 0 0
Sept. 5.	Doct ^r Reman Dinner	0 0 0
7.	Sassafras	0 0 6
11.	Doct ^r Reman Dinner	0 0 0
29.	A bottle Port	0 2 0
	Mr. Baggott Dinner	0 0 0
Oct. 8.	Sassafras	0 0 3
10.	Mr. Baggott Tea	0 0 0
	Carried forward	£0 7 3

¹ Endorsed by Newbery "Dr. G.'s acc^t, etc., settled. 1763."

		Brought forward	£	0	7	3
Oct.	14. Paper		0	1	0	
	24. Sasafras		0	0	3	
	25. Paid the Newes Man		0	16	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	30. Wine and Cakes		0	1	6	
	31. To the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell		0	2	6	
	Mr. Baggott Dinner		0	0	0	
	Sasafras		0	0	6	
Nov.	5. Sasafras		0	0	6	
	10 sheets of paper		0	0	5	
	8. Penns		0	0	2 $\frac{1}{4}$	
	Paper		0	1	0	
	Sasafras		0	0	6	
	To 3 Months' Board		12	10	0	
	To Shoes cleaning		0	2	6	
	To washing		0	18	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	
			£	15	3	0 $\frac{1}{2}$

"Rec^d, Dec. 9, 1763, by the hands of
"Mr. Newbery, the Contents in full.

"ELIZ. FLEMING."

"1763. Doctr. Goldsmith Dr. to Washing.

Aug.	14. 8 Shirts 2 plain	0	2	6	
	6 Neckcloths 1 Cap	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	4 pr Silk Stockings	0	0	8	
	2 pr worsted Do	0	0	2	
30.	7 Shirts 1 plain	0	2	3	
	5 Neckcloths 1 Cap	0	0	3	
	2 pr Silk Stockings 1 pr worsted	0	0	5	
Sept	14. 6 Shirts 1 plain	0	1	11	
	5 Neckcloths 1 Cap	0	0	3	
	3 pr Silk Stockings 1 pr worsted	0	0	7	
27.	7 Shirts 1 plain	0	2	3	
	4 pr Silk Stockings 1 pr worsted	0	0	9	
	6 Neckcloths 1 Cap	0	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Oct.	3. 1 Shirt	0	0	4	
	4 pr Silk Stockings 2 pr worsted	0	0	10	
	4 Neckcloths 1 Cap	0	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	
24.	8 Shirts 2 plain	0	2	6	
	5 Neckcloths 1 Cap	0	0	3	
	3 pr Silk Stockings 1 pr worsted	0	0	7	
Nov.	8. 2 Shirts 1 plain	0	0	7	
	2 Neckcloths 1 pr Stockings	0	0	2	
		£	0	18	0 $\frac{1}{2}$

"1764. Doct^r. Goldsmith Dr. to Eliz. Fleming.

To the Rent of the Room from Dec. 25 to March 29	£1. 17	6
April 2. A Post Letter	0	0
3. The Stage Coach to London	0	0
7. Lent to pay the Laundress	0	1
11. A Post Letter	0	0
15. A Parcell by the Coach	0	0
18. A Post Letter	0	0
19. Sasafras	0	0
25. Sasafras	0	0
May 2. Sasafras	0	0
3. A Post Letter	0	0
7. A Post Letter	0	0
Sasafras	0	0
Gave the boy for carrying the Parcell to Pall Mall	0	0
12. Sasafras	0	0
16. A Post Letter	0	0
17. Pens and Paper	0	1
21. Sasafras	0	0
23. A Post Letter	0	0
24. Lent in Cash	0	0
A Pint of Ale	0	0
25. Paper	0	1
Sasafras	0	0
Opodildock	0	0
June 8. A letter to the Post	0	0
9. Lent in Cash	0	1
Sasafras	0	0
21. Lent in Cash	0	0
27. A Post Letter	0	0
28. A Post Letter	0	0
30. Sasafras	0	0
To cleaning shoes	0	2

Washing and Mending.

April 17. 3 Shirts, 3 Neckcloths, 4 pr ^r stockings	0	1	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 3. 2 Shirts, 2 Neckcloths, 1 Cap	0	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
12. 4 Shirts, 4 Neckcloths, 3 pr ^r Stockings	0	1	9
To mending 3 pr ^r Stockings	0	0	3
26. 3 Shirts, 3 Neckcloths, 1 pr ^r Stockings	0	1	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
June 8. 4 Shirts, 4 Neckcloths, 1 pr ^r Stockings, 1 Cap	0	1	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 Pr ^r Stockings, mending	0	0	1
22. 4 Shirts, 4 Neckcloths, 4 pr ^r Stockings	0	1	10
3 Pr ^r Stockings, mending	0	0	3
For Cloth and wristing a Shirt	0	0	6
To 3 months' Board, etc., from March 29 to June 29	12	10	0

15 12 9

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

The impression left by the second of these bills is borne out by Newbery's concurrent memoranda of money advanced, in sums ridiculously small, and for such work as the revision of short translations, and papers for the *Christian Magazine*.¹ What were not unusual in the previous year, as cash advances of one, two, and even four and five guineas, from the publisher, have now dwindled down to "shillings" and "half-crowns"; and the question has been raised whether Newbery, to satisfy outstanding claims, may not have engaged him for some part of the time in work for his juvenile library. The author of *Caleb Williams*, who had been a child's publisher himself, had always a strong persuasion that Goldsmith wrote *Goody Two Shoes* (Mr. Thackeray has claimed *Tom Hickathrift* for Fielding),² and if so, the effort belongs to the present year; for Mrs.

¹ For this, the *Life of Christ* and *Lives of the Fathers*, before referred to, appear to have been translated, Goldsmith receiving £21 for the task-work.

² Yet (such are the differences of taste) Mr. G. S. Carey, author of *Chronophotanthologos*, thus writes to Garrick three years after the present date: "I had rather they had laid the *History of Tom Hickathrift* to my charge than to say I was the author of the *Theatrical Monitor*; for, in my opinion, there was never published anything more puerile, invidious, and exceptionable."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 276. It may not be out of place to add that Johnson thought the *Tommy Prudent* and *Goody Two Shoes* class of children's books *too* childish. "Babies do not want," he said to Mrs. Thrale when he saw these books of Newbery's in her nursery, "to hear about babies. They like to be told of giants and castles, and of something which can stretch and stimulate their little minds."—Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 16. He would, therefore, have been more disposed to agree with Mr. Thackeray than with Mr. Carey on the merits of Tom Hickathrift, that redoubtable giant; and such, I must confess, is also my inclining. As to Goldsmith's work for the nursery, which since I made the remark in the text has been insisted on in various quarters (see *Notes and Queries*, 2d Series, xii. 41), it rests upon authority, I am obliged to say, quite unreliable. A friend suggests even as a strong argument for Goldsmith's authorship of *Goody Two Shoes* that a medicine is praised in it for which he is known to have had a predilection (the father of Goody dying of some fever, owing to his living unfortunately in a remote village "where the fame of Dr. James's excellent powders had not reached"); the truth being that Newbery was the proprietor of the powders, which were accordingly puffed in his books on all practicable occasions.

Margery, radiant with gold and gingerbread, and rich in pictures as extravagantly ill drawn as they are dear and well remembered, made her appearance at Christmas. Other aid was also sought to eke out that of Newbery; and a sum of thirteen guineas is acknowledged from Mr. Griffin (the publisher of the *Essays* in the following year), but without mention of the labors it rewarded.

That in all these memoranda the entire labors of the year cannot yet be accounted for it is hardly necessary to add. We are left to guess what other work was in progress for which advances were not available; and in this an anecdote told by Reynolds to a member of the Horneck family will offer some assistance. He went out to call upon Goldsmith, he says, not having seen him for some time; and no one answering at his door, he opened it without announcement, and walked in. His friend was at his desk, but with hand uplifted, and a look directed to another part of the room, where a little dog sat with difficulty on his haunches, looking imploringly at his teacher, whose rebuke for toppling over he had evidently just received. Reynolds advanced, and looked past Goldsmith's shoulder at the writing on his desk. It seemed to be some portions of a poem; and looking more closely, he was able to read a couplet which had been that instant written. The ink of the second line was wet.

“By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child.”¹

This visit of Reynolds is one of the few direct evidences

¹ *European Magazine*. Prior has also told it (ii. 33) on the relation of Mrs. Gwyn. The authority for the succeeding anecdote is an odd little book called *Axiomata Pacis*, from which I quote: “A venerable friend who lies buried in Horfield churchyard, once related to me an anecdote which seemed to bring me into contact for a moment with one of the sweetest minstrels that ever warbled his native woodnotes wild. The relater chanced to be at a London tavern one evening when a gentleman present drew a manuscript poem from his pocket, and requested permission to read it to the company. The company assented. My friend (happy listener!) was William Pether, the well-known mezzotinto engraver. The poem was the *Traveller*, and the reader was Oliver Goldsmith.”

which the year affords of his usual intercourse with his more distinguished friends; and there is a story, also of this time, told by a humble friend of Reynolds who engraved many of his works in mezzotint, of his having been present in a tavern when he heard Goldsmith read out portions of a manuscript poem that soon after appeared as the *Traveller*, which would show that the society of humbler listeners and admirers had as yet lost none of its charms for him. There is no reason to doubt, however, that he had been pretty constant in his attendance at the club during the past winter; he was a member of the Society of Arts, and had been often at their meetings, of which the only trace now left is the record of loans of money begged from Newbery there (in which, as I find from inspection of the originals, the prudent publisher was careful to note whenever the loan, though but of five shillings and threepence, was "without receipts");¹ and his miseries and necessities must have been great, indeed, that would have kept him long a stranger to the theatre.

The last season had been one of peculiar interest. The year 1763 had opened with evil omen to Garrick. For the first time since the memorable night at which I left him in my narrative of his triumph at Goodman's Fields, when, in the midst of unexampled enthusiasm, his eye fell upon a little deformed figure in a side box, was met by the approving glance of an eye as bright as his own, and in the admiration of Alexander Pope his heart swelled with the sense of fame;² Garrick, at the commencement of that year,

¹ Several of the entries in the memorandum subjoined are entered in pencil. "Lent Dr. Goldsmith for his instrument (*in pencil*) 10s. 6d. Dr. Goldsmith, Dr. Money lent at the Society of Arts (*in pencil*) £3 3s. Feb. 14, Lent Dr. Goldsmith (*in pencil*) £1 1s. March 5, Dr. Goldsmith, £15 15s. May 1, Lent Dr. Goldsmith, 10s. 6d. Ditto, 2s. 6d. July 14, Dr. Goldsmith, £29 8s. Aug. 15, Ditto, £4 4s. Sept. 1, Ditto, £5 5s. Nov. 17, Lent Dr. Goldsmith, 5s. 3d. July 7, 1764, Lent Dr. Goldsmith (*in pencil*), 2s. Lent before (*in pencil*), 2s. 6d. April 30, 1765, Lent Dr. Goldsmith at the Society (*in pencil*), £3 3s."—Mr. Murray's Newbery MSS.

² As I opened the part I saw our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side box near the stage, and viewing me with a serious and

felt his influence shaken and his ground insecure. On a question of prices, the Fribble whom Churchill has gibbeted in the *Rosciad* led a riotous opposition in his theatre, to which he was compelled to offer a modified submission; and not many weeks later, after appearing in a comedy by Mrs. Sheridan and giving it out to be his last appearance in any new play (the character was a solemn old coxcomb, and one of his happiest performances),¹ he announced his determination to go abroad for two years. The pretence was health; but the real cause (resentment of what he thought the public

earnest attention. His look shot and thrilled like lightning through my frame, and I had some hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety and from joy. As Richard gradually blazed forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring *hand* of Pope shadowed me with laurels."—Percival Stockdale's *Memoirs*, ii. 152–154. Such was Garrick's own account of the greatest triumph of the opening of his career; and, at the close of it, after an interval of six-and-thirty years of uninterrupted success, he told a friend with what emotion he had seen Charles Fox in one of the side boxes, as he rushed off the stage at the close of the second act of *Lear*, holding up his hands with animated gesture expressive of the wonder of his admiration. It is very pleasing, let me add, to discover repeated evidences, in this not very reverential age, of the deep respect, the feeling akin to awe, with which Pope was regarded towards the close of his life. Even Johnson has his personal pride connected with him, and often "told us with high satisfaction the anecdote of Pope's inquiring who was the author of his *London*, and saying he will be soon *déterré*."—*Boswell*, iii. 86. Reynolds too, like Johnson and Garrick, had *his* story to tell of the great little monarch, the supreme despot, of the age of literature just passed away. He was in a crowded auction-room on his first arrival in London, watching a sale of pictures for his master Hudson, when, as he stood near the auctioneer at the upper end of the room, he became aware of an extraordinary bustle among the crowd at the other extremity near the door, which he could only account for at the moment by supposing that some one had fainted from the effect of the heat. But he soon heard the name of Mr. Pope whispered from every mouth, and became conscious that the poet was just entering. Every person forming that crowd then drew back and divided to make way for him up the centre of the room, and all present, on either side of the passage which was formed, held out their hands that he might touch them as he passed. Reynolds occupied a modest position behind the front rank, but he put out his hand under the arm of the person who stood before him, and Pope took it as he did those of others in advancing. Reynolds, when his own fame was at its height, never forgot the exquisite pride of that moment. See *Northcote*, i. 19; and *Beechey*, i. 44–45.

¹ Sir Anthony Branville, in the *Discovery*.

indifference, and a resolve that they should feel his absence) is surmised in a note of Lord Bath's which lies before me, addressed to his nephew Colman, the *ad interim* manager of the theatre.

Garrick left London in the autumn ; and his first letter to Colman from Paris describes the honors which were showering upon him, the plays revived to please him, and the veteran actors recalled to act before him. He had supped with Marmontel and d'Alembert ; "the *Clairon*" was at the supper, and recited them a charming scene from "Athalie"; and he had himself given the dagger scene in "Macbeth," the curse in "Lear," and the falling asleep of Sir John Brute, with such extraordinary effect that "the most wonderful wonder of wonders" was nothing to it. Yet on the very day that letter was written (the 8th of October, 1763), a more wonderful wonder was enacting on the boards of his own theatre. A young bankers' clerk named Powell, to whom, on hearing him rehearse, he had given an engagement before he left London of three pounds a week for three years, appeared on that day in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," and took the audience by storm. Foote is described to have been the only unmoved spectator.¹ The rest of the audience were not content with clapping ; "they stood up and shouted," says Walpole ; and Foote's jeering went for nothing. Walpole describes the scene with what seems to be a satisfied secret persuasion (in which Goldsmith certainly shared) that Garrick had at last met a dangerous rival. He calls the new actor "what Mr. Pitt called my Lord Clive," a heaven-born hero ;² says the heads of the whole town are turned ; and describes all the boxes taken for a month. Powell's salary was at once raised to ten pounds a week, George Garrick consenting on the part of his brother ; and such was the anxiety of the town to see him in new characters, and the readiness of the management in giving way to it, that in this his first season, from October, 1763, to May, 1764, he appeared in seventeen different

¹ Davies's *Life of Garrick*, ii. 71.

² *Letters to Mann*, i. 167.

plays, to a profit on the receipts of nearly seven thousand pounds.¹ His most successful efforts indicate the attractive points of his style. In *Philaster* he appeared sixteen times, in *Posthumus* eleven, seven times in *Jaffier*, six in *Castalio*, and five in *Alexander*. Garrick himself had meanwhile written to him from Italy to warn him against such characters as the latter, and restrain him from attempting too much.² The advice was admirably written, and gratefully acknowledged; nor is there any reason to doubt its sincerity. Remoteness of place has in some respects the effect of distance of time; and the great actor, doubtless not sorry to be absent till the novelty should abate, was less likely to be jealous in Piedmont or the Savoy than in the green-room of Drury Lane. He knew himself yet unassailed in what he had always felt to be his main strength, his versatility and variety of power.³ Three men were now

¹ See Boaden's prefatory memoir to *Garrick Correspondence*, i. xlvi.

² "I am very angry with Powell," he writes to Colman, "for playing that detestable part of *Alexander*. Every genius must despise it, because that, and such fustian-like stuff, is the bane of true merit. If a man can act it well—I mean to please the people—he has something in him that a good actor should not have. He might have served Mrs. Pritchard, and himself too, in some good natural character. I hate your roarers." Rome, April 11, 1764.—*Memoirs of the Colmans*, i. 111-112. And see an excellent letter to Powell himself, written from Paris in December, 1764, *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 177-178.

³ The earliest of Garrick's critics was one of the most discriminating, and is entitled on other grounds to be listened to with respect, for he became a bishop, and, even after he had published his book on the *Prophecies*, continued to think Shakespeare and Garrick not unworthy of his regard. Newton lived with Lord Carpenter in Grosvenor Square, as tutor to his son, when the Goodman's Fields prodigy began to be talked about; took additional interest in him as a fellow-townsman of Lichfield; and not only used to travel every week that distance of six or seven miles to see the new actor, but, sending servants beforehand to keep places (necessary then) that nothing of eye or gesture might be lost, carried to Goodman's Fields with him all the great people he could induce to accompany him, and wrote excellent letters of encouragement and advice to the object of his admiration. I quote from one which is dated exactly six months from the day of Garrick's first appearance. After telling him that one of the masters of Westminster school who remembered Booth and Betterton was of opinion that in *Lear* he had far excelled the first and even equalled the

dividing his laurels; and till Powell could double Richard and Sir John Brute, till O'Brien could alternate Ranger with Macbeth, and till Weston could exhibit Lear by the side of Abel Drugger, Garrick had no call to be seriously alarmed.

Be that as it might, however, Powell's success was a great thing for the authors. He came to occupy for them, opportunely, a field which the other had avowedly abandoned; and Goldsmith, always earnest for the claims of writers, sympathized strongly in his success. Another incident of the theatrical season made hardly less noise. O'Brien's charms in Ranger and Lovemore proved too much for Lady Susan Fox-Strangways,¹ and she ran away with him.

last, "The thing," he continues, "that strikes me above all others, is that variety in your acting, and your being so totally a different man in Lear from what you are in Richard. There is a sameness in every other actor. Cibber is something of a coxcomb in everything; and Wolsey, and Syphax, and Iago, all smell strong of the essence of Lord Foppington. Booth was a philosopher in Cato, and was a philosopher in everything else. His passion in Hotspur and Lear was much of the same nature, whereas yours was an old man's passion, and an old man's voice and action; and in the four parts in which I have seen you—Richard, Chamont, Bayes, and Lear—I never saw four actors more different from one another than you are from yourself."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i. 7. This letter (written, be it remembered, when Garrick was only twenty-five) helps to explain what was meant by the celebrated prompter of Drury Lane, Waldron, a man of discernment and even taste in poetry, when he frankly made answer, on a question of comparison between his early master, Garrick, and a later ornament of the stage: "No man admires Mr. Kemble, sir, more than I do. He is a great man! a very great man! but Mr. Garrick, sir, bless my soul! it is quite a different sort of thing." Even Horace Walpole, in one of his most elaborate depreciations of Garrick (*Coll. Lett.* v. 11, 12), is unconsciously betrayed into an admission of his unrivalled variety and versatility when he summons back two of the Betterton race, lays under contribution the French stage, and has to pick and choose from among the living English actors, before he can establish the fact of his having had equals or superiors in the art. So when Johnson talked of the old actors during the tour to the Hebrides (*Boswell*, iv. 132): "You compare them with Garrick and see the deficiency. Garrick's great distinction is his universality."

¹ "A very pleasing girl, though not handsome. . . . Lord Ilchester doted on her."—*Letters to Mann*, i. 195. The branch of the Fox family to which Lady Susan belonged took the name of Strangways on her father's marriage with an heiress so called. "The king," writes her uncle, Lord Hol-

It cured Walpole for a time of his theatre-going. He had a few days before been protesting to Lord Hertford that he had the republican spirit of an old Roman, and that his name was thoroughly Horatius;¹ but a homely-looking earl's daughter running away with a handsome young player ran away with all his philosophy. He thought a footman would have been preferable,² and could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. On the other hand, Goldsmith speaks of O'Brien's elegance and accomplishments ("by nature formed to please," said Churchill), and seems to think them not unfairly matched.³ But

land, to Mr. Grenville, asking him for a place in the New York Customs to banish O'Brien to, "has shown so much compassion on this unhappy occasion that," etc.—*Grenville Correspondence*, ii. 447. "O'Brien and Lady Susan," says Walpole to Lord Hertford, "are to be transported to the Ohio and have a grant of 40,000 acres."—*Coll. Lett.* iv. 404. In Taylor's *Records* of his life (i. 177) it is said of O'Brien "that he was a fencing-master in Dublin, or the son of a fencing-master, but with manners so easy and so sprightly that he was admitted into the best company, and was a member of several of the most fashionable clubs at the west end of the town."

¹ *Coll. Lett.* iv. 336.

² *Coll. Lett.* iv. 405. Within a very few months his preference was gratified by another of his lady friends, Lord Rockingham's youngest sister, actually marrying her Irish footman, Mr. William Sturgeon.—*Coll. Lett.* iv. 400. ("A sensible, well-educated woman," says Gray, "twenty-seven years old indeed, and homely enough."—*Correspondence with Mason*, 335.) Yet, such are the strange inconsistencies of character, this same Horace Walpole could thus write to Mann eight years later: "We have an instance in our family of real dignity of mind, and I set it down as the most honorable alliance in the pedigree. The dowager Lady Walpole" (his aunt), "you know, was a French staymaker's daughter. When ambassador in France, the queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a Frenchwoman. 'Française!' replied the queen. 'Vous française, madame! et de quelle famille?' 'D'aucune, madame,' answered my aunt. Don't you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done? One must have a great soul to be of the *aucune* family; which is not necessary, to be a Howard."—*Lett. to Mann*. ii. 231. But then she had become a Walpole.

³ A clever little piece called "Cross Purposes," written by O'Brien, was played after his return from America; and he afterwards less successfully borrowed from the French a comedy called the "Duel." O'Brien lived to a very great age, and is remembered living "on his farm" in one of the midland counties during the first quarter of the present century; while his wife, Lady Susan, did not die till 1827, at the age of eighty-four. I am

much depends whether these things are viewed from a luxurious seat in the private boxes or from a hard bench in the upper gallery.

Poverty pressed heavily just now upon Goldsmith, as I have said. His old friend Grainger came over on leave from

happy to be able to quote a hitherto unpublished letter of his to George Garrick, which pleasantly exhibits the social nature of the man, the regret with which he entered the temporary exile to which the pride of his wife's grand relations had sentenced him, and the wondrous changes which a century has made in the scene of his exile. The letter was probably one of his first from New York, and its date shows with what a horrible haste ("O'Brien and his lady big with child," writes Gray to the master of Pembroke, October 29, 1764, "are embarked for America to cultivate their 40,000 acres of woodland") the fashionable folk had packed them off: "NEW YORK, Nov. 10th, 1764. DEAR GEORGE, Though I think you don't deserve it at my hands, yet I must write to you, and beg you will take the first opportunity to let me hear from you, how you do, and how everything goes on among you at old Drury, where I often wish myself, just to take a peep thro' the curtain and have a frisk in the green-room. . . . I suppose you long to have an account of our passage, and this place. As to the first, it was a very remarkable one for the time of year, they say, being only thirty-four days—but between you and I, the tempest we have been used to see on dry land before a crowded house, is far pleasanter than some we met with on the American coast. I assure you I thought it a serious affair, and began to say my short prayers. Lady Susan was vastly ill the whole way, but is now quite well again and sends you her compliments. New York is not equal to London, but we shall be very comfortable I make no doubt—every one here seems extremely disposed to make it as agreeable as possible to us. Everything appears just in the bud, a world in its infancy, which to folks used to the conveniences and luxuries of London is at the first rather awkward—time makes everything feel less so. Whenever I meet with anything worth your while accepting, you may be sure I won't forget you. In the mean time I beg you'll do me the favor to desire Mr. Woodfall will send me the *Public Advertisers* that I may see the progress of Politics and Plays at one view. He may send them regularly by the packets as they come; and if possible let me have them from the first day the house opened, and so on day by day; I'll have them all the while I continue in this country. . . . Hearing from England will be my greatest pleasure, therefore I hope you among the rest won't forget me. East, West, North, or South, I am ever, Dear George, Yours most sincerely, WM. O'BRIEN." After his return to England, O'Brien got the place of receiver-general of the county of Dorset, and you see him in the peerages as Wm. O'Brien, of Stinsford, Co. Dorset, Esq. (where he died in 1815). See note to *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 170. See also Taylor's *Records of his own Life*, i. 176, and *Selwyn Correspondence*, i. 273.

his West India station, to bring out his poem of the "Sugar Cane"; and found him in little better plight than in his garret days. "When I taxed little Goldsmith for not writing," he says to Percy, "as he promised me, his answer was, that he never wrote a letter in his life; and 'faith I believe him, unless to a bookseller for money.'¹ In the present year, it would seem, he had more experience than success in applications of that kind. Yet he was also himself in communication with Grainger's correspondent. Percy was still, as he had long been, busy with his *Reliques*; and in the collection and arrangement of that work, which more than any other in its age contributed to bring back to the study and appreciation of poetry a natural, healthy, and

¹ Letter to Percy, dated March 24, 1764, in Nichols's *Illustrations*, vii. 286. In the same letter he describes himself to have been robbed, "about three o'clock of the day we parted, about three miles on this [London] side of St. Albans. Luckily he did not ask for my watch, and went off by telling me he was sorry to be obliged to take our money. So civil are our highwaymen. In France or Spain our death would have preceded the robbery." Mrs. Thrale writes to Johnson (October, 1773): "Mr. M—— was robbed going home two nights ago, and had a comical conversation with the highwayman about behaving like a gentleman. He paid four guineas for it."—*Piozzi Letters*, i. 185. I may here take the opportunity of saying that in the fifty-first volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 39, there is given an "Epitaph in Jamaica. By Dr. Goldsmith. Not printed in his works"; and it is quite possible that this may in some way be connected with Grainger, whether as written by his request, or at the solicitation of some friend introduced by him to Goldsmith. The epitaph itself is worth subjoining as a well-balanced specimen of tombstone literature, richly merited if true. It is "On Zachary Bayly, Esq. He was a man, to whom the endowments of Nature rendered those of Art superfluous. He was wise, without the assistance of recorded Wisdom; and eloquent, beyond the precepts of scholastic Rhetoric. His study was of Men, and not of Books; and he drank of Knowledge, not from the Stream, but from the Source. To Genius, which might have been fortunate without Diligence, he added a Diligence, which, without Genius, might have commanded Fortune. He gathered riches with honor, and seemed to possess them only to be liberal. His private virtues were not less conspicuous than his public benevolence. He considered Individuals as Brethren, and his Country as a Parent. May his Talents be remembered with respect, his Virtues with emulation!" In a later number of the same magazine, I should add, the authorship is given to Hawkesworth, whom it is said that Goldsmith had assisted in it.

passionate tone, took frequent counsel with Goldsmith. To their intercourse respecting it we owe the charming ballad with the prettiest of opening lines, "Turn, gentle hermit of the dale"; and Percy admitted many obligations of knowledge and advice, in which no other man of letters in that day could so well have assisted him. The foremost of them, Johnson himself, was indifferent enough to the whole scheme; though at this time a visitor, with Miss Williams, in Percy's vicarage-house.

Little else than a round of visitings, indeed, does the present year seem to have been to Johnson; though the call for his *Shakespeare* (on which he had so long been engaged) was never so urgent as now.¹ He passed part of the spring with his friend Langton in Lincolnshire, where it was long remembered how suddenly, and to what amazement of the elders of the family, he had laid himself down on the edge of a steep hill behind the house, and rolled over and over to the bottom;² he had stayed the summer months and part of August with Percy, at Easton-Mauduit vicarage in Northamptonshire;³ and on his return to town had formed an acquaintance with the Thrales. Is it necessary to describe the tall, stately, well-informed, worthy brewer, and Tory member for Southwark; or his brisk, vivacious, half-learned, plump little wife? Is not their friendship known as the solace of Johnson's later life, and remembered whenever he is

¹ "Will Mr. Johnson's *Shakespeare* EVER appear?" had been Dr. Wilson's question to Derrick more than a year before, in a letter in my possession otherwise noticeable for a mention of the Gentleman in Black, whom, says the worthy Doctor, "I should like to have had the honor to know." To whom he was indebted for what he *did* know, he had as little suspicion as his fellow Doctor in Divinity, Wilder himself.

² "Poor, dear Dr. Johnson," said Langton to Mr. Best, some years after Johnson's death, "when he came to this spot, turned back to look down the hill, and said he was determined 'to take a roll down.' When we understood what he meant to do, we endeavored to dissuade him; but he was resolute, saying 'he had not had a roll for a long time'; and taking out of his lesser pockets whatever might be in them—keys, pencil, purse, or penknife, and laying himself parallel with the edge of the hill, he actually descended, turning himself over and over, till he came to the bottom."

—Best's *Memorials*, 65.

³ *Boswell*, ii. 269 and 282.

named? Thrale was fond of the society of men of letters and celebrity; and Arthur Murphy, who had for some years acted as provider in that sort to the weekly dinners¹ at Southwark and Streatham, had the honor of introducing Johnson. Mrs. Thrale was at this time as pretty as she was lively, garrulous, and young;² to more than a woman's quickness of observation, added all a woman's gentleness and kindness of heart; indulged in literary airs and judgments, which she put on with an audacity as full of charms as of blunders; and beyond measure captivated Johnson. She was his *Madam, My Mistress*, his *Dearest of all Dear Ladies*, whom he lectured only because he loved; for where she came she brought him sunshine. Like some "gay creature of the

¹ It was through him "the set" were introduced. He had done the same office in Garrick's case four years earlier. "You stand engaged," he writes to him in May, 1760, "to Mr. Thrale for Wednesday se'enight. You need not apprehend drinking; it is a very easy house, and the scheme of going to Ranelagh will be agreeable to him. I am to dine with him to-morrow, in order to adjourn in the evening to Ranelagh, so fond is he of that place."—*Garrick Correspondence*, i: 116.

² Mr. Croker is the only infallible authority I know on the question of a lady's age, and he has settled Mrs. Thrale's, though not without great difficulty. In his last edition of *Boswell* (170), he says: "She was about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age when this acquaintance commenced. At the time of my first edition I was unable to ascertain precisely Mrs. Piozzi's age—but a subsequent publication, named *Piozziana*, fixes her birth on her own authority to the 16th January, 1740; yet even that is not quite conclusive, for she calls it 1740 *old style*, that is, 1741. I must now, of course, adopt, though not without some doubt, the lady's reckoning." Happily this doubt was solved before the completion of his labor, though not in the lady's favor, for in a subsequent note (650) he says: "I have found evidence under her own hand that my suspicion was just, and that she was born in 1740, *new style*." In another note to the same edition, Mr. Croker has the satisfaction of settling the late Lady Cork's age, long held to be insoluble. "I found by the register of St. James's parish that she had understated her age by one year. She died on the 30th of May, 1840, aged ninety-five."—646. I need hardly add that the same ruthless authority discovered, at the cost of a journey to a much more distant parish register, that poor Fanny Burney had understated her age by no less than ten years; and that instead of being a girl of seventeen, hardly out of the nursery, when she surprised the world by *Evelina*, she was in truth a mature young lady of twenty-seven! Nevertheless, this was a fact in literary history worth setting right, and gratitude is due to Mr. Croker accordingly.

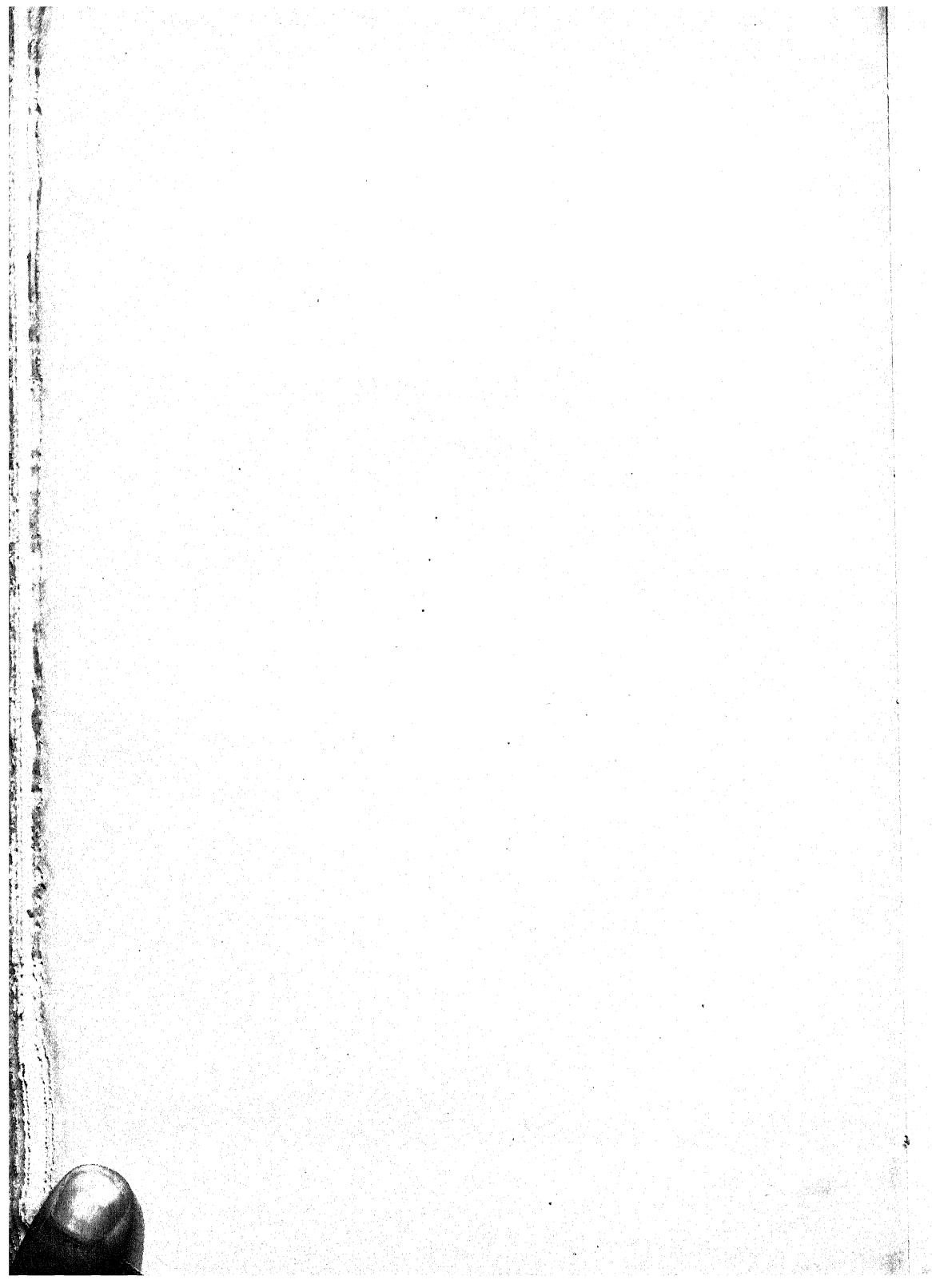
element" she flitted past the gloomy scholar, still over-toiled and weary, though resting at last. "You little creatures," he exclaimed, on her appearing before him one day in a dark-colored dress, "you should never wear those sort of clothes; they are unsuitable in every way. What! have not all insects gay colors?"¹ The house of the hospitable brewer became to him a second home, where unaccustomed comforts awaited him, and his most familiar friends were invited to please him; immediately after his first visit, the Thursdays in every week were set apart for dinner with the Thrales; and before long there was a "Mr. Johnson's room" both in the Southwark mansion and the Streatham villa. Very obvious was the effect upon him. His melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened, all said who observed him closely; but not the less active were his sympathies still, in the direction of that Grub Street world of struggle and disaster, of cock-loft lodgings and penny-ordinaries, from which he had at last effected his own escape.

An illustration of this, at the commencement of their intercourse, much impressed Mrs. Thrale. One day, she says, he was called abruptly from their house after dinner, and returning in about three hours, said he had been with an enraged author whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was drinking himself drunk with madeira to drown care, and fretting over a novel which when finished was to be his whole fortune; but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out-of-doors to offer it to sale. Mr. Johnson, therefore, she continues, set away the bottle, and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance, and

¹ *Anecdotes*, 279. Her greatest fault was a kind of saucy carelessness of speech, which showed itself sometimes in "little variations in narrative," never deliberate, and which she would have excused on the score that one cannot be perpetually watching. "Nay, then," wisely observed Johnson, "you *ought* to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."—*Boswell*, vii. 57.

Dr. Johnson Reading the "Vicar of Wakefield"





desiring some immediate relief; which when he brought back to the writer, the latter called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment. "It was not," she concludes, "till ten years after, I dare say, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behavior struck me with an idea that he was the very man, and then Johnson confessed that he was so; the novel was the charming *Vicar of Wakefield*."¹

A more scrupulous and patient writer corrects some inaccuracies of the lively little lady, and professes to give the anecdote authentically from Johnson's own exact narration: "I received one morning," Boswell represents Johnson to have said, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated."² He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a

¹ *Anecdotes*, 119-120. Mrs. Thrale fixes the date of the incident as not later than 1765 or 1766; but it is to be kept in mind that her little volume of *Anecdotes* was written and printed while she was in Italy (it appeared in 1786), without the means of correcting any such slip of memory.

² Mr. Croker has pointed out that George Steevens (in the *London Magazine*, iv. 253) tells, curiously enough, a not dissimilar story of Johnson himself, who very frankly confessed to have been sometimes in the power of bailiffs, and that Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, was his constant friend on such occasions. "I remember writing to him," said Johnson, "from a sponging-house; and was so sure of my deliverance through his kindness and liberality that, before his reply was brought, I knew I could afford to joke with the rascal who had me in custody, and did so, over a pint of adulterated wine, for which, at that instant, I had no money to pay."—Croker's *Boswell*, 141.

bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."¹

Nor does the rating seem altogether undeserved, since there are certainly considerable grounds for suspecting that Mrs. Fleming was the landlady. The attempt to clear her appears to me to fail in many essential points. Tracing the previous incidents minutely, it is almost impossible to disconnect her from this consummation of them, with which, at the same time, every trace of Goldsmith's residence in her house is brought to a close. As for the incident itself, it has nothing startling for the reader who is familiar with what has gone before it. It is the old story of distress, with the addition of a right to resent it which poor Goldsmith had not felt till now; and in the violent passion, the tone of indignant reproach, and the bottle of madeira, one may see that recent gleams of success and of worldly consideration have not strengthened the old habits of endurance. The arrest is plainly connected with Newbery's reluctance to make further advances; of all Mrs. Fleming's accounts found among his papers the only one unsettled is that for the summer months preceding the arrest;² nor can I even resist altogether the suspicion, con-

¹ *Boswell*, ii. 193. For a third and ridiculously inventive account of the incident, in which Goldsmith figures as at his wits' end how to wipe off his landlady's score and keep a roof over his head, "except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor for wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent," and which contains a mass of other preposterous statements, see Cumberland's *Memoirs*, i. 372-373.

² A fourth version, that of Sir John Hawkins (quoted by Mr. Mitford in his *Life*, p. clxxviii.), and strongly smacking of the knight's usual vein, appears to me to point to Islington as the locality of the arrest, though it does not directly confirm that suggestion. "Of the booksellers whom he styled his friends, Mr. Newbery was one. This person had apartments in Canonbury House, where Goldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors. Under a pressing necessity, he there wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and for it received of Newbery forty pounds." It does not detract from the value of this evidence, such as it is, that Sir John gives afterwards (*Life*, 420-421) his own blundering account of the attempted arrest, and

sidering the intimacy between the families of the Newberys and the Flemings which Newbery's bequests in his will show to have existed,¹ that the publisher himself, for an obvious convenience of his own, may have suggested, or at least sanctioned, the harsh proceeding. The manuscript of the novel (of which more hereafter) seems by both statements, in which the discrepancies are not so great but that Johnson himself may be held accountable for them, to have been produced reluctantly, as a last resource; and it is possible, as Mrs. Thrale intimates, that it was still regarded as "unfinished"; but if strong adverse reasons had not existed, Johnson would surely have carried it to Newbery. He did not do this. He went with it to Francis Newbery, the nephew; does not seem to have given any very brilliant account of the "merit" he had perceived in it (four years after its author's death he told Reynolds that he did not think it would have had much success²); and, rather with

Johnson's relief, in apparent ignorance that the piece of writing was the *Vicar of Wakefield*. See the story as discussed in Croker's *Boswell*, 141.

¹ My friend Mr. Peter Cunningham was so kind as to examine Newbery's will for me, and found in it two bequests, of fifty guineas each, to Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming and Mr. Thomas Fleming. Among the Newbery papers, I should here remark, there is one in the handwriting of Mrs. Fleming, endorsed by Newbery "Dr. Goldsmith's acc^t," and hitherto unprinted, to the following effect: "Feb. 1763. Doct^r Goldsmith, To a Bill paid by the hands of Mr. Newbery, £14; May, ditto, £14 11s.; Oct. 10, ditto, £14 13s. 6d.; Nov. 10, ditto, £15 3s. 1764. Aug. 6, ditto, £16 6s." From this it would appear that the last of Mrs. Fleming's accounts was ultimately settled by Newbery; but, though this might in itself go far to clear her from the imputation of the arrest, the suspicion above expressed in connection with Newbery himself leaves the matter still in doubt, and the Newbery payments strengthen the belief of a private understanding existing between her and the bookseller.

² The passage is worth quoting from *Boswell*, vii. 172-173. It occurs in an argument which arose at Reynolds's dinner-table as to whether a man who had been asked his opinion by another whether or not his manuscript were worth publication, is justified in giving such opinion, or under an obligation to speak the truth, on being so put to the torture. In any case, argued Johnson, "I should scruple much to give a suppressive vote. Both Goldsmith's comedies were once refused; his first by Garrick, his second by Colman, who was prevailed on at last by much solicitation, nay, a kind of force, to bring it on. His *Vicar of Wakefield* I myself did not think

regard to Goldsmith's immediate want than to any confident sense of the value of the copy, asked and obtained the sixty pounds. "And sir," he said to Boswell afterwards, "a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his *Traveller*; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the *Traveller* had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."¹

On the poem, meanwhile, which Reynolds had found him busy at, the elder Newbery *had* consented to speculate; and this circumstance may have made it hopeless to appeal to him with a second work of fancy. For, on that very day of the arrest, the *Traveller* lay completed in the poet's desk. The dream of eight years, the solace and sustainment of his exile and poverty, verged at last to fulfilment or extinction; and the hopes and fears which centred in it mingled doubtless on that miserable day with the fumes of the madeira! In the excitement of putting it to press, which followed immediately after, the nameless novel recedes altogether from the view; but will reappear in due time. Johnson approved the verses more than the novel; read the proof-sheets for his friend; substituted here and there, in more emphatic testimony of general approval, a line of his own; prepared a brief but hearty notice for the *Critical Review*, which was to appear simultaneously with the poem; and, as the day of publication approached, bade Goldsmith be of good cheer.

would have had much success. It was written and sold to a bookseller before his *Traveller*, but published after; so little expectation had the bookseller from it. Had it been sold after the *Traveller*, he might have had twice as much money for it, though sixty guineas was no mean price. The bookseller had the advantage of Goldsmith's reputation from the *Traveller* in the sale, though Goldsmith had it not in selling the copy.¹ SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: 'The *Beggar's Opera* affords a proof how strangely people will differ in opinion about a literary performance. Burke thinks it has no merit.' All this should be remembered before harsh judgments are passed on the occasional querulous complaints that broke from Goldsmith as to the reception given to his writings. ¹ *Boswell*, ii. 193.

CHAPTER X

THE *TRAVELLER* AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT

1764-1765

“THIS day is published,” said the *Public Advertiser* of the 19th of December, 1764, “price one shilling and sixpence, the *Traveller*; or, a Prospect of Society, a Poem. By Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. Printed for J. Newbery in St. Paul’s Church Yard.” It was the first time that Goldsmith had announced his name in connection with anything he had written; and with it he had resolved to associate his brother Henry’s name. To him he dedicated the poem. From the midst of the poverty which Henry could least alleviate, and turning from the celebrated men with whose favor his own fortunes were bound up, he addressed the friend and companion of his infancy, to whom, in all his sufferings and wanderings, his heart, untravelled and unsullied, had still lovingly gone back. “The friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication,” he said; “but as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw light upon many parts of it when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity with an income of forty pounds a year. I now perceive, my dear brother,” continued Goldsmith, with affecting significance, “the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office where the harvest is great and the laborers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the laborers are many and the harvest not

worth carrying away." Such as the harvest was, however, he was at last himself about to gather it in. He proceeded to describe to his brother the object of his poem, as an attempt to show that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own, that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess; but he expressed a strong doubt, since he had not taken a political "side," whether its freedom from individual and party abuse would not wholly bar its success.

While he wrote he might have quieted that fear. As the poem was passing through the press Churchill died. It was he who had pressed poetry into the service of party, and for the last three years, to apparent exclusion of every nobler theme, made harsh political satire the favored utterance of the Muse. But his rude, strong spirit had suddenly given way. Those unsubdued passions; those principles, unfettered rather than depraved; that real manliness of soul, scorn of convention, and unquestioned courage; that open heart and liberal hand; that eager readiness to love or to hate, to strike or to embrace, had passed away forever. Nine days earlier his antagonist Hogarth had gone the same dark journey; and the reconciliation that would surely, even here, have sooner or later vindicated their common genius, the hearty English feeling which they shared, and their common cordial hatred of the false pretences of the world, was left to be accomplished in the grave.¹ Be it not the least shame of the profligate politics of these three disgraceful years, that, arraying in bitter hostility one section of the kingdom against the other, they turned into unscrupulous personal enemies such men as these; made a patriot of Wilkes; statesmen of Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Sandwich, and Bubb Dodington; and of the free and vigorous verse of Churchill a mere instrument of perishable faction. Not without reason on that ground did Goldsmith condemn

¹ In a paper on Churchill in the *Edinburgh Review* (lxxxi. 46-88), printed in my *Biographical Essays* (third edition, pp. 255-328), I have expressed this view in more detail.

and scorn it. It was that which had made it the rare mixture it so frequently is, of the artificial with the natural and impulsive; which so fitfully blended in its author the wholly and the partly true; which impaired his force of style with prosaical weakness; and controlled, by the necessities of partisan satire, his feeling for nature and truth. Yet should his critic and fellow-poet have paused before, in this dedication to the *Traveller*, he branded him as a writer of lampoons. To Charles Hanbury Williams, but not to Charles Churchill, such epithets belong. The senators who met to decide the fate of turbots were not worthier of the scourge of Juvenal than the men who, reeking from the gross indulgences of Medmenham Abbey, drove out William Pitt from the cabinet, sat down by the side of Bute, denounced in the person of Wilkes their own old profligate associate, and took the public morality into keeping. Never, that he might merely fawn upon power or trample upon weakness, had Churchill let loose his pen. There was not a form of mean pretence or servile assumption which he did not use it to denounce. Low, pimping politics he abhorred; and that their worthless abettors, to whose exposure his works are so incessantly devoted, have not carried him into oblivion with themselves, argues something for the sound morality and permanent truth expressed in his manly verse. By these the new poet was to profit, as much as by the faults which perished with the satirist, and left the lesson of avoidance to his successors. In the interval since Pope's and Thomson's death, since Collins's faint sweet song, since the silence of Young, of Akenside, and of Gray, no such easy, familiar, and vigorous verse as Churchill's had dwelt in the public ear. The less likely was it now to turn away, impatient or intolerant of the *Traveller*.

Johnson pronounced it a poem to which it would not be easy to find anything equal since the death of Pope. Though covering but the space of twenty years (Pope died in 1744), this was praise worth coveting, and was honestly deserved. The elaborate skill of the verse, the exquisite selectness of the diction, at once recalled to others, as to

Johnson, the master so lately absolute in the realms of verse; and with these there was a harmony of tone, a softness of touch, a playful tenderness, which belonged peculiarly to the later poet. With a less pointed and practised force of understanding than Pope's and altogether less refined and subtle, the appeal to the heart in Goldsmith is more gentle, direct, and pure. The predominant impression received from the *Traveller* is of its naturalness and ease. The surpassing charm with which its everyday genial fancies encircle high thoughts of human happiness arrests the attention later. The serene graces of its style and the mellow flow of its verse take us captive before we feel the enchantment of its lovely images of various life reflected from its calm, still depths of philosophic contemplation. Above all, however, we perceive that it is a poem built upon nature; that it rests upon honest truth; not crying to either moon or stars for impossible sympathy, and not dealing with other worlds, in fact or imagination, than the writer has himself lived in and known. Wisely had Goldsmith avoided, what in the false-heroic versifiers of his day he had wittily condemned, the practice, even commoner since, of building up poetry on fantastic unreality, clothing it in harsh inversions of language, and patching it out with affectations of bygone vivacity; "as if the more it was unlike prose, the more it would resemble poetry." Making allowance for a brief expletive rarely scattered here and there, his poetical language is unadorned yet rich, select yet exquisitely plain, condensed yet home-felt and familiar. He has considered, as he says himself of Parnell, "the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression."¹

In what way the *Traveller* originated the reader has seen. It does not seem necessary to discuss in what precise proportions its plan may have risen out of Addison's *Letter from Italy*. Shaped in any respect by Thomson's

¹ *Miscellaneous Works*, iii. 374.

remark, in one of his letters to Bubb Dodington, "that a poetical landscape of countries, mixed with moral observations on their characters and people, would not be an ill-judged undertaking," it certainly could not have been; for that letter was not made public till many years after Goldsmith's death, when it appeared in Seward's *Anecdotes*. The poem has been, eminently and in a peculiar degree, written from personal feeling and observation; and the course of its composition has been traced with the course of its author's life.¹ When Boswell came back to London some year or so after its appearance he tells us with what amazement he had heard Johnson say that "there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time";² and then amusingly explains the phenomenon by remarking that "much, no doubt, both of the sentiments and expression were derived from conversation" with the great lexicographer. What the great lexicographer really suggested was a title, the *Philosophic Wanderer*, rejected for something simpler; as, if offered, the Johnsonian sentiment and expression would, I suspect, have been. But "Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*," and Goldsmith had still less chance

¹ Sir Egerton Brydges has pointed out some resemblance of topics, and a similar union of contemplation and description, in a now forgotten poem of the hardly treated Blackmore; but there is nothing in the latter (the *Nature of Man*) to suggest anything like imitation. The only couplet quoted having any resemblance to the turns of Goldsmith's verse is where Blackmore says of the French,

" Still in extremes their passions they employ,
Abject their grief, and insolent their joy."

But this was not peculiar to Blackmore. See Mitford's *Life of Goldsmith*, lxi.

² I have spoken in a former passage of the plan of the poem, to which Macaulay has since paid splendid tribute. "No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds.—*Biographical Essays*, 61-62.

³ *Life*, ii. 308.

of obtaining credit for his. The rumor that Johnson had given great assistance is nevertheless contradicted by even Hawkins, where he professes to relate the extreme astonishment of the club that a newspaper essayist and bookseller's drudge should have written such a poem. Undoubtedly that was his own feeling; and others of the members shared it, though it is to be hoped in a less degree. "Well," exclaimed Chamier, "I do believe he wrote this poem himself; and let me tell you that is believing a great deal." Goldsmith had left the club early that night, after "rattling away as usual." He took, in truth, little pains himself, in the thoughtless simplicity of those social hours, to fence round his own property and claim. "Mr. Goldsmith," asked Chamier, at the next meeting of the club, "what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your *Traveller*?"

'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.'

Do you mean tardiness of locomotion?" Johnson, who was near them, took part in what followed, and has related it. "Goldsmith, who would say something without consideration, answered 'Yes.' I was sitting by, and said: 'No, sir, you did not mean tardiness of locomotion: you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude.' 'Ah!' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'that was what I meant.' Chamier," Johnson adds, "believed then that I had written the line as much as if he had seen me write it." Yet it might be, if Burke had happened to be present, that Johnson would not have been permitted, so obviously to the satisfaction of every one in the room, dictatorially to lay down thus expressly what the poet meant. For who can doubt that he also meant slowness of motion? The first point of the picture is *that*. The poet is moving slowly, his tardiness of gait measuring the heaviness of heart, the pensive spirit, the melancholy of which it is the outward expression and sign. Goldsmith ought to have added to Johnson's remark that he meant all it said, and the other too; but no doubt he fell into one of his old flurries when he heard the general ay!

ay! that saluted the great cham's authoritative version. While he saw that superficially he had been wrong, he must have felt that properly explained his answer was substantially right; but he had no address to say so, the pen not being in his hand.

The lines which Johnson really contributed he pointed out himself to Boswell, when laughing at the notion that he had taken any more important part in it. They were the line which now stands 420th in the poem; and, omitting the last couplet but one, the eight concluding lines. The couplet so grafted on his friend's insertion by Goldsmith himself is worth all that Johnson added, though its historical allusion was somewhat obscure.

"The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel."

Who was Luke, and what was his iron crown? is a question Tom Davies tells us he had often to answer, being a great resource in difficulties of that kind. "The Doctor referred me," he says, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Granger, who was compiling his *Biographical History* and wished to be exact, "to a book called *Géographie Curieuse*, for an explanation of Luke's iron crown." The explanation, besides being in itself incorrect, did not mend matters much. "Luke" had been taken simply for the euphony of the line. He was one of two brothers Dosa, who had headed a revolt against the Hungarian nobles at the opening of the sixteenth century; but, though both were tortured, the special horror of the red-hot crown was inflicted upon George.¹ "Dr. Goldsmith

¹ In a note to this passage in my former edition I explained that this *Géographie Curieuse*, which appeared to have been Goldsmith's authority, was nevertheless itself incorrect in the family name of the brothers, which it reports to have been Zeck. They were George and Luke, as stated, and George underwent the punishment of the "iron crown"; but the family name was Dosa. For this I referred to the *Biographie Universelle*, xi. 604. The origin of the mistake is curious, and has since been explained to me by the courtesy of a correspondent who writes from America. The two brothers belonged to one of the native races of Transylvania called Szeklers or Zecklers, which descriptive addition follows their names in the German

says," adds Davies, "he meant by Damien's iron the rack; but I believe the newspapers informed us that he was confined in a high tower, and actually obliged to lie upon an iron bed."¹ So little was Davies, any more than Chamier, Johnson, or any one else, disposed to take the poet's meaning on the authority of his own explanation of it.

"Nay, sir," said Johnson, very candidly, when it was suggested, some years afterwards, that the partiality of its author's friends might have weighed too much in their judgment of this poem, "the partiality of his friends was always *against* him. It was with difficulty we could give him a hearing." Explanation of much that receives too sharp a judgment in ordinary estimates of his character seems to be found, as I have said, in this. When partiality takes the shape of pity, we must not wonder if it should be met by the vanities, the conceits, the half shame and half bravado, of that kind of self-assertion which is but self-distrust disguised. Very difficult did Goldsmith find it to force his way, with even the *Traveller* in his hand, against these patronizing airs and charitable allowances. "But he imitates you, sir," said Mr. Boswell, when, on return from his Dutch studies, he found the poem had really gone far to make its writer for the time more interesting than even Johnson himself. "Why, no, sir," Johnson answered. "Jack Hawkesworth is one of my imitators; but not Goldsmith. Goldy, sir, has great merit." "But, sir," persisted the staunch disciple, "he is much indebted to you for his getting so high in the public estimation." "Why, sir," complacently responded the sage, "he has perhaps got sooner to it by his intimacy with me."²

Without the reserves, the merit might sometimes be allowed; but seldom without something of a sting. "Well, I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly," was the frank tribute of the sister of Reynolds, after hearing John-

biographical authorities; and this, through abridgment and misapprehension, in subsequent books came at last to be substituted for the family name.

¹ Granger's *Letters*, 52-53. January 26, 1771.

² Boswell, iii. 253.

son read the *Traveller* aloud "from the beginning to the end of it," a few days after it was published.¹ Here was another point of friendly and most general agreement. "Renny dear," now a mature and very fidgety little dame of seven-and-thirty, never was noted for her beauty, and few would associate such a thing with the seamed, scarred face of Johnson; but the preponderating ugliness of Goldsmith was a thing admitted and allowed for all to fling a stone at, however brittle their own habitations. Miss Reynolds founded her admiring promise about the *Traveller* on what she had herself said at a party in her brother's house some days before. It was suddenly proposed, as a social game after supper, to toast ordinary women, and have them matched by ordinary men; whereupon one of the gentlemen having given Miss Williams, Johnson's blind old pensioner, Miss Reynolds instantly matched her with Goldsmith; and this whimsical union so enchanted Mrs. Cholmondeley (Peg Woffington's sister, who had married an honorable and reverend gentleman well known to the set) that, though she had at the time some pique with Renny dear, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her everything for her last toast. "Thus," exclaimed Johnson, who was present, and whose wit at his friend's expense was rewarded with a roar, "thus the ancients, on the making-up of their quarrels, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them."² Poor Goldsmith! it was not

¹ See Miss Reynolds's recollections printed in the appendix to Croker's *Boswell*. Of these I ought to remark, however, that several of them (as Mr. Croker himself admits of one) are manifestly fabricated out of imperfect and confused recollections of anecdotes elsewhere existing, an example of which I give in my next note.

² My authority for this anecdote, the point of which is missed in Miss Reynolds's recollections (Croker's *Boswell*, 831), hitherto supposed to be the only authority for it, is a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1797. No sacrifice was called for at the commencement of a friendship; it was the cessation or reconciliation of strife that elicited gratitude to the gods. Mrs. Cholmondeley, according to Johnson, was "a very airy lady."—*Boswell*, iv. 272. And see Hunt's *Men and Books*, ii. 182-183. Fanny Reynolds, Johnson's "dearest dear," was eighty when she died, in November, 1807.

until the sacrifice was more complete, and the grave had closed over it, that the "partiality" of his friends ceased to take these equivocal shapes. "There is not a bad line in that poem of the *Traveller*," said Langton, as they sat talking together at Reynolds's, four years after the poet's death; "not one of Dryden's careless verses." "I was glad," interposed Reynolds, "to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language." "Why were you glad?" rejoined Langton. "You surely had no doubt of this before?" "No," exclaimed Johnson, decisively; "the merit of the *Traveller* is so well established that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it nor his censure diminish it."¹

Not very obvious at the first, however, was its progress to this decisive eminence. From the first it had its select admirers, and, as we now know from his letters, one of the earliest was Charles Fox, though then only a lad of seventeen; but their circle somewhat slowly widened. "The beauties of this poem," observed the principal literary newspaper of the day, the *St. James's Chronicle*, two months after its publication, "are so great and various that we cannot but be surprised they have not been able to recommend it more to general notice." Goldsmith began to think, as he afterwards remarked to Boswell, that he had come too late into the world for any share of its poetical distinctions; that Pope and others had taken up the places in the temple of fame; and that as but few at any one period can possess

¹ Reynolds continued: "'But his friends may suspect they had too great a partiality for him.' JOHNSON: 'Nay, sir, the partiality of his friends was always against him. It was with difficulty we could give him a hearing. Goldsmith had no settled notions upon any subject; so he talked always at random. It seemed to be his intention to blurt out whatever was in his mind, and see what would become of it. He was angry, too, when caught in an absurdity; but it did not prevent him from falling into another the next minute.'—*Boswell*, vii. 84-85. A little later, when Johnson was complaining of Langton being too silent at the club, and letting the Whigs have it all their own way, "'Sir,'" said Boswell, "'you will recollect that he very properly took up Sir Joshua for being glad that Charles Fox had praised Goldsmith's *Traveller*, and you joined him.' JOHNSON: 'Yes, sir, I knocked Fox on the head without ceremony.' For Fox's earlier opinion, see *post*, chap. xv.

poetical reputation, "a man of genius can now hardly acquire it."¹ "That," said Johnson, when this saying was related to him, "is one of the most sensible things I have ever heard of Goldsmith. It is difficult to get literary fame, and it is every day getting more difficult." Nevertheless, though slowly, the poem seems to have advanced steadily; and, in due course, translations of it appeared in more than one Continental language. A month after the notice in the *St. James's Chronicle* a second edition was published; a third was more quickly called for; a fourth was issued in August; and the ninth had appeared in the year when the poet died. That anything more substantial than fame arose to him out of these editions is, however, very questionable. The only payment that can with certainty be traced in Newbery's papers as for "*Copy of the Traveller a Poem*," leaves it in no degree doubtful that for twenty guineas Goldsmith had surrendered all his interest in it, except that which, with each successive issue, still prompted the *limea labor*.² Between the first and last, thirty-six new

¹ *Life*, v. 303-304. What on earth can Mr. Croker mean by the subjoined note on that saying of Goldsmith? "Goldsmith, who read a great deal of light French literature, probably borrowed this from La Bruyère: 'Les anciens ont tout dit; on vient aujourd'hui trop tard pour dire les choses nouvelles.'—*Vigneul-Marvilliana*, i. 336." Where is the resemblance? Lord Lyttelton replied to this question in a letter to the author: "If Goldsmith had restricted himself to saying that he had come too late into the world for any share of poetical distinction, the resemblance to La Bruyère would have been obvious. The general sense of the two is the same; an exaggerated complaint as if the stock of possible good things was a limited one, so that the more good things *have* been said, the more difficult it is for each generation to add to them. It is true Goldsmith's following words rather obscure the point, about few 'at any one period' being able to acquire poetical reputation: but the point itself seems plain." I ought, perhaps, to have admitted a resemblance, though it is very certain that Goldsmith neither copied La Bruyère nor was in any degree indebted to him in the matter.

² I subjoin from the Newbery MSS. the account in which this payment for the *Traveller* makes its appearance. Other items in it refer to matters already described. "Settle Dr. Goldsmith's account, and give him credit for the following copies: 1. The Preface to the History of the World, and charge it to the Partners, £3 3s. 3 Prefaces to the Natural History, £6 6s. Translation of the Life of Christ. Ditto, the Lives of the Fathers.

lines had been added, and fourteen of the old cancelled. Some of the erasures would now, perhaps, raise a smile. No honest thought disappeared, and no manly word for the oppressed. The "wanton judge" and his "penal statutes" remained; indignant denunciations of the tyrannies of wealth, sorrowful and angry protestings that

"Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law,"

were still undisturbed. But words quietly vanished, here and there, that had spoken too plainly of the sordid past; and no longer did the poet proclaim, in speaking of the great, that, "inly satisfied," above their pomps he held his "ragged" pride. The rags went the way of the confession of poverty in the *Polite Learning*,¹ and of those hints of humble habits which were common in the *Busy Body* and the *British Magazine*, but are found no longer in *Essays by Mr. Goldsmith*.

With that title, and the motto "Collecta revirescunt," a three-shilling duodecimo volume of those republished essays was now issued by Mr. Griffin for himself and Mr. Newbery, who each paid Oliver ten guineas for liberty to offer this tribute to the growing reputation of the *Traveller*. He

Ditto, the Lives of the Philosophers. Correcting 4 vols. Brooks' Nat. History. 79 Leaves of the History of England. *Copy of the Traveller a Poem*, £21. Lent in Fleet Street, at Mr. Adams's, to pay for the instrument, 15s. 6d. Lent him without receipts at the Society of Art, and to pay arrears, £3 3s. Get the Copy of Essays for which I paid £10 10s. as half, and Mr. Griffin to have the other." This account is written at the back of a more elaborate memorandum headed, "Settle the following accounts," of which the sixteenth item runs thus: "Mr. Brookes's, and charge for alterations made in the Plates, and the printed copy y^t was obliged to be cancelled, £26, and to Dr. Goldsmith writing Prefaces and correcting the work £30, in all £56." I need not remind the reader that the success of his "prefaces" to this dull book led to his engagement to write the *Animated Nature*. See *Percy Memoir*, 83.

¹ The lines

"Perish the wish; for inly satisfied,
Above their pomps I hold my ragged pride,"

were replaced in the second edition by

"Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire," etc.

corrected expressions, as I have said ; lifted Islington tea-gardens into supper at Vauxhall ; exalted the stroll in White Conduit Garden to a walk in the park ; and, in an amusing preface, disclaimed any more ambitious motive than one of self-preservation in collecting such fragments. As many entertainers of the public, he said, had been partly living upon him for some years, he was now resolved to try if he could not live a little upon himself ; and he compared his case to that of the fat man he had heard of in a shipwreck, who, when the sailors, pressed by famine, were taking slices off him to satisfy their hunger, insisted with great justice on having the first cut for himself. "Most of these essays," continued Goldsmith, "have been regularly reprinted twice or thrice a year, and conveyed to the public through the kennel of some engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labors sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philautos, Philalethes, Philalutheros, and Philanthropos."¹ Names that already figured, as the reader will hardly need to be reminded, in those adventures of a philosophic vagabond which formed part of the little manuscript novel² now lying,

¹ Even the *Monthly Review* cannot but admit (xxxiii. 82, July, 1765) that "Mr. Goldsmith hath here published a collection of Essays, which have been so often printed in the newspapers, magazines, and other periodical productions, that we despair of selecting a specimen from any one that will not be previously known to our readers. But notwithstanding their being so well calculated for cursory inspection, and notwithstanding their transient success among the duller topics of the day, we apprehend," etc., and then follows the usual depreciation ; as for instance : "It is easy to collect from books and conversation a sufficiency of superficial knowledge to enable a writer to *flourish away with tolerable propriety through a newspaper essay* ; but when these his lucubrations assume the form of a book, it is," etc. "The author tells us, in his preface, that he could have made these Essays more metaphysical had he thought fit ; for our part, we do not find any of them with which metaphysics have much to do ; but be this as it may, we look upon it as a great mark of Mr. Goldsmith's prudence that he did neither meddle nor make with them." Considerate Mr. Griffiths !

² See chapter xx. of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, one of the evidences which

apparently little cared for, on the dusty shelves of Mr. Francis Newbery.

Another piece of writing which belongs to this period, and which did not find its way to the public till the appearance of the novel to whose pages it had been transferred, was the ballad of "Edwin and Angelina." It was suggested, as I have said, in the course of the ballad discussions with Percy in preparation of the *Reliques*, and was written before the *Traveller* appeared. "Without informing any of us," says Hawkins, again referring to the club, "he wrote and addressed to the Countess, afterwards Duchess of Northumberland, one of the first poems of the lyric kind that our language has to boast of."¹ A charming poem undoubtedly it is, if not quite this; delightful for its simple and mingled flow of incident and imagery, for the pathetic softness and sweetness of its tone, and for its easy, artless grace. He had taken pains with it, and he set more than common store by it himself; so that when, some two years hence, his old enemy Kenrick, taking advantage of its appearance in the novel, assumed the character of "Detector" in the public prints, denounced it as a plagiarism from the *Reliques*, and entreated the public to compare the insipidity of Dr. Goldsmith's negus with the genuine flavor of Mr. Percy's champagne, he thought it worth while, even against that assailant, to defend his own originality.² The poem he was

Goldsmith so frequently tenders us of the identity of his own experiences with those narrated in his books. In the same portion of George Primrose's narrative he does not scruple to hint at a weakness of his profession. "I found that no genius in another could please me. . . . I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade."

¹ *Life of Johnson*, 420. Mr. Mitford (in the anecdotes appended to his *Life*, clxxvii.) quotes Hawkins for another statement, which I do not find in his biography, to the effect that this beautiful poem was saved from destruction by Dr. Chapman, of Sudbury, for that, soon after he wrote it, Goldsmith showed it to the Doctor, and was by him with difficulty dissuaded from throwing it into the fire.

² Another attempt was made, more than twenty years after Goldsmith's death (in an unsuccessful periodical called the *Quiz*), to prove this poem a plagiary from an old French novel; but the attempt at once called

charged to have copied it from was a composition by Percy of stanzas old and new (much modern writing, I need hardly remark, entered into the "ancient" reliques);¹ the editor publishing among them, for example, his friend Grainger's entirely modern and exquisite "Bryan and Perreene"; and Goldsmith's answer was to the effect that he did not think there was any great resemblance between the two pieces in question; but that if any existed, Mr. Percy's ballad was the imitation, inasmuch as the "Edwin and Angelina" had been read to him two years before (in the present year), and at their next meeting he had observed, "with his usual good-humor," that he had taken the plan of it to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. "He then," added Goldsmith, "read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it."²

forth an expostulatory comment from a correspondent, known to be Bishop Percy, in the *Monthly Review* for October, 1797. It was afterwards, by another correspondent, elaborately exposed and ridiculed in the same review for July, 1798; and by the same writer, on its subsequent revival, in the *European Magazine* for May, 1812. I mention it here only to guard against any future revival of the slander.

¹ Since this was written a valuable contribution has been made to poetical literature by the publication of the original folio manuscript from which Percy's work was taken, under the careful editorship of Mr. Hales and Mr. Furnivall. Few more curious or interesting additions to English poetical literature have been made in our time.

² I subjoin the letter, from the *St. James's Chronicle* (July 23-25, 1767), at the commencement of which is an allusion to another ill-natured comment, of which he had been the subject in the same journal: "SIR, As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's travels because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published, but in that it seems I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right. Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad I published some time ago from one by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad was taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he, as we both considered these things as trifles at best, told me with his usual good-humor the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I

Out of these circumstances it, of course, arose that Goldsmith's ballad was shown to the wife of Percy's patron, who had some taste for literature, and affected a little notice of its followers. The Countess admired it so much that she had a few copies privately printed. I have seen the late Mr. Heber's, with the title-page of "*Edwin and Angelina*, a ballad; by Mr. Goldsmith. Printed for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland." It is now rare, and

highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing; and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature. I am, Sir, yours, etc., OLIVER GOLDSMITH." To this should be added Percy's comment (*Memoir*, 74-75): "He justly vindicated the priority of his own poem; but in asserting that the plan of the other was taken from his (in nothing else have they the most distant resemblance), and in reporting the conversation on this subject, his memory must have failed him; for the story in them both was evidently taken from a very ancient ballad in that collection beginning 'Gentle herdsman,' etc." I happen to have before me a copy, now rarely met with, of the original "proposals" for publishing Blainville's travels, to which this letter refers; and as it marks the new estimation in which the *Traveller's* success placed its author, and the uses which the booksellers hastened to make of it, it may be worth description. It is the first but by no means the last instance of such employment of his name. After an elaborate description of the book, great prominence is given to the intimation that it is "Recommended by Dr. Goldsmith, author of the *Traveller*, a poem," etc.; and on the same full title-page which precedes the conditions of subscription and sale, immediately below the announcement that the work will be "printed for J. Johnson and B. Davenport in Paternoster Row and sold by all Booksellers and Newscarriers in Great Britain and Ireland," follows the "RECOMMENDATION. I have read the Travels of Monsieur *De Blainville* with the highest Pleasure. As far as I am capable of judging, they are at once accurate, copious, and entertaining. I am told, they are now first translated from the Author's Manuscript in the *French* language, which has never been published; and if so, they are a valuable Acquisition to ours. The Translation, as I am informed, has been made by Men of Eminence, and is not unworthy of the Original. All I have to add is, that, to the best of my opinion, *Blainville's Travels* is the most valuable work of this kind hitherto published: Containing the most judicious Instructions to those who read for Amusement, and being the surest Guide to those who intend to undertake the same Journey.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"TEMPLE, March 2, 1767."

has a value independent of its rarity, in its illustration of Goldsmith's habit of elaboration and painstaking in the correction of his verse. By comparing it with what was afterwards published, we perceive that even the gentle opening line has been an afterthought; that four stanzas have been rewritten; and that the two which originally stood last have been removed altogether. These, for their simple beauty of expression, it is worth while here to preserve. The action of the poem having closed without them, they were on better consideration rejected; and young writers should study and make profit of such lessons. Posterity has always too much upon its hands to attend to what is irrelevant or needless; and no one so well as Goldsmith seems to have known that the writer who would hope to live must live by the perfection of his style, and by the cherished and careful beauty of unsuperfluous writing.

“Here amidst sylvan bowers we'll rove,
From lawn to woodland stray;
Blest as the songsters of the grove,
And innocent as they.

“To all that want, and all that wail,
Our pity shall be given;
And when this life of love shall fail,
We'll love again in heaven.”

Intercourse with Northumberland House, except when Mr. Percy's library was open to him during his chaplaincy there, began and ended with this poem. Its author is only afterwards to be traced there on one occasion, characteristically described by Hawkins. “Having one day,” he says, “a call to wait on the late Duke, then Earl, of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room; I asked him what had brought him there; he told me an invitation from his lordship. I made my business as short as I could, and, as a reason, mentioned that Dr. Goldsmith was waiting without. The Earl asked me if I was acquainted with him; I told him I was, adding what I thought likely to recommend him. I retired, and stayed

in the outer room to take him home. Upon his coming out I asked him the result of his conversation. 'His lordship,' says he, 'told me he had red [*sic*] my poem,' meaning the *Traveller*, 'and was much delighted with it; that he was going lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and that, hearing that I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness.' And what did you answer, asked I, to this gracious offer? 'Why,' said he, 'I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help: ¹ as for myself'" (this was added for the benefit of Hawkins) "'I have no dependence on the promises of great men: I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.' Thus," adds the teller of the anecdote, "did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifl[e] with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him! Other offers of a like kind he either rejected or failed to improve, contenting himself with the patronage of one nobleman whose mansion afforded him the delights of a splendid table and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis."²

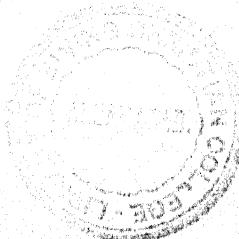
The incident related may excuse the comment attached to it. Indeed, the charge of idiotcy in the affairs of the Hawkins-world may even add to the pleasure with which we contemplate that older-world picture beside it, of frank simplicity and brotherly affection. This poor poet, who, incomprehensibly to the Middlesex magistrate, would thus gently have turned aside to the assistance of his poorer

¹ The Earl was already lord-lieutenant, holding that office till Grenville's ministry went out; and what sort of authority a viceroy could then exercise over the benefices of the Irish Church receives vivid illustration from a passage in an unpublished letter written to Derrick a year and a half before the present date by his friend, Dr. Wilson, of Trinity College: "In the late Duke of Devonshire's time there was an ancient dancing-master, a family piece, who came over with his grace in order to be provided for. Various kinds of provision were proposed for the poor Frenchman, but all clogged with insuperable objections and insurmountable difficulties. At last the Church was thought of, and, though he could not read a word of English, he was thrust into orders, and was inducted into the living of Navan."

² *Life of Johnson*, 419.

brother the hand held out to assist himself, had only a few days before been obliged to borrow fifteen shillings and six-pence "in Fleet Street" of one of those "best friends" with whose support he is now fain to be contented. But the reader has already seen that since the essay on *Polite Learning* was written its author's personal experience had sufficed to alter his view as to the terms and relations on which literature could hereafter hope to stand with the great; and the precise value of Lord Northumberland's offer seems in itself somewhat doubtful. Percy, indeed, took a subsequent opportunity of stating that he had discussed the subject with the Earl, and had received an assurance that if the latter could have known how to serve Goldsmith (it does not seem to have occurred to Percy that one mode had already been suggested without any effect)—if he had been made aware, for example, that he wished to travel, "he would have procured him a sufficient salary on the Irish Establishment, and have had it continued to him during his travels."¹ But this was not said till after Goldsmith's death, when many ways of serving him meanwhile had been suffered to pass by unheeded, and when his poor struggling brother, for whom he begged thus explicitly the Earl's patronage, had also sunk unnoticed to the grave. The booksellers, on the other hand, were patrons with whom success at once established independent and incontrovertible claims; and the *Traveller*, to a less sanguine heart than its writer's, already seemed to separate with a broad white line the past from that which was to come. No Griffiths bondage could await him again. He had no longer any personal bitterness, therefore, to oppose to Johnson's general allegiance to the "trade"; though, at the same time, with Johnson, he made special and large reservations. For instance, there was old Gardener the bookseller. Even Griffiths, by the side of Gardener, looked less ill-favored. This was he who had gone to Kit Smart in the depths of his poverty and drawn him into the most as-

¹ *Percy Memoir*, 66.



tounding agreement on record. It was not discovered till poor Kit Smart went mad; and Goldsmith had but to remember *how* it was discovered to forgive all the huffing speeches that Johnson might ever make to him! "I wrote, sir," said the latter, "for some months in the *Universal Visitor* for poor Smart, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in the *Universal Visitor* no longer."¹ It was a sixpenny weekly pamphlet; the agreement was for ninety-nine years; and the terms were that Smart was to write nothing else, and be rewarded with one-sixth of the profits! It was undoubtedly a thing to remember, this agreement of old Gardener's. The most thriving subject in the kingdom of the booksellers could hardly fail to recall it now and then; and the very man to remind Goldsmith of it, in good-natured contrast to the opportunity he had lost, was the companion with whom he left Northumberland House that day. Nevertheless he left with greater cheerfulness, and a better-founded sense of independence, than if he had consented to substitute for his present choice a reliance on "the promises of great men."

¹ *Boswell*, v. 288.

CHAPTER XI

GOLDSMITH IN PRACTICE AND BURKE IN OFFICE

1765

THE "nobleman" to whom Sir John Hawkins refers, at the close of his anecdote last related, as having vouchsafed to be Oliver Goldsmith's solitary patron, was not yet ennobled; nor could the relation he had opened with the poet on the appearance of the *Traveller* be properly described as one of "patronage," though it doubtless at times afforded him the delights of a splendid table and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis. Mr. Robert Nugent, the younger son of an old and wealthy Westmeath family, was a jovial Irishman and man of wit who proffered hearty and "unsolicited" friendship to Goldsmith at this time as a fellow patriot and poet,¹ and maintained ever after an easy intercourse with him. In early life he had written an ode to Pulteney,² which contains the masterly verse introduced by Gibbon in his character of Brutus;

("What though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
To break the eternal doom!
Though Cato lived, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the god-like stroke,
Yet perished fated Rome!")

and had attached himself to the party of the Prince of Wales, whom he largely assisted with money. In the im-

¹ *Percy Memoir*, 66.

² So good, in Gray's opinion, that "Mr. Nugent sure did not write his own *Ode*," he says to Walpole.—*Works*, iii. 90.

aginary Leicester House administrations commemorated by Bubb Dodington he was always appointed to office; and had held appointments more substantial as comptroller of the Prince's household, a lord of the treasury, and vice-treasurer of Ireland. He talked well, though coarsely, "with a vivacity of expression often bordering on the Irish bull," and was a great favorite with women. "Some who knew him well," said the late Lord Lansdowne to the present writer, "told me he was a person of singular humor and talent for conversation," and the portrait that used to be at Stowe shows this. His first wife, Lord Fingal's¹ daughter, brought him a good fortune, and bore him a son; by his second wife, to whom he was the third husband, the sister and heiress of Secretary Craggs (Pope's friend), and described as "a good-humored, pleasant, fat woman,"² he had no issue, but obtained large landed estates, a domain in Essex, and that mansion of Gosfield Hall in which the exiled prince of France found afterwards a refuge;³ and from a third less lucky marriage, with Elizabeth Drax, the Countess Dowager of Berkeley, sprang the daughter (its only issue he consented to recognize) who continued after the separation to live with her father and her aunt, Mrs. Peg Nugent, until she married the Marquis of Buckingham in 1775, and united the names of Nugent and Grenville. Richard Glover, the epic and dramatic poet of Leicester House, characterizes him briefly as a jovial, voluptuous Irishman who had left

¹ Plunket, the attainted earl.

² *Gentleman's Magazine*, lix. 406.

³ In his *Historical Memoirs* (i. 126) Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who visited Lord Nugent two years after Goldsmith's death, calls the "house and estate" at Gosfield "one of the finest domains in Essex"; though the present condition of the enclosure or paddock before the mansion would rather seem to confirm the origin of the name (Goosefield). Wraxall's sketch is characteristic, but I can only give one of his anecdotes. "When a bill was introduced into the House of Commons for better watching the metropolis, in order to contribute towards effecting which object one of the clauses went to propose that watchmen should be compelled to sleep during the day-time, Lord Nugent, with admirable humor, got up and desired that he might be personally included in the provisions of the bill, being frequently so tormented with the gout as to be unable to sleep either by day or by night."—i. 181-185.

popery for the Protestant religion, money, and widows; but Glover lived to see him surrender these favorites, and, not far from his eightieth year, go back to popery again. When his friendship with Goldsmith began he was a tall, stout, vigorous man of nearly sixty, with a remarkably loud voice and a broad Irish brogue; whose strong and ready wit, careless decision of manner, and reckless audacity of expression, obtained him always a hearing from the House of Commons, in which he had sat for four-and-twenty years. He was now watching, with more than ordinary personal interest, the turn of the political wheel. So, for the interest *they* took in the opening of Burke's great political life, were his new friend Goldsmith and every member of the Gerrard Street Club.

The ministry which succeeded Bute's (that of George Grenville and the Bedfords, or, as they were called, the Bloomsbury gang)¹ was coming to a close at last, after a series of impolitic blunders without parallel in the annals of statesmen. Early in March of the previous year (1764), after convulsing England from end to end with the question of general warrants and the ignoble persecution of Wilkes, the first attempt was made upon America which roused her to rebellion. In the autumn of that year all her towns and cities were in loud and vehement protest; and before the year closed Benjamin Franklin had placed in Grenville's hands a solemn protest of resistance on the part of his fellow-colonists to any proposition to tax them without their consent. But as yet this met with little sympathy in England; and to Grenville's stubborn nature fear was as strange as wisdom. With only one division in the Commons when the attendance was paltry, and without a single negative in the Lords, he passed, at the opening of the present year, the act which created the Republic of America. Burke was in the gallery of the house during its progress (it had been his habit for some months to attend almost every discussion),

¹ So called because Bedford House stood in Bloomsbury Square. Walpole's *George III.* ii. 441. The Pitt and Temple party were styled, happily enough, the whole cousin-[cozen]-hood.—Waldegrave's *Memoirs*, 56.

and said, nine years afterwards, that, far from anything inflammatory, he had never in his life heard so languid a debate.¹ Horace Walpole described it to Lord Hertford as a "slight day on the America taxes." Barré, who had served in America and knew the temper of the people, was the only man whose language approached to the occasion; and as he had lately lost his regiment for his vote against general warrants, it was laughed at as the language of a disappointed man. Pitt, on occasions less momentous, had come to the house on crutches, swathed in flannel; yet now he was absent. He afterwards prayed that some friendly hand could have laid him prostrate on the floor of the house to bear his testimony against the bill; but it is doubtful if the desire to see Grenville more completely prostrate had not had more to do with his non-appearance than either gout or fever.

The minister's triumph in his Stamp Act, however, was brief. The King had hardly given it his glad assent when the first slight seizure of the terrible malady which in later days more sorely afflicted him necessitated an act of regency; and the mismanagement of the provisions of that act hopelessly embroiled the minister with his master. Then came the clash and confusion of the parties into which the once predominant old Whig party had been lately rent asunder, and which the present strange and sullen seclusion of Pitt aggravated and seemed to make hopeless. In vain he was appealed to; in vain the poor King made piteous submissions to him. Fortunate in legacies, a Somersetshire baronet whom he had never seen had just left him three thousand a year; and it was whispered about that he would never take office again. The opposition lost ground, which the ministry did not gain; the coercion of the King became notorious; the city was shaken with riots, which in the general disorganization rose almost to rebellion; and while, on the one hand,

¹ *Works* (Ed. 1845), i. 477. In the same speech Grenville made his ill-considered attack on Dean Tucker, the only man of that day who thoroughly anticipated the judgment and experience of our own on the great question of the American Colonies.

a new administration seemed impossible without Pitt, on the other it was plain that Grenville and the Bedfords were tottering to their final fall. The King was intensely grateful for their invasion of the public liberties, and had joyfully co-operated in their taxation of America; but he hated them for hating Bute, who had placed them in power, and for insulting his mother the Princess Dowager, whose intrigues had sustained them in power; while they had preferred to allow his own Buckingham Gardens to be overlooked rather than vote him a somewhat paltry grant which would have secured to the crown a property now of almost incredible value.¹ It was his own chosen system of government to rule without party, and solely by the favor of the crown; and here were its four years' fruits. Ministers had become his tyrants and statesmen held aloof from his service. When his uncle Cumberland came back from Hayes with Pitt's formal refusal, he thought in his despair of even the old Duke of Newcastle; began to make atonement for recent insults to the house of Devonshire; and threw out baits for those old pure Whigs up to this time the objects of his most concentrated hatred. Doubts and distrust shook the Princess Dowager's friends, in which Nugent, of course, largely shared; and expectation stood on tiptoe in Gerrard Street, where his friends of the club could hardly avoid taking interest in what affected the fortunes of Edmund Burke.

For Burke, not unreasonably, looked to obtain employment in the scramble. Hawkins said he had always meant to offer himself to the highest bidder;² but the calumny is hardly worth refuting. He had honorably disengaged himself from Hamilton, and scornfully given back his pension; nor were his friends kept in ignorance that he had since attached himself to the party of Whigs the most pure and least powerful in the state. Lord Rockingham was at their head:³ a young

¹ Walpole's *George III.* ii. 160.

² Miss Hawkins's *Memoirs*, i. 101.

³ Since my first edition appeared Lord Albemarle has published, as *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries*, a series of letters relating chiefly to the public affairs of this period, from the collec-

nobleman of princely fortune and fascinating manners, who made up for powers of oratory, in which he was wholly deficient, by an inestimable art of attracting and securing friends; whose character was unstained by any of the recent intrigues; and who had selected for his associates men like himself, less noted for brilliant talents than for sense and honor. The great landed influence of the old Yorkshire family of Savile was worthily represented in their ranks by the present county member, Sir George; and with him were associated the financial ability of Dowdeswell, a country gentleman of Worcestershire, and the many rare virtues of the Duke of Devonshire's youngest uncle, Lord John Cavendish, who, not more remarkable for his fair little clownish person than for his princely soul, carried out in politics the principles of private honor with what Walpole sneeringly calls "the tyranny of a moral philosopher."¹ With the extremer opinions of Lord Temple these men had little in common. Though stanch against general warrants and invasions of liberty, they were as far from being Wilkite as the reckless demagogue himself; and they had obtained the general repute of a kind of middle constitutional party. Little compatible was this with present popularity, Burke well knew; but he saw beyond the present. To the last he hoped that Pitt might be moved; and in the May of this year so expressed himself to his friend Flood, in a letter which is curious evidence of his possession of the political secrets of the day.² But, though believing that without the splendid talents and boundless popularity of the great commoner "an ad-

tions of his family, with an intelligent and well-informed comment. At the close of the book (ii. 486-488) the reader will find Burke's celebrated character of Lord Rockingham, written for the mausoleum in Wentworth Park, printed more correctly than he will find it in any other place.

¹ *Memoirs of George III.* ii. 25. George Selwyn called him, says Walpole, as well for his small stature and light complexion as for the quaintness with which he untreasured, as by rote, the stores of his memory, "the learned canary-bird." Gray calls him "the best of all Johns." See *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, 78. Mason was his tutor at Cambridge. For Burke's opinion of him, see *Correspondence*, iv. 526-531, and *Addenda*, 549-552.

² Burke's *Correspondence*, i. 80.

mirable and lasting system" could not then be formed, Burke also believed that the only substitute for Pitt's genius was Rockingham's sense and good faith, and that on this plain foundation might be gradually raised a party that should revive Whig purity and honor and last when Pitt should be no more. Somewhat thus, too, the honest and brave Duke of Cumberland may have reasoned, when to his hapless nephew the King, again crying out to him in utter despair, and imploring him, with or without Pitt, to save him from George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, he gave his final counsel. Lord Rockingham was summoned; consented, with his party, to take office; and was sworn in First Lord on the 8th of July. Lord Shelburne would not join without Pitt; but a young Whig duke (Grafton), of whom much was at that time expected, gave in his adhesion; and General (afterwards Marshal) Conway, Cumberland's personal friend and the cousin and favorite of Horace Walpole,¹ a

¹ There is no pleasanter trait in Horace Walpole than his affection for Conway, which continued steady and unalterable to the last, and was manifested in many generous, disinterested ways. See letters lately published in the *Grenville Correspondence*, ii. 296-299, 320-327, 335-344, etc. The brave, quiet soldier had hardly seemed to me the man to have inspired so strong a feeling till I read some fragments of his early correspondence with Walpole, lately published by Lord Albemarle from the originals in Sir Denis le Marchant's possession. I subjoin one or two passages which show Conway in a character that but for these letters I should have hesitated (with all my admiration for his sterling sense and manliness) to ascribe to him. The date is at the close of Sir Robert Walpole's ministry, more than twenty years before that to which I have brought my text. "Would you believe it, Horry," writes Conway in the autumn of 1740, "I have been hitherto in this dreary city all this live-long summer? But I can't bear summer people, and so I live a good deal alone. . . . Service to Gray. . . . Look here, Horry, here is just such a bit of paper as you wrote to me upon, and if I can help it I won't write a word more upon it. . . . but you know I am soon appeased. Indeed, Horry, if one did not love you better than anybody, and you did not write better than other people, one could never forgive you; but I forgot, those are the very reasons why I should be the most angry with you. So, know that nothing but a vehement, long letter can ever make it up betwixt us. . . . So you cannot bear Mrs. Woffington? yet all the town is in love with her. To say the truth, I am glad to find somebody to keep me in countenance, for I think she is an impudent, Irish-faced girl. . . . Poor Sir Robert is to

braver soldier than politician, but a persuasive speaker, and an honorable as well as very popular man, gave his help as Secretary of State; William Burke, Edmund's distant relative and dear friend, being appointed his under-secretary. Upon this the old meddling, "fizzling"¹ Duke of Newcastle went and warned Conway's chief against these Burkes. Edmund's real name, he said, was *O'Bourke*; and he was not only an Irish adventurer, a Jacobite, and a Papist, but he had shrewd reasons for believing him a concealed Jesuit to boot. Nevertheless, seven days after the administration was formed, the Jesuit and Jacobite, introduced by their common friend Fitzherbert (who had been named to the Board of Trade), was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham; and Burke's great political life began.

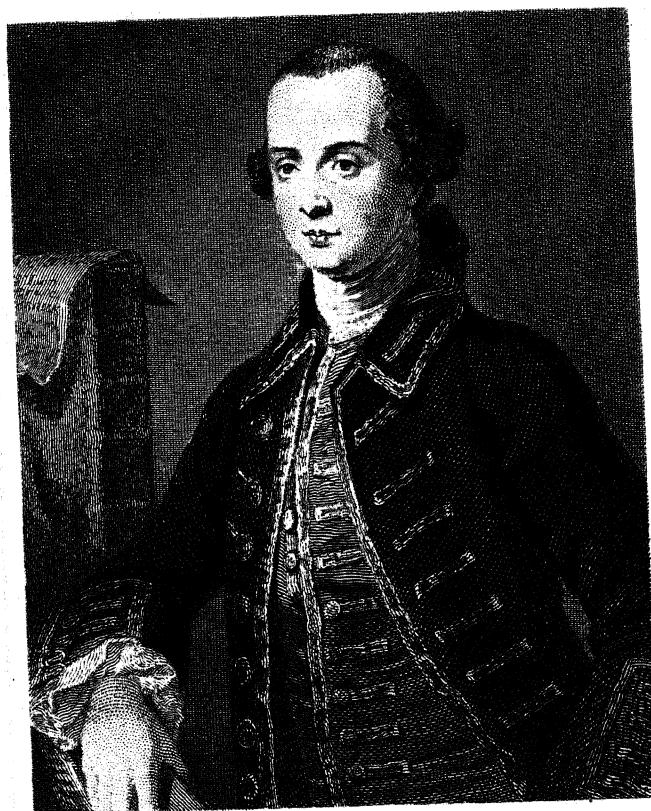
The first letter of the newly appointed secretary to the new premier, written from Queen Anne Street the day after his appointment, was to David Garrick; and is the first pleasant evidence we receive that whatever may be the success of his adventure in politics, there is small chance of its weaning him from the society of wits and men of

lose his head immediately as they say, about which he seems to trouble his head very little; but I must tell you a good thing of Lady Thanet's before I go any further. Lord Bateman told her at the Bath that he had Sir Robert's head in his pocket. 'Are you sure of it?' says she. 'Nothing surer.' 'Why then,' says she, 'you cannot possibly do so well as to put it on your shoulders.' I close with a pleasant passage of banter on a love affair of Horace Walpole's, from a letter of two years' later date, written from Ghent: "Dear Horry, I delight in your disowning your amourette twelve miles out of London. Do you forget all that passed in Chelsea summer-house on that head, and in Chelsea parlor too? . . . Yes, twelve miles out of London, Horry; and yet you are in the right to command London too. I know your beauty was little out of it at that time, gone to shine and do mischief in some country village; but its satellites accompanied it too, for I remember you made frequent excursions about that time, spite of all the dust and heat in the world. I am not simple; I know the people *like* London, as Dr. Bentley said of apple-pie; but nobody *loves* London for London's sake, but green girls and quadrille matrons."

—*Rockingham Memoirs*, i. 373-384.

¹The epithet is Gray's, who never cares to conceal his contempt for "Old Fobus."

George Colman





letters to which this narrative belongs. Burke cheerfully invokes his "little Horace," "lepidissime homuncio," to call and see his "Mæcenas atavis" and "praise this administration of Cavendishes and Rockinghams in ode, and abuse their enemies in epigram."¹ Garrick had arrived in England, from his foreign tour, three months before; his old weaknesses coming back as he verged nearer and nearer home, and, for his last few days in Paris, disturbing him with visions of Powell. "I'll answer for nothing and nobody in a play-house," he wrote to Colman; "the devil has put his hoof into it, and he was a deceiver from the beginning of the world. Tell me really what you think of Powell. I am told by several that he *will* bawl and roar. Ross, I hear, has got reputation in Lear. I don't doubt it. The Town is a facetious gentleman."² A few days later Sterne wrote to him from Bath "strange" things of Powell; and when himself on the point of starting from Paris for London, he met Beauclerc, who reported of the new tragedian not less strangely. "What, 'all my children!' I fear he has taken a wrong turn. Have you advised him?" he wrote again to Colman. "Do you see him? Is he grateful? Is he modest? Or, is he conceited and undone?"³ Nor could the uneasy little great actor bring himself to make his journey home until he had privately sent on, for anonymous publication at the moment of his arrival, a rhymed satirical fable in anticipation and forestalment of expected Grub Street attacks, wherein he humbly depicted himself as the "Sick Monkey," and the

¹ *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 189. "My dear Garrick," he said in the same letter, "you have made me perfectly happy by the friendly and obliging satisfaction you are so good to express on this little gleam of prosperity, which has at length fallen on my fortune." It was, indeed, but a transient gleam, for the administration passed away in a month!

² March 10, 1765.—Peake's *Memoirs*, i. 141.

³ "Powell," Sterne adds,—"good Heaven! give me some one with less smoke and more fire. There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking. Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson."—Letter dated Bath, April 6, 1765.

⁴ Letter dated 7th April, 1765.—Peake's *Memoirs*, i. 149-150.

whole race of other animals as railing at the monkey and his travels. But it was labor all thrown away. The finessing and trick¹ were of no use, the hearts of his admirers being already securely his without such miserable help. Grub Street, when he came, showed no sign of discomposure; and there was but one desire in London and Westminster, to see their favorite actor again.

Let us not be surprised if these intolerable vanities and self-distrusts weighed, with contemporaries of his own grade, against the better qualities of this delightful man, and pressed down the scale. Johnson loved him, but could not always show it for hatred of his foppery; Goldsmith admired him, yet was always ready to join in any scheme for his mortification and annoyance. Two things had been done in his absence to which he addressed himself with great anxiety on his return. The Covent Garden actors had established a voluntary benefit subscription, to relieve their poorer fellows in distress; and, jealous of such a proposal without previous consultation with himself, he was now throwing all his energy into a similar fund at Drury Lane, which should excel and overrule the other. Without him, too, the Club had been established; but as he could not hope to succeed in setting up a rival to *that*, he was using every anxious means to secure his own immediate election. Johnson resolutely opposed it. Reynolds first conveyed to him Garrick's wish, to the effect that he liked the idea of the Club excessively, and though the should be of them. "He'll be of us!" exclaimed Johnson; "how does he know we will permit him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language."² To Thrale, the next intercessor, he threw out even threats of blackball; but this

¹ "Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick, If they were not his own by finessing and trick."—*Retaliation*.

See Colman's *Posthumous Letters*, 271-278, for the instructions to Colman to puff "our little stage hero" in his absence, received from the little stage hero himself. See also Murphy's *Life*, ii. 14, and Davies's, ii. 332.

² *Boswell*, ii. 274-275. Boswell relates this by way of contradicting Hawkins, whose account, however, it plainly confirms.

moved the worthy brewer to remonstrate warmly, and Johnson, thus hard pressed, picked up somewhat recklessly a line of Pope's, as in self-defence one might pick up a stone by the way-side, without regard to its form or fitness. "Why, sir, I love my little David dearly, better than all or any of his flatterers do; but surely one ought to sit in a society like ours

"Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player."¹

Still the subject was not suffered to let drop, and the next who undertook it was Hawkins. "He will disturb us, sir, by his buffoonery," was the only and obdurate answer.² Garrick saw that for the present it was hopeless (though not long after, as will be seen, Percy, Chambers, and Colman obtained their election); and, with his happier tact and really handsome spirit,³ visited Johnson as usual, and seemed to

¹ *Piozzi Letters*, ii. 387.

² *Life of Johnson*, 425.

³ In the midst of Garrick's uneasy little vanities let me show him in his better character (also from an incident of the present year), as the benefactor and friend of worth and virtue. It will enable me too, as I have already illustrated Goldsmith's Dr. Marrowfat by comparison with a living dignitary of the church (*ante*, 46), to offer a not unworthy companion picture to Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose in the person of a living vicar. Garrick is writing to one of his great friends on behalf of the Rev. Mr. Beighton, and "the worthy parson" is happily sketched by him. "The honest vicar of Egham might be made the happiest man upon earth with a small addition to his present income. . . . He is gouty and turned of sixty, yet has not only the severe duty of Egham upon him, but is obliged to ride five or six miles through much water, and often to swim his horse, for the sake of about thirty pounds a year. I entered lately into a very serious conversation with him about his affairs, and he confessed to me that he found a curate was necessary for him; I made him an offer of money for that purpose till something might happen, but he absolutely refused me. . . . I assure you, upon my word and honor, that this step is taken without his knowledge or concurrence. . . . My friend is a great dabbler in curiosities, and he has collected some few in his little library and garden; but I defy him to show me a greater rarity than himself, for he is a generous, modest, ingenious, and disinterested clergyman." Two years later, this application having failed, he wrote to the wife of the chancellor, Lord Camden, with better effect. "The good man," he writes to her, acknowledging her answer, "happened to dine with me at Hampton when I had the honor of receiving your ladyship's letter. He could not refrain from tears of joy." — *Garrick Correspondence*, 190-191, 263.

withdraw his claim. But he could not conceal his uneasiness. "He would often stop at my gate," says his good-natured friend Hawkins, who lived at Twickenham, "in his way to and from Hampton, with messages from Johnson relating to his *Shakespeare*, then in the press, and ask such questions as these: 'Were you at the Club on Monday night? What did you talk of? Was Johnson there? I suppose he said something of Davy?—that Davy was a clever fellow in his way, full of convivial pleasantry, but no poet, no writer, ha?'"¹ Hawkins might hear all this, however, with better grace than any one else, for that worthy magistrate took little interest in the Club. In a letter to Langton, written shortly after, Johnson specially mentions him as remiss in attendance, while he admits that he is himself not over-diligent. "Dyer, Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Reynolds," he adds, "are very constant."²

Without its dignified doctorial prefix, Goldsmith's name is now seldom mentioned; even Newbery is careful to preserve it in his memoranda of books lent for the purposes of compilation; and he does not seem himself to have again wholly laid it aside. Indeed, he now made a brief effort, at the suggestion of Reynolds, to make positive professional use of it. It was much to have a regular calling, said the successful painter; it gave a man social rank and consideration in the world. Advantage should be taken of the growing popularity of the *Traveller*. To be at once physician and man of letters was the most natural thing possible: there were the Arbuthnots and Garths, to say nothing of Cowley himself, among the dead; there were the Akensides, Graingers, Armstrongs, and Smolletts, still among the living; and where was the degree in medicine belonging to any of them, to which the degree in poetry or wit had not given more glad acceptance? Out came Goldsmith accordingly (in the June of this year, according to the account-

¹ *Life of Johnson*, 427.

² *Boswell*, ii. 321. In the same letter he writes: "Mr. Lye is printing his Saxon and Gothic dictionary: all the Club subscribes."

books of Mr. William Filby, the tailor),¹ in purple silk small-clothes, a handsome scarlet roquelaure buttoned close under the chin, and with all the additional importance derivable from a full-dress professional wig, a sword, and a gold-headed cane. The style of the coat and small-clothes may be presumed from the "four guineas and a half" paid for them; and, as a child with its toy is uneasy without swift renewal of the pleasurable excitement, Goldsmith amazed his friends with no fewer than three similar suits, not less expensive, in the next six months. Yet greatly was the enjoyment of these fine clothes abridged by the dignity he was obliged to put on with them; and, easy as he had found it to blot from his now genteeler page the names of innocent but vulgar haunts once so familiar there, he had found it much harder to give up the actual reality of those old humble haunts, of his tea at the White Conduit, of his ale-house club at Islington, of his nights at the "Wrekin" or St. Giles's. In truth, he would say (*in truth* was a favorite phrase of his, interposes Cooke, who relates the anecdote), one has to make vast sacrifices for good company's sake; "for here am I shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably."² Nor is it quite clear that the most moderate accession of good company, professionally speaking, rewarded this reluctant gravity. The only instance remembered of his practice was in the case of a Mrs. Sidebotham, described as one of his recent acquaintance of the better sort, whose waiting-woman was often afterwards known to relate with what a ludicrous assumption of dignity he would show off his cloak and his cane as he strutted with his queer little figure, stuck through as with a huge pin by his wandering sword, into the sick-room of her mistress. At last it one day happened

¹ These account-books were communicated to Mr. Prior by the son of William Filby (mislabeled John in *Boswell*), Mr. John Filby, "a respectable member of the Corporation of London," and will hereafter be quoted in detail. They complete the picture of which I furnish the beginning on a previous page (46), in the extracts there first printed from the Edinburgh tailor's ledger.

² *European Magazine*, xxiv.

that, his opinion differing somewhat from the apothecary's in attendance, the lady thought her apothecary the safer counsellor, and Goldsmith quitted the house in high indignation.¹ He would leave off prescribing for his friends, he said. "Do so, my dear Doctor," observed Beauclerc. "Whenever you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies." Upon the whole, this seems to have been the close of Dr. Goldsmith's professional practice.

¹ Told on the relation of Mrs. Gwyn.—*Prior*, ii. 105.

CHAPTER XII

NEWS FOR THE CLUB FROM VARIOUS PLACES

1765-1766

THE literary engagements of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith were meanwhile going on with Newbery; and towards the close of the year he appears to have completed a compilation of a kind somewhat novel to him, induced in all probability by his concurrent professional attempts. It was "*A Survey of Experimental Philosophy*, considered in its present state of improvement"; and Newbery paid him sixty guineas for it.¹ He also took great interest at this time in the proceedings of the Society of Arts; and is supposed, from the many small advances entered in Newbery's memoranda as made in connection with that Society,² to have contributed sundry reports and disquisitions on its proceedings and affairs to a

¹ I give the memorandum of books lent to Goldsmith for the purpose of this compilation. "Sent to Dr. Goldsmith, Sept. 11th, 1765, from Canbury (Canonbury) House the Copy of the Philosophy to be revised, with the Abbé Nollet's Philosophy, and to have an account added of Hale's Ventilator, together with the following Books. 1. Pemberton's Newton, Quarto. 2. Two pamphlets of Mr. Franklin's on Electricity. 3. 1 of Ferguson's Astronomy, Quarto. 4. D'Alembert's Treatise of Fluids, Quarto. 5. Martin's Philosophy, 3 vols. 6. Ferguson's Lectures, Do. 7. Helsham's Do. 8. Kiel's Introduction, Do. 9. Kiel's Astronomy, Do. 10. Nature Displayed, 7 vols. 12mo. 11. Nollet's Philosophy, 3 vols. 12mo." (Nollet is called Nola and Noletus, Ferguson figures as Furgason and Furgeson, and D'Alembert is transformed into Darlembert, in worthy Mr. Newbery's orthography).—Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession.

² See *ante*, 166, note. Besides the entries there given, others exist having reference to 1765, as, for example: "Lent Dr. Goldsmith, at the Society of Arts, and to pay arrears, £3 3s." And see *post*, one of the notes in chapter xix.

new commercial and agricultural magazine in which the busy publisher had engaged. It was certainly not an idle year with him, though what remains in proof of his employment may be scant and indifferent enough. Johnson's blind pensioner, Miss Williams, had for several months been getting together a subscription volume of *Miscellanies*, to which Goldsmith had promised a poem; and she complains that she found him always too busy to redeem his promise, and was continually put off with a "Leave it to me." Nor was Johnson, who had made like promises, much better. "Well, we'll think about it," was his form of excuse.¹ With Johnson, in truth, a year of most unusual exertion had succeeded his year of visitings, and he had at last completed, nine years later than he promised it, his edition of *Shakespeare*. It came out in October, in eight octavo volumes; and was bitterly assailed (nor, it may be admitted, without a certain coarse smartness) by Kenrick, who, in one of the notes to his attack, coupling "learned doctors of Dublin" with "doctorial dignities of Rheims and Louvain," may have meant a sarcasm at Goldsmith. I have indicated the latter place as the probable source of his medical degree; and, three months before, Dublin University had conferred a doctorship on Johnson, though not until ten years later, when Oxford did him similar honor, did he consent to acknowledge the title.² He had now, I may add, left his Temple chambers, and become master of a house in one of the courts in Fleet Street which bore his own name; and where he was able to give lodging on the ground floor to Miss Williams and in the garret to Robert Levett. It is remembered as a decent house, with stout, old-fashioned mahogany furniture. Goldsmith appears meanwhile to have

¹ *Boswell*, iii. 9. The poor old lady was more nervous about having received and spent her subscription half-crowns than Johnson felt about his subscription guineas (vol. i. 205).

² He never himself, however, actually assumed it; and it is not a little curious, remembering how world-famous the dignity became in his person, that he never called himself anything but "Mr. Johnson" to the close of his life.

got into somewhat better chambers in the same (Garden) court¹ where his library staircase chambers stood, which he was able to furnish more comfortably; and to which we shortly trace (by the help of Mr. Filby's bills, and their memoranda of altered suits) the presence of a man-servant.

So passed the year 1765. It was the year in which he had first felt any advantage of rank arising from literature; and it closed upon him as he seems to have resolved to make the most of his growing importance and enjoy it in all possible ways. Joseph Warton, now preparing for the head-mastership of Winchester school, was in London at the opening of 1766, and saw something of the society of the club. He had wished to see Hume; but Hume, though he had left Paris (where he had been secretary of the embassy to Lord Hertford, recalled and sent to Dublin by the new administration), was not yet in London. A strange Paris "season" it had been, and odd and ill-assorted its assemblage of visitors. There had Sterne, Foote, Walpole, and Wilkes been thrown together at the same dinner-table. There had Hume, with his broad Scotch accent, his unintelligible French, his inexpressive fat face, and his corpulent body, been the object of enthusiasm without example, and played the Sultan in pantomimic tableaux to the prettiest women of the time.² There had the author of the *Héloïse* and the *Contrat Social*, half

¹ Mr. Tom Taylor says (*Life of Reynolds*, i. 244) that "Goldsmith had this summer (1765) reached his second stage in the Temple. He had left the shabby chambers which he shared with Jeffs, the butler, on the library staircase, for rooms in 3 King's Bench Walk, where I find Reynolds engaged to dine with him in July." I do not know the authority for this statement, unless Reynolds has himself given that address. Goldsmith changed his Temple chambers only twice.

² "They believe in Mr. Hume," writes Walpole, "the only thing in the world that they believe implicitly; which they must do; for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks." "Il fit son début chez Madame de T——; . . . on le place sur un sopha entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve jamais autre chose à leur dire que: 'Eh bien ! mes demoiselles . . . Eh bien ! vous voilà donc . . . Eh bien ! vous voilà . . . vous voilà ici ?"—*Mémoires et Correspondance de Madame d'Epinay*, iii. 284.

eraised with the passionate admiration which had welcomed his *Emile*, and flattered out of the rest of his wits by the persecution that followed it, stalked about with all Paris at his heels, in a caftan and Armenian robes, and so enchanted the Scotch historian and sage, to whom he seemed a sort of better Socrates, that he had offered him a home in England.¹ There was the young painter-student, Barry, writing modest letters on his way to Rome, whither William and Edmund Burke had subscribed out of their limited means to send him. There was the young lion-hunter Boswell, more pompous and conceited than ever; as little laden with law from Utrecht, where he has studied since we saw him last, as with heroism from Corsica, where he has visited Pascal Paoli, or with wit from Ferney, where he has been to see Voltaire; pushing his way into every salon, inflicting himself on every celebrity, and ridiculed by all.² There, finally, was Horace Walpole, twinged with the gout and smarting from political slight, but revenging himself with laughter at everybody around him and beyond him: now with aspiring Geoffrin and the philosophers, now with blind Du Deffand and the wits³ ("women who violated all the duties

¹ "I find him," says the too impressible philosopher, "mild, and gentle, and modest, and good-humored; and he has more the behavior of a man of the world than any of the learned here, except M. de Buffon, who, in his figure, and air, and deportment, answers your idea of a maréchal of France rather than that of a philosopher. M. Rousseau is of a small stature, and would rather be ugly, had he not the finest physiognomy in the world: I mean the most expressive countenance. . . . His Armenian dress is not affectation. He has had an infirmity from his infancy, which makes breeches inconvenient for him."—Burton's *Hume*, ii. 299, 302. In connection with this passage it may be worth adding that Buffon was the only known French writer of this period whom Johnson declared he would care to cross the sea to visit, and (as his reason for *not* going) "I can find in Buffon's book all that he can say."—*Boswell*, iv. 247. He never speaks of Voltaire without unconsciously betraying a sort of uneasy fear of his vivacity and scorn.

² "He is a strange being," writes Walpole of Boswell, "and, like Cambridge, has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors."—*Coll. Lett.* v. 192.

³ *Coll. Lett.* v. 123-124. I must give the reader a peep (from a letter in the

of life and gave very pretty suppers"); lumping up, in the same contempt, Wilkes and Foote, Boswell and Sterne;¹ proclaiming as impostors, in their various ways, alike the Jesuits, the Methodists, the philosophers, the politicians, the encyclopædist, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt; and counting a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser as well as more rational, and certainly an honester being than any of them.² Such was the winter society of Paris; let Joseph Warton describe what he saw of literature in London. "I only dined with Johnson," he writes to

Selwyn Correspondence) at one of the leading members of this distinguished society: "Madame du Deffand has filled up her vacancies, and given me enough new French. With one of them you would be delighted, a Madame de Marchais. She is not perfectly young, has a face like a Jew pedlar, her person is about four feet, her head about six, and her *coiffure* about ten. Her forehead, chin, and neck are whiter than a miller's; and she wears more festoons of natural flowers than all the *figurantes* at the Opera. Her eloquence is still more abundant, her *attentions* exuberant. She talks volumes, writes folios—I mean in *billet*; presides over the *Académie*, inspires passions, and has not time enough to heal a quarter of the wounds she gives. She has a house in a nut-shell, that is fuller of invention than a fairy-tale; her bed stands in the middle of the room, because there is no other space that would hold it; it is surrounded by such a perspective of looking-glasses, that you may see all that passes in it from the first antechamber."

¹ *Coll. Lett.* v. 91, 113.

² *Coll. Lett.* v. 96, 101. Nor can I help quoting from the same volume (110) Walpole's shrewd anticipation as to Hume and his new friend: "Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England. I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his, I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations. But great parts seem like high towers erected on high mountains, the more exposed to every wind, and readier to tumble. Charles Townshend is blown round the compass; Rousseau insists that the north and south blow at the same time; and Voltaire demolishes the Bible to erect fatalism in its stead. So compatible are the greatest abilities and greatest absurdities!" Gray's anticipations were not less shrewd.

his brother, " who seemed cold and indifferent, and scarce said anything to me. Perhaps he has heard what I said of his *Shakespeare*, or rather, was offended at what I wrote to him—as he pleases. Of all solemn coxcombs, Goldsmith is the first; yet sensible; but affects to use Johnson's hard words in conversation.¹ We had a Mr. Dyer, who is a scholar and a gentleman. Garrick is entirely off from Johnson, and cannot, he says, forgive him his insinuating that he withheld his old editions, which always were open to him, nor I suppose his never mentioning him in all his works."

What Garrick could with greater difficulty forgive (Warton's allusion is to that passage in the preface to his edition which regrets that he could not collate more copies, since he had not found the collectors of those rarities very communicative) was the studied absence of any mention of his acting. He had not withheld his old plays; he had been careful, through others, to let Johnson understand (too notoriously careless of books,² as he was, to be safely trusted with rare editions) that the books were at his service, and that in his absence abroad the keys of his library had, with that view solely, been intrusted to a servant; but this implied an overture from Johnson, who thought it Garrick's duty, on the contrary, to make overtures to him; who knew that the other course involved acknowledgments he was not

¹ Wooll's *Warton*, 312–313. This charge, which the not very lively Joe Warton brings against Goldsmith, of affecting to use Johnson's hard words in conversation, and which Hawkins also brings against him, I have dealt with, *post*, book iv. chap. iv.

² Cooke says (in his *Life of Foote*) his ordinary habit was to open a book so wide as almost to break the back of it, and then to fling it down. Cradock describes the same peculiarity; and adds that on one occasion, Johnson having been admitted to Garrick's room in Southampton Street to wait till its master should arrive, the latter found, on his arrival, all his most splendidly bound presentation volumes from various authors and writers of plays, etc., flung damaged on the floor as "stuff, trash, and nonsense." Boswell, who refers to the circumstances mentioned in the text, adds that, "considering the slovenly and careless manner in which books were treated by Johnson, it could not have been expected that scarce and valuable editions should have been lent to him."—iii. 229.

prepared to make; and who laughed at nothing so much, on Davy's subsequent loan of all his plays to George Steevens,¹ as when he read this year, in the first publication of that acute young Mephistophelean critic, that "Mr. Garrick's zeal would not permit him to withhold anything that might ever so remotely tend to show the perfections of that author *who only could have enabled him to display his own.*" Johnson could not have hit off a compliment of such satirical nicety; he must have praised honestly, if at all, and it went against his grain to do it. He let out the reason to Boswell eight years afterwards. "Garrick has been liberally paid, sir, for anything he has done for Shakespeare. If I should praise him I should much more praise the nation who paid him."² With better reason he used to laugh at his managerial preference of the player's text (which it is little to the credit of the stage that the last of the great actors, Mr. Macready, should have been the first to depart from³), and couple it with a doubt whether he had ever examined one of the original plays from the first scene to the last. Nor did Garrick take all this quietly. The king had commanded his reappearance in *Benedict* at the close of the year; and, though he did not think it safe to resume any part of which Powell was in possession, except *Lusignan*, *Lothario*, and *Leon*, his popularity had again shone forth unabated. It brought back his sense of power; and with it a disposition to use it, even against Johnson. The latter

¹ *Correspondence of Garrick*, i. 216-217.

² *Boswell*, iv. 266. The real truth of his apparent inconsistencies about Garrick, of which so many instances are given in this biography, was admirably hit off by Reynolds in the remark that in point of fact Johnson considered him to be as it were *his property*; and would allow no man either to blame or to praise Garrick in his presence without contradicting him. In proof of this Sir Joshua himself compiled, from actual recollected scraps of his talk about Davy, two imaginary conversations, in the first of which Johnson attacks Garrick against Sir Joshua, and in the second defends him against Gibbon. These dialogues are to be found in Miss Hawkins's *Memoirs*, i. 110-128.

³ The Fool in *Lear* and other masterpieces of the poet's original text were first restored to the stage by Mr. Macready, after more than two centuries of discreditable exile.

had not hesitated, notwithstanding their doubtful relations, to seek to "secure an honest prejudice" in favor of his book by formally asking the popular actor's "suffrage" for it on its appearance; yet the suffrage of the popular actor was certainly exerted against it; and that Johnson had not a taste for the finest productions of genius,¹ Garrick afterwards went about busily explaining. With Iago's ingenious mischief, with Hal's gay compliance in Falstaff's vices, such a critic might be at home; but from Lear in the storm, and from Macbeth on the blasted heath, he must be content to be far away. He could there but mount the high horse, and bluster about imperial tragedy. The tone was caught by the actor's friends; is perceptible in parts of his correspondence;² is in the letters of Warburton, and in such as I have quoted of the Wartons; and gradually, to the disturbance of even Johnson, passed from society into the press, and became a stock theme with the newspapers. Garrick went too far, however, when he suffered the libeller Kenrick, not many months after his published attack on Johnson, to exhibit upon his theatre a play called "Falstaff's Wedding"; and to make another attempt, the following season, with a piece called the "Widowed Wife." The first was damned, and, till Shakespeare's fat Jack is forgotten, is not likely to be heard of again; the second passed into oblivion more slowly;³ but Garrick was brought, by both, into per-

¹ His extraordinary argument in support of the unapproached excellence of a passage in Congreve's *Mourning Bride* (which he held to be superior to anything in Shakespeare, because the latter "never had six lines together without a fault," *Boswell*, iii. 97), is well known; but notwithstanding this and other abundant proofs of his insensibility to the higher and more subtle parts of Shakespeare's genius, his edition was an excellent one, and did noble service to the poet's text—such was his knowledge of language, and the power of his strong common-sense.

² It will suffice to refer to *Garrick Correspondence*, i. 205. But see what Mrs. Piozzi says, *Anecdotes*, 57-59.

³ See Davies's *Life of Garrick*, ii. 132; and Murphy's *Life*, ii. 32, 33. "Who," asks Garrick (*Colman's Posthumous Letters*, 290), "wrote the *Answer to Kenrick's Review*? Johnson sent it to me through Steevens last week—but mum—it is not quite the thing: by J.'s fondness for it, he must have felt K—. What things we are! and how little are we known!" Yet, on the

sonal relations with the writer which he lived to have reason to deplore. Meanwhile, and for some little time to come, what Joseph Warton had written was but too true. Garrick and Johnson were entirely off; and in a certain gloom of spirits and disquietude of health which were just now stealing over the latter, even his interest in the stage appeared to have passed away.

"I think, Mr. Johnson," said Goldsmith, as they sat talking together one evening in February, "you don't go near the theatres now. You give yourself no more concern about a new play than if you had never had anything to do with the stage." Johnson avoided the question,¹ and his friend shifted the subject. He spoke of the public claim and expectation that the author of *Irene* should give them "some-

other hand, see *Boswell*, iv. 305, for Johnson's amusing and contemptuous reiteration about "*the boy*" who answered Kenrick.

¹ In the dialogue that passed Johnson offered his excuse for the comparative scantiness of his writings in the later years of his life: "JOHNSON: 'Why, sir, our tastes greatly alter. The lad does not care for the child's rattle, and the old man does not care for the young man's whore.' GOLDSMITH: 'Nay, sir; but your Muse was not a whore.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, I do not think she was. But as we advance in the journey of life, we drop some of the things which have pleased us; whether it be that we are fatigued and don't choose to carry so many things any farther, or that we find other things which we like better.' BOSWELL: 'But, sir, why don't you give us something in some other way?' GOLDSMITH: 'Ay, sir, we have a claim upon you.' JOHNSON: 'No, sir, I am not obliged to do any more. No man is obliged to do as much as he can do. A man is to have part of his life to himself. If a soldier has fought a good many campaigns, he is not to be blamed if he retires to ease and tranquillity. A physician who has practised long in a great city may be excused if he retires to a small town and takes less practice. Now, sir, the good I can do by my conversation bears the same proportion to the good I can do by my writings that the practice of a physician, retired to a small town, does to his practice in a great city.' BOSWELL: 'But I wonder, sir, you have not more pleasure in writing than in not writing.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, you *may* wonder.'"—*Boswell*, ii. 318-319. Seven years later the same subject was resumed, when Johnson, less disposed to be tolerant of himself than in the present instance, told Boswell that he had been trying to cure his laziness all his life, and could not do it; upon which Boswell, with broad allusion to the great achievement of the *Dictionary*, interposed the remark that if a man does in a shorter time what might be the labor of a

thing in some other way"; on which Johnson began to talk of making verses, and said (very truly) that the great difficulty was to know when you had made good ones. He remarked that he had once written, in one day, a hundred lines of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*; and turning quickly to Goldsmith, added, "Doctor, I am not quite idle; I made one line t'other day; but I made no more." "Let us hear it," said the other, laughing; "we'll put a bad one to it." "No, sir," replied Johnson; "I have forgot it."

Boswell was the reporter of this conversation. He had arrived from Paris a few days before, bringing with him Rousseau's old maid-servant, Mademoiselle Le Vasseur. "She's very homely and very awkward," says Hume, "but more talked of than the Princess of Morocco or the Countess of Egmont, on account of her fidelity and attachment towards him. His very dog, who is no better than a collie, has a name and reputation in the world!"¹ It was enough for Boswell, who clung to any rag of celebrity; nor, remembering how the ancient widow of Cicero and Sallust had seduced a silly young patrician into thinking that her close connection with genius must have given her the secret of it, were Hume and Walpole quite secure of even the honor of the young Scotch escort of the ugly old French-woman. They arrived safely and virtuously, notwithstanding; and Boswell straightway went to Johnson, whom, not a little to his discomfort, he found put by his doctors on a water regimen. Though they supped twice at the "Mitre," it was not as in the old social time. On the night of the conversation just given, being then on the eve of his return to Scotland, he had taken Goldsmith with him to call again on Johnson, "with the hope of prevailing on him to sup with us at the 'Mitre.'" But they found him indisposed, and resolved not to go abroad. "Come then," said Goldsmith,

life, there was nothing to be said against him; and elicited from Johnson this admirable and noble reply: "Suppose that flattery to be true, the consequence would be that the world would have no right to censure a man; but that will not justify him TO HIMSELF."—Boswell, iv. 251.

¹ Burton's *Life*, ii. 299. And see *Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, 387.

gayly, "we will not go to the 'Mitre' to-night, since we cannot have the big man with us." Whereupon the big man, laughing at the jovial Irish phrase, called for a bottle of port, of which, adds Boswell, "Goldsmith and I partook, while our friend, now a water-drinker, sat by us."¹

One does not discover, in such anecdotes as these, what honest though somewhat dry Joe Warton calls Goldsmith's solemn coxcomtry. But besides Boswell's effulgence in that kind, any lesser light could hardly hope to shine. Even to the great commoner himself, at whose unapproachable seclusion all London had so lately been amazed, and who at length, with little abatement of the haughty mystery, had reappeared in the House of Commons, was "Bozzy" now resolved, before leaving London, to force his way. With Corsican Paoli as his card, he would play for this mighty Pam; and mysterious intimation had already gone to Pitt of certain views of the struggling patriot, of the illustrious Paoli, which he desired to communicate to "the prime minister of the brave, the secretary of freedom and of spirit." Wonder reigned at the Club when they found the interview granted, and inextinguishable laughter when they heard of the interview itself. Profiting by Rousseau's Armenian example, Boswell went in Corsican robes. "He came in the Corsican dress," says Lord Buchan, who was present; "and Mr. Pitt smiled; but received him very graciously, in his "pompous manner."² It was an advantage the young Scot followed up; very soon inflicting on Pitt a brief history of himself, in an elaborate epistle. He described his general love of great people, and how that Mr. Pitt's character in particular had filled many of his best hours with what he oddly called "that noble admiration

¹ *Boswell*, ii. 318.

² "In consequence of this letter," wrote Lord Buchan on the back of one of Boswell's epistles, "I desired him to call at Mr. Pitt's, and took care to be with him when he was introduced. Mr. Pitt was then in the Duke of Grafton's house in Great Bond Street. . . . Boswell had genius, but wanted ballast to counteract his whim. He preferred being a showman to keeping a shop of his own."

which a disinterested soul can enjoy in the bower of philosophy." He told him he was going to publish an account of Corsica and of Paoli's gallant efforts against the tyrant Genoese; added that to please his father he had himself studied law, and was now fairly entered to the bar; and concluded thus: "I begin to like it. I can labor hard; I feel myself coming forward, and I hope to be useful to my country. *Could you find time to honor me now and then with a letter?*"¹ To no wiser man than this, it should be always kept in mind, posterity became chiefly indebted for its laugh at Goldsmith's literary vanities, social absurdities, and so-called self-important ways.

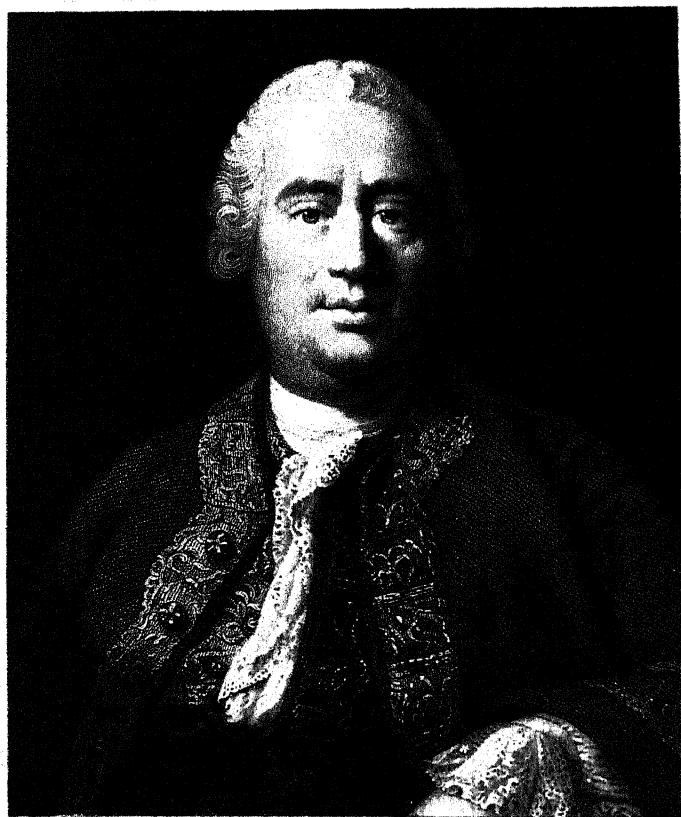
With Pitt's reappearance had meanwhile been connected another event of not less mighty consequence. On the day (the 14th of January) when he rose to support Conway's repeal of the American Stamp Act, and to resist his accompanying admission that such an act was not void in itself; when, in answer to Nugent's furious denunciation of rebellious colonies, he rejoiced that Massachusetts had resisted, and affirmed that colonies unrepresented could not be taxed by Parliament; Burke took his seat, by an arrangement with Lord Verney, for Wendover borough. A fortnight later he made his first speech, and divided the admiration of the house with Pitt himself.² Afterwards, and

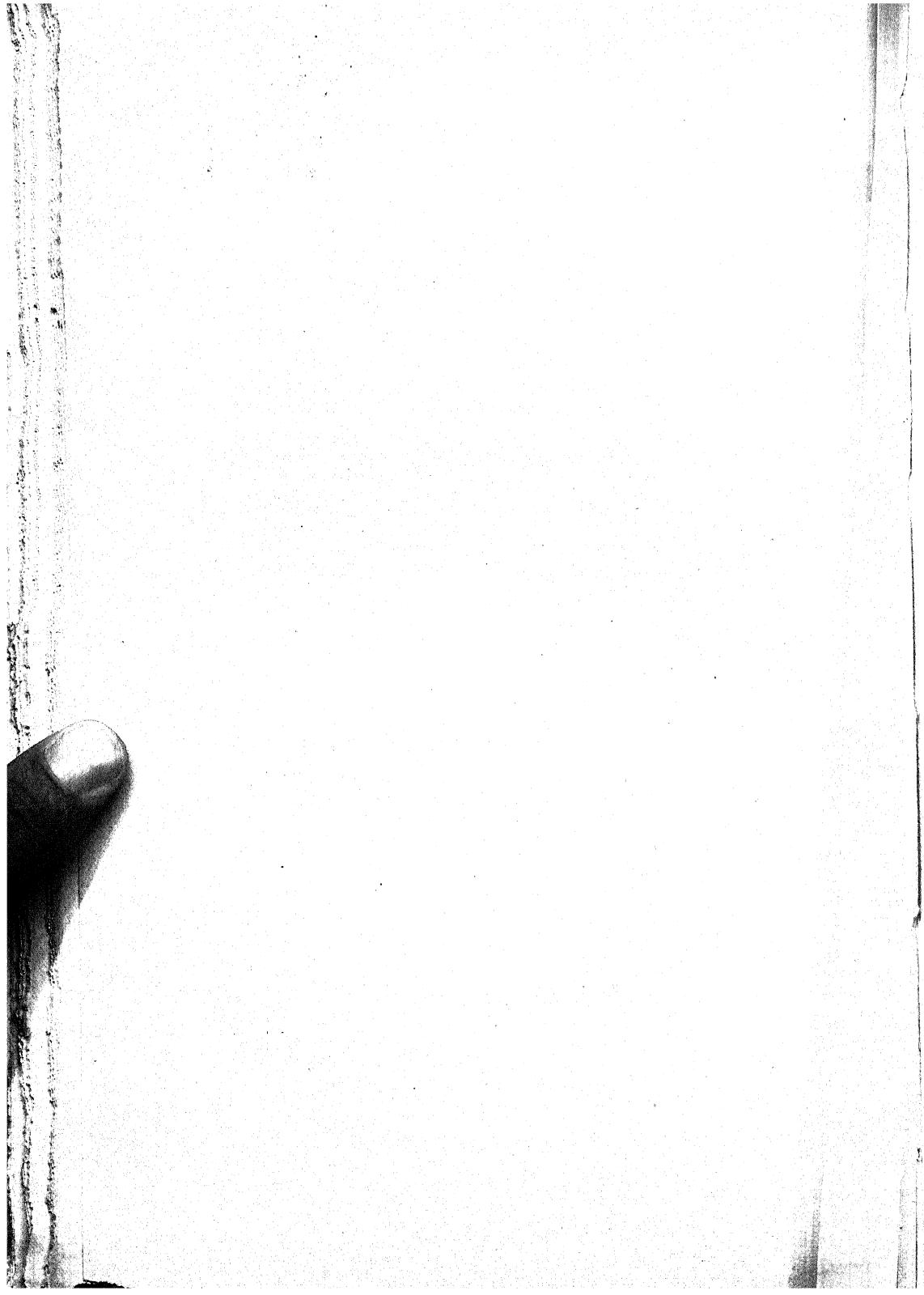
¹ *Chatham Correspondence*, iii. 247.

² In the best passages of his *Memoirs of George III.*, Horace Walpole celebrates Pitt's farewell, and Burke's accession, to the House of Commons. "Two great orators and statesmen," says Mr. Macaulay, speaking of the debates on Conway's motion, "belonging to two different generations, repeatedly put forth all their powers in defence of the bill. The House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time, and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was, indeed, a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn."—*Essays*, iii. 517. Burke himself, as though unconscious of his own more commanding greatness, speaks in a precisely similar strain of the sudden burst of Charles Townshend on the scene, as Pitt was magnificently retreating. "Even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant."—*Works*, i. 482. I may refer the

David Hume







with increased effect, he spoke again; Pitt praising him, and telling his friends to set proper value on the "acquisition they had made"; and when the struggle for the repeal was over, after the last victorious division on the memorable morning of the 22d of February, and Pitt and Conway came out amid the huzzings of the crowded lobby, where the leading merchants of the kingdom whom this great question so vitally affected had till "almost a winter's return of light" tremblingly awaited the decision, Burke stood at their side, and received share of the same shouts and benedictions.²

Extraordinary news for the Club, all this; and again the excellent Hawkins is in a state of wonder. "Sir," exclaimed Johnson, "there is no wonder at all. We who know Mr. Burke know that he will be one of the first men in the country."³ But he had regrets with which to sober this admission. He disliked the Rockingham party, and was zealous for more strict attendance at the Club. "We have the loss of Burke's company," he complained to Langton, "since he has been engaged in the public business." Yet he cannot help adding (it was the first letter he had written to Langton from his new study in Johnson's Court, which he thinks "looks very pretty" about him) that it is well so great a man by nature as Burke should be expected soon to attain civil greatness. "He has gained more reputation than, perhaps, any man at his first appearance ever gained before. His speeches have filled the town with wonder."³

Ten days after the date of this letter came out an advertisement in the *St. James's Chronicle*, which affected the town with neither wonder nor curiosity, though not without matter for both to the members of the club. "In a few days will be published," it said, "in two volumes, twelves, price six shillings bound, or five shillings sewed,

reader who desires to have a notion of Burke's manner as he spoke in the House of Commons in later life, to a lively and minute description in Wraxall's *Hist. Mem.* ii. 35, etc.

¹ Burke's *Works*, i. 473.

² *Boswell*, vi. 80.

³ *Ib.* ii. 320-321.

the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A tale, supposed to be written by himself. Printed for F. Newbery at the Crown in Paternoster Row." This was the manuscript story sold to Newbery's nephew fifteen months before; and it seems impossible satisfactorily to account for the bookseller's delay. Johnson says that not till now had the *Traveller's* success made the publication worth while; but eight months were passed, even now, since the *Traveller* had reached its fourth edition. We are left to conjecture; and the most likely supposition will probably be that the delay was consequent on business arrangements between the younger and elder Newbery. Goldsmith had certainly not claimed the interval for any purpose of retouching his work;¹ and can hardly have failed to desire speedy publication, for what had been to him a labor of love as rare as the *Traveller* itself. But the elder Newbery may have interposed some claim to a property in the novel, and objected to its appearance contemporaneously with the *Traveller*. He often took part in this way in his nephew's affairs; and thus, for a translation of a French book on philosophy which the nephew published after the *Vicar*, and which Goldsmith at this very time was laboring at, we find, from the summer account handed in by the elder Newbery, that the latter had himself provided the payment.² He gave Goldsmith twenty pounds for it; and had also advanced him, at about the time when the *Vicar* was put in hand (it was printed at Salisbury, and was nearly three months in passing through

¹ My opinion on this point is strengthened by a communication of Dr. Farr's to Percy. The Doctor, mentioning some instances of haste or carelessness in the *Vicar*, was told by Goldsmith that it was not from want of time they had not been corrected ("as Newbery kept it by him in manuscript two years before he published it"), but for another reason. "'He gave me' (I think he said) '£60 for the copy; and had I made it ever so perfect or correct, I should not have had a shilling more.'"*—Percy Memoir*, 62.

² See a mention of "Translation of Philosophy" in one of the notes, *post*, chap. xiv. The book was a *History of Philosophy and Philosophers*, by Formey, whose *Philosophical Miscellanies* Goldsmith already had noticed in the *Critical Review*; see *ante*, 173.

the press), the sum of eleven guineas on his own promissory note.¹ The impression of a common interest between the booksellers is confirmed by what I find appended to all Mr. Francis Newbery's advertisements of the novel in the various papers of the day ("of whom may be had the *Traveller, or a Prospect of Society*, a poem by Dr. Goldsmith. Price, 1s. 6d."); and it seems further to strengthen the surmise of Mr. John Newbery's connection with the book that he is himself niched into it. He is introduced as the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, who had written so many little books for children ("he called himself their friend, but he was the friend of all mankind"); and as having published for the vicar against the deuterogamists of the age.

So let the worthy bookseller, whose philanthropy was always under watchful care of his prudence, continue to live with the Whistonian controversy; for the good Dr. Primrose, that courageous monogamist, has made both immortal.

¹ I quote from the Newbery MSS. in Mr. Murray's possession. "Received from Mr. Newbery eleven guineas which I promise to pay. OLIVER GOLDSMITH, January 8th, 1766."

CHAPTER XIII

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

1766

No book upon record has obtained a wider popularity than the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and none is more likely to endure. One who, on the day of its appearance, had not left the nursery, but who grew to be a popular poet and a man of fine wit, and who happily still survives with the experience of the seventy years over which his pleasures of memory extend, remarked lately to the present writer that of all the books which, through the fitful changes of three generations, he had seen rise and fall, the charm of the *Vicar of Wakefield* had alone continued as at first; and, could he revisit the world after an interval of many more generations, he should as surely look to find it undiminished. Such is the reward of simplicity and truth, and of not overstepping the modesty of nature.

It is not necessary that any critical judgment should be here gone into of the merits or the defects of this charming tale. Every one is familiar with Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. We read it in youth and in age. We return to it, as Walter Scott has said, again and again; "and we bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." With its ease of style, its turns of thought so whimsical yet wise, and the humor and wit which sparkle freshly through its narrative, we have all of us profitably amused the idle or the vacant hour; from year to year we have had its tender or mirthful incidents, its forms so homely in their beauty, its pathos and its comedy, given back to us from the canvas of our

Wilkies, Newtons, and Stothards, our Leslies, Maclises, and Mulreadys: but not in those graces of style, or even in that home-cherished gallery of familiar faces, can the secret of its extraordinary fascination be said to consist. It lies nearer the heart. A something which has found its way *there*; which, while it amused, has made us happier; which, gently inweaving itself with our habits of thought, has increased our good-humor and charity; which, insensibly it may be, has corrected wilful impatiences of temper, and made the world's daily accidents easier and kinder to us all: somewhat thus should be expressed, I think, the charm of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is our first pure example of the simple domestic novel. Though wide as it was various, and most minutely as well as broadly marked with passion, incident, and character, the field selected by Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett for the exercise of their genius and display of their powers, had hardly included this. Nor is it likely that Goldsmith would himself have chosen it, if his leading object had been to write a book. Rather as a refuge from the writing of books was this book undertaken. Simple to very baldness are the materials employed—but he threw into the midst of them his own nature; his actual experience; the suffering, discipline, and sweet emotion of his checkered life; and so made them a lesson and a delight to all men.

Good predominant over evil, is briefly the purpose and moral of the little story. It is designed to show us that patience in suffering, that persevering reliance on the providence of God, that quiet labor, cheerful endeavor, and an indulgent forgiveness of the faults and infirmities of others, are the easy and certain means of pleasure in this world, and of turning pain to noble uses. It is designed to show us that the heroism and self-denial needed for the duties of life are not of the superhuman sort; that they may co-exist with many follies, with some simple weaknesses, with many harmless vanities; and that in the improvement of mankind, near and remote, in its progress through worldly content to final happiness, the humblest of men have their place assigned them, and their part allotted them to play.

There had been, in light amusing fiction, no such scene as that where Dr. Primrose, surrounded by the mocking felons of the jail into which his villainous creditor has thrown him, finds in even those wretched outcasts a common nature to appeal to, minds to instruct, sympathies to bring back to virtue, souls to restore and save. "In less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane."¹ Into how many hearts may this have planted a desire which had yet become no man's care! Not yet had Howard turned his thoughts to the prison, Romilly was but a boy of nine years old, and Elizabeth Fry had not been born. In Goldsmith's day, as for centuries before it, the jail only existed as the portal to the gallows: it was crime's high-school, where law presided over the science of law-breaking, and did its best to spread guilt abroad. This prison, argues Dr. Primrose, makes men guilty where it does not find them so; it encloses wretches for the commission of one crime, and returns them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands. With what consequence? New vices call for fresh restraints; "penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor"; and all our paltriest possessions are hung round with gibbets. "When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment

¹ One might suppose, in the subjoined passage, that the good Vicar was describing the experience of yesterday (1852) in one of those most humane of modern institutions, our *ragged schools*. It is the exact process familiar to all who have labored in this field, where the plough now happily held by peers and dignitaries of state was first planted in the soil by a chimney-sweep of Windsor. "I read them a portion of the service, with a loud, unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any." The good man describes also his reward: "I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and, in less than six days, some were penitent and all were attentive.—Chapters xxvi. and xxvii.

affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime.” It scares men now to be told of what no man then took heed. Deliberate and foul murders were committed by the State. It was but four years after this that the government which had reduced a young wife to beggary by pressing her husband to sea sentenced her to death for entering a draper’s shop in Ludgate Hill, taking some coarse linen off the counter, and laying it down again as the shopman gazed at her; listened unmoved to a defence which might have penetrated stone, that inasmuch, since her husband was stolen from her, she had had no bed to lie upon, nothing to clothe her two baby children with, nothing to give them to eat, “perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did”; and finally sent her to Tyburn, with her infant sucking at her breast.¹ Not without reason did Horace Walpole call the country “a shambles.”² Hardly a Monday passed that was

¹ Speech of Sir William Meredith on the bill for the better securing dock-yards. The case so affectingly described was that of Mary Jones. “It is a circumstance not to be forgotten,” added Sir William, “that she was very young (under nineteen), and most remarkably handsome. . . . Her defence was—I have the trial in my pocket—that she had lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, till a press-gang came and stole her husband from her. . . . It was at the time when press-warrants were issued on the alarm about Falkland Islands.”—*Parl. Hist.* xix. 237–238. It was not until 1790 that the act for *burning* women found guilty of coining, and subjecting the sheriff to a severe penalty for not enforcing it, was repealed.—*Ib.* xxix. 782–783.

² “It is shocking to think,” he wrote but a very few years before this date, “what a shambles this country has grown. Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.”—*Collected Letters*, ii. 418–419. Here, at one view, is the system of frequent executions and its result. Henry Fielding had strongly protested against it, more than ten years before the present date, in his admirable *Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers, etc.*; where, after urging the necessity of a mitigation of the criminal code, while at the same time he shows that sufficiently severe measures had not been taken against the worst class of criminals, he gives many reasons of weight in support of his opinion that executions should be private. “The design of those who first appointed executions to be public was to add the punishment of shame to that of death; in order to make the example an object of

not Black Monday at Newgate. An execution came round as regularly as any other weekly show; and when it was that "shocking sight of fifteen men executed," whereof Boswell makes more than one mention,¹ the interest was of course the greater. Men not otherwise hardened found here a debasing delight. George Selwyn passed as much time at Tyburn as at White's; and Mr. Boswell had a special suit of execution-black, to make a decent appearance near the scaffold. Not uncalled for, therefore, though solitary and as yet unheeded, was the warning of the good Dr. Primrose. Nay, not uncalled for is it now, though a century has passed. Do not, he said, draw the cords of society so hard that a convulsion must come to burst them; do not cut away wretches as useless before you have tried their utility; make law the protector, not the tyrant, of the people. You will then find that creatures whose souls are held as dross want only the hand of are finer; and that "very little blood will serve to cement our security."²

Resemblances have been found, and may be admitted to exist, between the Rev. Charles Primrose and the Rev. Abraham Adams. They arose from kindred genius; and from the manly habit, which Fielding and Goldsmith shared, of discerning what was good and beautiful in the homeliest aspects of humanity. In the parson's saddle-bag of sermons would hardly have been found this prison sermon of the vicar; and there was in Mr. Adams not only a capacity for beef and pudding, but for beating and being beaten, which would ill have consisted with the simple dignity of Dr. Primrose. But unquestionable learning, unsuspecting simplicity, amusing traits of credulity and pedan-

greater terror. But experience has shown us that the event is directly contrary to this intention." See the whole of the argument in *Works* (Ed. 1821), x. 461-467. The wise alteration has at last been made. 1870.

¹ *Life*, iii. 94; viii. 331, etc.

² Greatly as our penal jurisprudence has been improved since Goldsmith's day, there yet remains too much still to do to enable us to dispense with the warning contained in the noble passage of the *Vicar of Wakefield* (chap. xxvii.) to which I refer in the text, and which never can be read too often.

try, and a most Christian purity and benevolence of heart, are common to both these masterpieces of English fiction; and are in each with such exquisite touch discriminated as to leave no possible doubt of the originality of either. Anything like the charge of imitation is preposterous. Fielding's friend, Young, sat for the parson, as in Goldsmith's father, Charles, we have seen the original of the vicar;¹ and as long as nature pleases to imitate herself, will such simple-hearted spirits reveal kindred with each other. At the same time, and with peculiar mastery, art vindicates also in such cases her power and skill; and the general truth of resemblance is, after all, perceived to be much less striking than the local accidents of difference. Does it not well-nigh seem incredible, indeed, comparing the tone of language and incident in the two stories, that a space of twenty years should have comprised *Joseph Andrews* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*?

Little, it must be confessed, had past experience in fiction, from the days of De Foe to these of Smollett, prepared the age for a simple novel of English domestic life.²

¹ A confused and quite unfounded statement of Mr. Cradock's will hereafter be referred to (book iv. chap. xix.) to the effect that the *Vicar* was written "entirely in a fortnight" in order to pay a journey of needful business to Wakefield, and hence the name. On the other hand, an American loyalist who took refuge in England, and had occasion to visit Wakefield three years after Goldsmith's death, seems to have had curious proof of the anxiety of the good people of that prosperous town to claim a property in the vicar himself, as well as in the name of the vicarage: "Departed in a stage-coach from Sheffield, and arrived at Black Barnsley through a delightful though uneven road; distance fourteen miles. Here we took post-chaises, and in two hours alighted at Wakefield, a clothing town, wherein appeared evident tokens of taste in building, and of wealth.... The Westgate Street has the noblest appearance of any I ever saw, out of London.... It has a very large Episcopal church, with a remarkably lofty tower and spire. The principal character in the novel called the *Vicar of Wakefield* was taken from the late vicar of this church, named Johnson, whose peculiarly odd and singular humor has exposed his memory to the ridicule of that satire." It is hardly necessary to remark that the worthy Boston trader whose diary I quote (Curwen's *Journal and Letters*, 131) could not himself have read the book which he thus characterizes.

² I must always regard it as extraordinary, in such men, how much both

Least of all for that picture, so purely and delicately shaded, of the vicar in his character of pastor, parent, and husband; of his helpmate, with her motherly cunning and housewifely prudence, loving and respecting him, "but at the dictates of maternal vanity counterplotting his wisest schemes"; of both, with their children around them, their quiet labor and domestic happiness — which Walter Scott declares to be without a parallel, in all his novel-reading, as a fireside picture of perfect beauty. It may be freely admitted that there are many grave faults, many improbabilities, some even palpable absurdities, in the construction of the story.¹ Goldsmith knew this. "There are an hundred faults in this Thing," he said, in his brief advertisement to it; "and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless." (His meaning is, that to make beauties out of faults, be the proof ever so successful, does not mend the matter.) "A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be dull without a single absurdity." He rested, with well-grounded faith, on the vital reality of his characters. It is wonderful with what nice variety the family likeness of each Primrose is preserved, and how little the defects of the story interfere with any of them. Cannot one see that there is a propriety, an eternal fitness, in even the historical family picture? Those rosy Flamborough girls, who

Fielding and Smollett resorted in their novels to that sort of stimulus which the covert satire of individuals could alone supply to the generally false and depraved taste of the day, and which Goldsmith so steadily turned aside from. The truth is, as already I have hinted, that not many years before this date half the papers that issued from Grub Street were mere scandalous chronicles; and literature still suffered even less from the contempt into which the inferior talents of their writers had brought it than from the dregs of the example they had left, and of the diseased taste to which they had so largely administered.

¹ Macaulay, who, as usual, states his objection to the fable very strongly, yet entertains no doubt that it is a tale "likely to last as long as our language. . . . It wants not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy." — *Biographical Essays*, 62.

do nothing but flaunt in red top-knots, hunt the slipper, burn nuts, play tricks, dance country dances, and scream with laughter; who have not the least idea of high life or high-lived company, or such fashionable topics as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical-glasses¹—how should it be possible for *them* to have any other notion or desire than just to be painted in their red top-knots, each holding an orange? But Olivia Primrose! who, to her mother's knowledge, has a great deal to say upon every subject, and is very well skilled in controversy; who has read Thwackum and Square's disputes in *Tom Jones*, as well as the argument of man Friday and his master in *Robinson Crusoe*, and is not without hopes of converting her rake of a lover by means of the dialogues in *Religious Courtship*—is it not somehow

¹ Let me remark of this now famous allusion, that it may help in some degree to show us how long the little story had been in hand, and that there is no ground for supposing it, as Hawkins and others have called it, a mere occasional piece of writing to meet “a moment of pressure.” An allusion to “the last *Auditor*,” marking 1762 as about the time when the publication of Murphy’s unsuccessful paper so called was in progress and would have suggested that reference, is borne out by “the musical-glasses.” It was at the close of 1761 and in 1762 that musical-glasses were the temporary rage. Everybody’s letters allude to them. Here is a charming one from Gray to Mason, which, being in one quaint sentence, I need not scruple to quote entire: “PEMB. HALL, Dec. 8, 1761. Dear Mason,—Of all loves come to Cambridge out of hand, for here is Mr. Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales; and we have concerts every other night, and shall stay here this month or two; and a vast deal of good company, and a whale in pickle just come from Ipswich; and the man will not die, and Mr. Wood is gone to Chatsworth; and there is nobody but you and Tom and the curled dog; and do not talk of the charge, for we will make a subscription; besides, we know you always come when you have a mind. T. G.”—*Correspondence of Gray and Mason*, 283–284. They had been introduced some years before, with less effect, by a German composer, thus referred to in a letter of Walpole’s to Mann (*Coll. Lett.* ii. 111). “The operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German: he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, which he modulates with water. I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing.” I close this note with an advertisement from the *St. James’s Chronicle* of December 8, 1761: “At Mr. Sheridan’s lecture on elocution, Miss Lloyd succeeds Miss Ford in performing on the musical-glasses for the amusement of genteel company.” It was eminently, we perceive, an amusement for “the genteel,” the Skeggses and Blarneys of high life.

quite as much in character with the flighty vivacity of this ambitious little *Livy* that she should wish to be drawn as an *Amazon* sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green *joseph* richly laced with gold, a whip in her hand, and the young squire as *Alexander the Great* lying captive at her feet; as it certainly suits the more sober simplicity and prudent good sense of her sister *Sophy* to figure in the same composition as a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter can put in for nothing? *Mrs. Deborah Primrose* triumphing in her lamb's-wool and gooseberry-wine, and claiming to be represented as the *Mother of Love* with plenty of diamonds in her hair and stomacher, is at first a little startling: but it admits of an excellent introduction of honest old *Dick* and chubby little *Bill*, by way of *Cupids*; and to what conceivable creature so much in need as *Venus* of conversion to monogamy could the *Vicar* "in his gown and band" have presented his books on the *Whistonian* controversy? There remains only *Moses* to complete the masterpiece; and are not his hat and white feather typical of both his arguments and his bargains, his sale of *Dobbin* the colt and his purchase of the gross of green spectacles? The simple, credulous, generous, inoffensive family habits are common to all; but in each a separate identity is yet as broadly marked as in the *Amazon*, the *Venus*, or the *Shepherdess* of the immortal family picture.

Still, from all that touches and diverts us in these harmless vanities of the delightful group, we return to the primal source of what has given this glorious little story its unequalled popularity. It is not that we enjoy a secret charm of assumed superiority over the credulity and simplicity of almost every actor in it, being very certain that the sharper and his cosmogony would never have imposed on *us*, but that the better secret is laid open to us of the real superiority of such credulous ways over much of what the world mistakes for its shrewdest wisdom.¹ It is not simply that a

¹ "One way or another," says the sharp *Mr. Jenkinson*, "I generally cheated simple neighbor *Flamborough* once a year. Yet still the honest

happy fireside is depicted there, but that it is one over which calamity and sorrow can only cast the most temporary shade. In his deepest distress the Vicar has but to remember how much kinder Heaven is to us than we are to ourselves, and how few are the misfortunes of nature's making, to recover his cheerful patience. There never was a book in which indulgence and charity made virtue look so lustrous. Nobody is strait-laced: if we except Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, whose pretensions are summed up in Burchell's noble monosyllable. "Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" "*Fudge.*" When worldly reverses visit the good Dr. Primrose, they are of less account than the equanimity they cannot deprive him of; than the belief in good to which they only give wider scope; than the happiness which even in its worldliest sense they ultimately strengthen, by enlarged activity, and increased necessity for labor. It is only when struck through the sides of his children that for an instant his faith gives way. Most lovely is the pathos of that scene; so briefly and beautifully told. The little family at night are gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, laying schemes for the future, and listening to Moses's thoughtful opinion of matters and things in general, to the effect that all things, in his judgment, go on very well, and that he has just been thinking, when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, they'll get the loan of his cider-press and brewing-tubs for nothing. The best gooseberry-wine has been this night much in request. "Let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life," says the Vicar; "and Moses, give us a good song. . . . But where is my darling Olivia?" Little Dick comes running in. "O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us, my sister Livy is gone from us forever!" "Gone, child!" "Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and

man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricksy and cunning, and was poor."—Chap. xxvi.

she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, *O what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone!*" "Now then, my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more"; and the old man, struck to the heart, cannot help cursing the seducer. But Moses is mindful of happier teaching, and with a loving simplicity rebukes his father. . . . "You should be my mother's comforter, sir, and you increase her pain. . . . You should not have cursed him, villain as he is." "I did not curse him, child, did I?" "Indeed, sir, you did; you cursed him twice." "Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did." Charity resumes its place in his heart; with forgiveness, happiness half visits him again; by kindly patience, even Deborah's reproaches are subdued and stayed; he takes back with most affecting tenderness his penitent child; and the voices of all his children are heard once more in their simple concert on the honeysuckle bank. We feel that it is better than cursing; and are even content that the rascally young squire should have time and hope for a sort of shabby repentance, and be allowed the intermediate comfort (it seems after all, one hardly knows why or wherefore, the most appropriate thing he can do) of "blowing the French horn." Mr. Abraham Adams has infinite claims on respect and love, nor ever to be forgotten are his groans over Wilson's worldly narrative, his sermon on vanity, his manuscript *Æschylus*, his noble independence to Lady Booby, and his grand rebuke to Peter Pounce: but he is put to no such trial as this which has been illustrated here, and which sets before us, with such blended grandeur, simplicity, and pathos, the Christian heroism of the loving father and forgiving ambassador of God to man.

It was not an age of particular earnestness, this Hume and Walpole age: but no one can be in earnest himself without in some degree affecting others. "I remember a passage in the *Vicar of Wakefield*," said Johnson, a few years after its author's death, "which Goldsmith was afterwards fool enough to expunge. *I do not love a man who is zealous*

for nothing."¹ The words were little, since the feeling was retained; for the very basis of the little tale was a sincerity and zeal for many things. This, indeed, it was which, while all the world was admiring it for its mirth and sweetness, its bright and happy pictures, its simultaneous movement of the springs of laughter and tears, gave it a rarer value to a more select audience, and connected it with not the least memorable anecdote of modern literary history. It had been published little more than four years when two Germans, whose names became afterwards world-famous, one a student at that time in his twentieth, the other a graduate in his twenty-fifth year, met in the city of Strasburg. The younger, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, a law student of the University with a passion for literature, sought knowledge from the elder, Johann Gottfried Herder, for

¹ vii. 247. Hereupon Boswell remarked that that was a fine passage. "Yes, sir; there was another fine passage too, which he struck out: 'When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over; for I found that generally what was new was false.'" Substantially, however, the sentiment is left, though the particular expression is removed. It is where George Primrose describes his Grub Street career: "Finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. . . . The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well." There is also a passage in Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters* (i. 247) which shows how Johnson must have talked of this among the set. "Well!" she writes to Johnson, 24th June, 1775, "Cœesus promised a reward, you remember, for him who should produce a new delight; but the prize was never obtained, for nothing that was new proved delightful; and Dr. Goldsmith, three thousand years afterwards, found out that whoever did a new thing did a bad thing, and whoever said a new thing said a false thing." I may add (as another instance of what I have frequent occasion to remark as to the many various and doubtful forms in which stories about Johnson and Goldsmith are apt to appear, when once we lose sight of the trustworthy Boswell) the following item from Dr. Burney's recollections: "Johnson told Dr. Burney that Goldsmith said, when he first began to write, he determined to commit to paper nothing but what was *new*; but he afterwards found that what was *new* was generally false, and from that time was no longer solicitous about novelty." This is obviously a mere confused recollection of what is correctly told by Boswell.

the course on which he was moved to enter. Herder, a severe and masterly though somewhat cynical critic, laughed at the likings of the young aspirant and roused him to other aspiration. Producing a German translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he read it out aloud to Goethe in a manner which was peculiar to him; and, as the incidents of the little story came forth in his serious, simple voice, in one unmoved, unaltering tone ("just as if nothing of it was present before him, but all was only historical; as if the shadows of this poetical creation did not affect him in a life-like manner, but only glided gently by"), a new ideal of letters and of life arose in the mind of the listener.¹ Years passed on; and while that younger student raised up and re-established the literature of his country, and came at last, in his prime and in his age, to be acknowledged for the wisest of modern men, he never ceased throughout to confess what he owed to those old evenings at Strasburg. The strength which can conquer circumstances; the wisdom that lifts itself above every object, fortune and misfortune, good and evil, death and life, and attains to the possession of a poetical world, first visited Goethe in the tone with which Goldsmith's tale is told. The fiction became to him life's first reality; in country clergymen of Drusenheim there started up vicars of Wakefield; for Olivias and Sophias of Alsace first love fluttered at his heart; and at every stage of his illustrious after-career its impression still vividly recurred to him. He remembered it when, at the height of his worldly honor and success, he made his written Life (*Wahrheit und Dichtung*) record what a blessing it had been to him; he had not forgotten it when, some twenty years ago,² standing at the age of eighty-one on the very brink of the grave, he told a friend that in the decisive moment of mental development the *Vicar of Wakefield* had formed his education, and that he had recently, with unabated delight, "read the charm-

¹ *Truth and Poetry from my Own Life*, translated by John Oxenford, i. 368.

² Written in 1848.

ing book again from beginning to end, not a little affected by the lively recollection" of how much he had been indebted to the author seventy years before.

Goldsmith was unconscious of this exalted tribute. He died as ignorant of Herder's friendly criticism as of the gratitude of Goethe. The little book silently forced its way. I find upon examination of the periodicals of the day that no noise was made about it, no trumpets blown for it. The *St. James's Chronicle* did not condescend to notice its appearance, and the *Monthly Review* confessed frankly that nothing was to be made of it.¹ The better sort of newspapers as well as the more dignified reviews contemptuously left it the patronage of *Lloyd's Evening Post*, the *London Chronicle*, and journals of that class; which simply informed their readers that a new novel, called the *Vicar of Wakefield*, had been published, that "the Editor is Dr. Goldsmith, who has affixed his name to an introductory advertisement," and that such and such were the incidents of the story. Several columns of the *Evening Post* and the *Chronicle*, between the dates of March and April, were filled in this way with bald recital of the plot; and with such extracts as the prison-scene, the account of the Primroses, and the brief episode of Matilda: but, in the way of praise or of criticism not a word was said. Johnson, as I have remarked, took little interest in the story at any time but as the means of getting so much money for its author; and believing that "Harry Fielden" (as he called him) knew nothing but the shell of life,² may be excused for thinking

¹ I subjoin the close of the notice which appeared in that respectable periodical: "Through the whole course of our travels in the wild regions of romance, we never met with anything more difficult to characterize than the *Vicar of Wakefield*. . . . In brief, with all its faults, there is much rational entertainment to be met with in this very singular tale."—*Monthly Review*, xxxiv. 407, May, 1766. Well might Southey say that the *Vicar of Wakefield* had proved "a puzzler" to its critics!

² "Richardson had picked the kernel of life (he said) while Fielding was contented with the husk."—Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 198. Fielding being mentioned, Johnson exclaimed, "He was a blockhead"; and upon Boswell expressing his astonishment at so strange an assertion, he said, "'What I

the *Vicar* a "mere fanciful performance." It would seem that none of the Club indeed, excepting Burke, cared much about it; and one may read, in the French letters of the time, how perfectly Madame Riccoboni agrees with her friend Garrick as to the little to be learned from it; and how surprised the lively lady is that the Burkes should have found it pathetic, or be able to approve of its arguments in favor of thieves and outcasts.¹ Admiration, neverthe-

mean by his being a blockhead is, that he was a barren rascal.' BOSWELL: 'Will you not allow, sir, that he draws very natural pictures of human life?' JOHNSON: 'Why, sir, it is of very low life. Richardson used to say that had he not known who Fielding was he should have believed he was an ostler!'" (So much the worse, I would ask leave to say, for Richardson.) "'Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all *Tom Jones*! I, indeed, never read *Joseph Andrews*.' ERSKINE: 'Surely, sir, Richardson is very tedious.' JOHNSON: 'Why, sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment.'—Boswell, iii. 207-208. (For an exception he would occasionally make in favor of *Amelia*, see Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, 221-222.) This talk was at Sir Alexander Macdonald's in 1772, and "the Erskine" who finds Richardson tedious was a "young officer in the regiments of the Scots Royal, who talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon that he attracted particular attention"; who afterwards attracted more particular attention still as the first advocate of Westminster Hall, and ultimately Lord High Chancellor; and whose genuine sense of humor and natural wit must surely have resented very strongly this most astounding of all Johnson's heresies.

¹ The lively Frenchwoman's letter will be found in the *Garrick Correspondence*, ii. 492-494. She had heard so much of the *Vicar* that she was dying to read it. But though everybody wrote to tell her that they had sent it, the little book never came. A Mr. Jenkinson was to have conveyed it to her, but the Mr. Jenkinson of the novel did not turn out a baser deceiver. Then: "Peu de jours après, viola une lettre de Mr. Burke. Un style charmant, des excuses de sa longue négligence, mille politesses, un badinage léger, de l'esprit, de l'agrément, de la finesse; rien de plus joli. Il prend la liberté de m'envoyer, il a l'honneur de me présenter—qui, quoi? devinez, *Le Vicaire de Wakefield*. Un Irlandais doit me le remettre, avec," etc. But the Irishman, alas! proved only another Jenkinson; and he ushered in still further disappointments, till at last the little lady, exasperated almost to despair, receives "un billet de Mr. Garrick, une lettre de Mr. Becket, et ce *Vicaire* si désiré, si longtemps attendu—je pousse un cri de joie," etc. Then of course, as usual when expectation has been so highly wrought, disappointment succeeds. "Vous avez raison," she

less, gathered slowly and steadily around it. A second edition¹ appeared at the close of May, and a third on the 25th of August; it reached its seventh edition in little more than seven years; and thus early it had been translated into several continental languages.² These were indications of success which its author lived to enjoy, but there were others in which he was not to share. He was not to know that the little story would make its way into every English home, and take its place as one of the half-dozen masterpieces of the language. While yet he lived it had helped to form the character of the greatest man of modern days; but its writer was not to know it. When a French sovereign declared that it had been to him, in his English exile, a pleasure not equalled since the restoration of his throne,³

writes to Garrick, “de dire qu'il ne m'apprendra rien. C'est un homme qui va de malheurs en malheurs assez rapidement, et de bonheurs en bonheurs tout aussi vite. Cela ne ressemble guère à la vie du monde. . . . Je ne suis pas un juge compétent du style, mais le plan de l'ouvrage ne m'a pas intéressée; le pathétique annoncé par Mr. Burke ne m'a pointe frappée: le plaidoyer en faveur des voleurs, des petits larrons, des gens de mauvaises mœurs, et fort éloigné de me plaire.”

¹I ought not to mention this second impression without adding that it contained some additions, such as Burchel's *repetition* of his famous monosyllable at each pause in the revelations of Miss Skeggs; and some omissions, as of a passage that Goldsmith may possibly have found in use against himself, in which he had said of Moses, “for he always ascribed to his wit that laughter which was lavished on his simplicity.” We owe to Johnson, as I have shown in a previous note, the mention of two omissions made before publication, which he could hardly have remembered if he had not very carefully read the MS.

²These have since multiplied to excess. I add a mention of one or two of the latest that have been sent to me. “Le Ministre de Wakefield. Pré-cédée d'un Essai sur la vie et les écrits d'Oliver Goldsmith. Par M. Hennequin. Paris, Brédrip, 1825.” This is careful and good. “Le Vicaire de Wakefield. Traduit par Charles Nodier. Paris, Gorselin, 1841.” The notice by Nodier prefixed is charming. “Der Laudprediger von Wakefield. Leipsic, 1835.” Here a number of illustrations are reproduced from Westall. Another published in the same city, six years later, has an abundant series of woodcuts by Louis Richter, very humorous and pleasant. The list might be extended indefinitely.

³“The writer of these remarks,” says the reviewer of the first edition of this biography in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 13th June, 1848, “is enabled to state that, at the coronation of the late King of France,

Goldsmith had been dead nearly half a century. Nor were any solider enjoyments from it to be his, any more than these delights of fame. As it had been with the *Traveller*, so it was with the *Vicar*. In the year of his death its seventh edition was published; but he went to his grave without receiving from the booksellers the least addition to that original sorry payment which Johnson himself thought "accidentally" less than it ought to have been. In this, as in so many other instances, his marked ill-fortune attended him. That people "made a point" of not buying what he wrote could not at least be said of the *Vicar*, either in St. Paul's Churchyard or Paternoster Row. Yet the very month when the appearance of its second edition may have brought this assurance to himself, was also that in which he was to receive assurance not less convincing that, with even such a success following hard upon that of his poem, his troubles and toil were not to pass away.

Charles X., he told the Duke of Northumberland that he had never known, since the restoration of his family, the pleasure he used to enjoy at Hartwell House in reading the *Vicar of Wakefield*."

END OF VOL. II